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A KNIGHT OF THE CUMBERLAND

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

THE BLIGHT IN THE HILLS

I

HIGH noon of a crisp October day, sunshine flooding the earth with the warmth and light of old wine and, going single-file up through the jagged gap that the dripping of water has worn down through the Cumberland Mountains from crest to valley-level, a gray horse and two big mules, a man and two young girls. On the gray horse, I led the tortuous way. After me came my small sister—and after her and like her, mule-back, rode the Blight—dressed as she would be for a gallop in Central Park or to ride a hunter in a horse show.

I was taking them, according to promise, where the feet of other women than mountaineers had never trod—beyond the crest of the Big Black—to the waters of the Cumberland—the lair of moonshiner and feudsman, where is yet pocketed a civilization that, elsewhere, is long ago gone. This had been a pet dream of the Blight's for a long time, and now the dream was coming true. The Blight was in the hills.

Nobody ever went to her mother's house without asking to see her even when she was a little thing with black hair, merry face and black eyes. Both men and women, with children of their own, have told me that she was, perhaps, the most fascinating child that ever lived. There be some who claim that she has never changed—and I am among them. She began early, regardless of age, sex or previous condition of servitude—she continues recklessly as she began—and none makes complaint. Thus was it in her own world—thus it was when she came to mine. On the way down from the North, the conductor's voice changed from a command to a request when he asked for her ticket. The jacketed lord of the dining car saw her from afar and advanced to show her to a seat—that she might ride forward, sit next to a shaded window and be free from the glare of the sun on the other side. Two porters made a rush for her bag when she got off the car and the proprietor of the little hotel in the little town where we had to wait several hours for the train into the mountains, gave her the bridal chamber for an afternoon nap. From this little town to "The Gap" is the worst sixty-mile ride, perhaps, in the world. She sat in a dirty day-coach; the smoke rolled in at the windows and doors; the cars shook and swayed and lumbered around curves and down and up gorges; there were about her rough men, crying children, slatternly women, tobacco juice, peanuts, popcorn and apple cores, but dainty, serene and as merry as ever, she sat through that ride with a radiant smile, her keen black eyes noting everything unlovely within and the glory of hill, tree and chasm without. Next morning at home, where we rise early, no one was allowed to waken her and she had breakfast in bed—for the Blight's gentle tyranny was established on sight and varied not at the Gap.

When she went down the street that day everybody stared surreptitiously and with

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perfect respect, as her dainty black-plumed figure passed; the Post-office clerk could barely bring himself to say that there was no letter for her. The soda-fountain boy nearly filled her glass with syrup before he saw that he was not strictly minding his own business; the clerk, when I bought chocolate for her, unblushingly added extra weight and, as we went back, she met them both—Marston, the young engineer from the North, crossing the street and, at the same moment, a drunken young tough with an infuriated face reeling in a run around the corner ahead of us as though he were being pursued. Now we have a volunteer police guard some forty strong at the Gap—and from habit, I started for him, but the Blight caught my arm tight. The young engineer in three strides had reached the curb-stone and all he sternly said was:

"Here! Here!"

The drunken youth wheeled and his right hand shot towards his hip pocket. The engineer was belted with a pistol, but with one lightning movement and an incredibly long reach, his right fist caught the fellow's jaw so that he pitched backward and collapsed like an empty bag. Then the engineer caught sight of the Blight's bewildered face, flushed, gripped his hands in front of him and simply stared. At last he saw me:

"Oh," he said, "how do you do?" and he turned to his prisoner, but the panting sergeant and another policeman—also a volunteer—were already lifting him to his feet. I introduced the boy and the Blight then, and for the first time in my life I saw the Blight—shaken. Round-eyed, she merely gazed at him.

"That was pretty well done," I said.

"Oh, he was drunk and I knew he would be slow." Now something curious happened. The dazed prisoner was on his feet, and his captors were starting with him to the calaboose when he seemed suddenly to come to his senses.

"Jes wait a minute, will ye?" he said quietly, and his captors, thinking perhaps that he wanted to say something to me, stopped. The mountain youth turned a strangely sobered face and fixed his blue eyes on the engineer as though he were searing every feature of that imperturbable young man in his brain forever. It was not a bad face, but the avenging hatred in it was fearful. Then he, too, saw the Blight, his face calmed magically and he, too, stared at her, and turned away with an oath checked at his lips. We went on—the Blight thrilled, for she had heard much of our volunteer force at the Gap and had seen something already. Presently I looked back. Prisoner and captors were climbing the little hill towards the calaboose and the mountain boy just then turned his head and I could swear that his eyes sought not the engineer, whom we left at the corner, but, like the engineer, he was looking at the Blight. Whereat I did not wonder—particularly as to the engineer. He had been in the mountains for a long time and I knew what this vision from home meant to him. He turned up at the house quite early that night.

"I'm not on duty until eleven," he said hesitantly, "and I thought I'd——"

"Come right in."

I asked him a few questions about business and then I left him and the Blight alone. When I came back she had a Gatling gun of eager questions ranged on him and—happy withal—he was squirming no little. I followed him to the gate.

"Are you really going over into those God-forsaken mountains?" he asked.

"I thought I would."

"And you are going to take *her?*"

"And my sister."

"Oh, I beg your pardon." He strode away.

"Coming up by the mines?" he called back.

"Perhaps—will you show us around?"

"I guess I will," he said emphatically, and he went on to risk his neck on a ten-mile ride along a mountain road in the dark.

"I *like* a man," said the Blight. "I like a *man*."

Of course the Blight must see everything, so she insisted on going to the police court next morning for the trial of the mountain boy. The boy was in the witness chair when we got there, and the Hon. Samuel Budd was his counsel. He had volunteered to defend the prisoner, I was soon told, and then I understood. The November election was not far off and the Hon. Samuel Budd was candidate for legislature. More even, the boy's father was a warm supporter of Mr. Budd and the boy himself might perhaps render good service in the cause when the time came—as indeed he did. On one of the front chairs sat the

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young engineer and it was a question whether he or the prisoner saw the Blight's black plumes first. The eyes of both flashed towards her simultaneously, the engineer colored perceptibly and the mountain boy stopped short in speech and his pallid face flushed with unmistakable shame. Then he went on: "He had liquered up," he said, "and had got tight afore he knowed it and he didn't mean no harm and had never been arrested afore in his whole life."

"Have you ever been drunk before?" asked the prosecuting attorney severely. The lad looked surprised.

"Cos'e I have, but I ain't goin' to agin—leastwise not in this here town." There was a general laugh at this and the aged mayor rapped loudly.

"That will do," said the attorney.

The lad stepped down, hitched his chair slightly so that his back was to the Blight, sank down in it until his head rested on the back of the chair and crossed his legs. The Hon. Samuel Budd arose and the Blight looked at him with wonder. His long yellow hair was parted in the middle and brushed with plaster-like precision behind two enormous ears, he wore spectacles, gold-rimmed and with great staring lenses, and his face was smooth and ageless. He caressed his chin ruminatingly and rolled his lips until they settled into a fine resultant of wisdom, patience, toleration and firmness. His manner was profound and his voice oily and soothing.

"May it please your Honor—my young friend frankly pleads guilty," he paused as though the majesty of the law could ask no more. "He is a young man of naturally high and somewhat—naturally, too, no doubt—bibulous spirits. Homeopathically—if inversely—the result was logical. In the untrammelled life of the liberty-breathing mountains, where the stern spirit of law and order, of which your Honor is the august symbol, does not prevail as it does here—thanks to your Honor's wise and just dispensations—the lad has, I may say, naturally acquired a certain recklessness of mood—indulgence which, however easily condoned there, must here be sternly rebuked. At the same time, he knew not the conditions here, he became exhilarated without malice, prepensey or even, I may say, consciousness. He would not have done as he has, if he had known what he knows now, and, knowing, he will not repeat the offence. I need say no more. I plead simply that your Honor will temper the justice that is only yours with the mercy that is yours—only."

His Honor was visibly affected and to cover it—his methods being informal—he said with sharp irrelevancy:

"Who bailed this young feller out last night?" The sergeant spoke:

"Why Mr. Marston thar"—with outstretched finger towards the young engineer. The Blight's black eyes leaped with exultant appreciation and the engineer turned crimson. His Honor rolled his quid around in his mouth once, and peered over his glasses:

"I fine this young feller two dollars and costs." The young fellow had turned slowly in his chair and his blue eyes blazed at the engineer with unappeasable hatred. I doubt if he had heard his Honor's voice.

"I want ye to know that I'm obleeged to ye an' I ain't a-goin' to fergit it: but if I'd a' known hit was you I'd a stayed in jail an' seen you in hell afore I'd a been bounden to ye."

"Ten dollars fer contempt of couht." The boy was hot now.

"Oh, fine and be——," the Hon. Samuel Budd had him by the shoulder, the boy swallowed his voice and his starting tears of rage, and after a whisper to his Honor, the Hon. Samuel led him out. Outside, the engineer laughed to the Blight:

"Pretty peppery, isn't he?" but the Blight said nothing, and later we saw the youth on a gray horse crossing the bridge and conducted by the Hon. Samuel Budd, who stopped and waved him towards the mountains. The boy went on and across the plateau, the gray Gap swallowed him.

That night, at the post-office, the Hon. Sam plucked me aside by the sleeve.

"I know Marston is agin me in this race—but I'll do him a good turn just the same. You tell him to watch out for that young fellow. He's all right when he's sober, but when he's drunk—well, over in Kentucky, they call him the Wild Dog."

Several days later we started out through that same Gap. The glum stableman looked at the Blight's girths three times, and with my own eyes starting and my heart in my mouth, I saw her pass behind her sixteen-

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hand-high mule and give him a friendly tap on the rump as she went by. The beast gave an appreciative flop of one ear and that was all. Had I done that, any further benefit to me or mine would be incorporated in the terms of an insurance policy. So, stating this, I believe I state the limit and can now go on to say at last that it was because she seemed to be loved by man and brute alike that a big man of her own town, whose body, big as it was, was yet too small for his heart and from whose brain things went off at queer angles always christened her perversely as—"The Blight."

II

SO up we went past Bee Rock, Preacher's Creek and Little Looney, past the mines where high on a "tipple" stood the young engineer looking down at us, and looking after the Blight as we passed on into a dim rocky avenue walled on each side with rhododendrons. I waved at him and shook my head—we would see him coming back. Beyond a deserted log-cabin we turned up a spur of the mountain. Around a clump of bushes we came on a gray-bearded mountaineer holding his horse by the bridle and from a covert high above two more men appeared with Winchesters. The Blight breathed forth an awed whisper:

"Are they moonshiners?"

I nodded sagely, "Most likely," and the Blight was thrilled. They might have been squirrel-hunters most innocent, but the Blight had heard much talk of moonshine stills and mountain feuds and the men who run them and I took the risk of denying her nothing. Up and up we went, those two mules swaying from side to side with a motion little short of elephantine and, by and by, the Blight called out:

"You ride ahead and don't you *dare* look back."

Accustomed to obeying the Blight's orders, I rode ahead with eyes to the front. Presently, a shriek made me turn suddenly. It was nothing—my little sister's mule had gone near a steep cliff—perilously near, as its rider thought, but I saw why I must not look back; those two little girls were riding astride on side-saddles, the booted little right foot of each dangling stirrupless—a posture quite decorous but ludicrous.

"Let us know if anybody comes," they cried. A mountaineer descended into sight around a loop of the path above.

"Change cars," I shouted.

They changed and, passing, were grave, demure—then they changed again, and thus we climbed.

Such a glory as was below, around and above us; the air like champagne; the sunlight rich and pouring like a flood on the gold that the beeches had strewn in the path, on the gold that the poplars still shook high above and shimmering on the royal scarlet of the maple and the sombre russet of the oak. From far below us to far above us a deep curving ravine was slashed into the mountain side as by one stroke of a gigantic scimitar. The darkness deep down was lighted up with cool green, interfused with liquid gold. Russet and yellow splashed the mountain sides beyond and high up the maples were in a shaking blaze. The Blight's swift eyes took all in and with indrawn breath she drank it deep down.

An hour by sun we were near the top, which was bared of trees and turned into rich farm-land covered with blue-grass. Along these upland pastures, dotted with grazing cattle, and across them we rode towards the mountain wildernesses on the other side, down into which a zigzag path wriggles along the steep front of Benham's spur. At the edge of the steep was a cabin and a bushy bearded mountaineer, who looked like a brigand, answered my hail. He "mought" keep us all night, but he'd ruther not, as we could git a place to stay down the spur." Could we get down before dark? The mountaineer lifted his eyes to where the sun was breaking the horizon of the west into streaks and splashes of yellow and crimson.

"Oh, yes, you can git thar afore dark."

Now I knew that the mountaineer's idea of distance is vague—but he knows how long it takes to get from one place to another. So we started down—dropping at once into thick dark woods, and as we went looping down, the deeper was the gloom. That sun had suddenly severed all connection with the laws of gravity and sunk, and it was all the darker because the stars were not out. The path was steep and coiled downward like a wounded snake. In one

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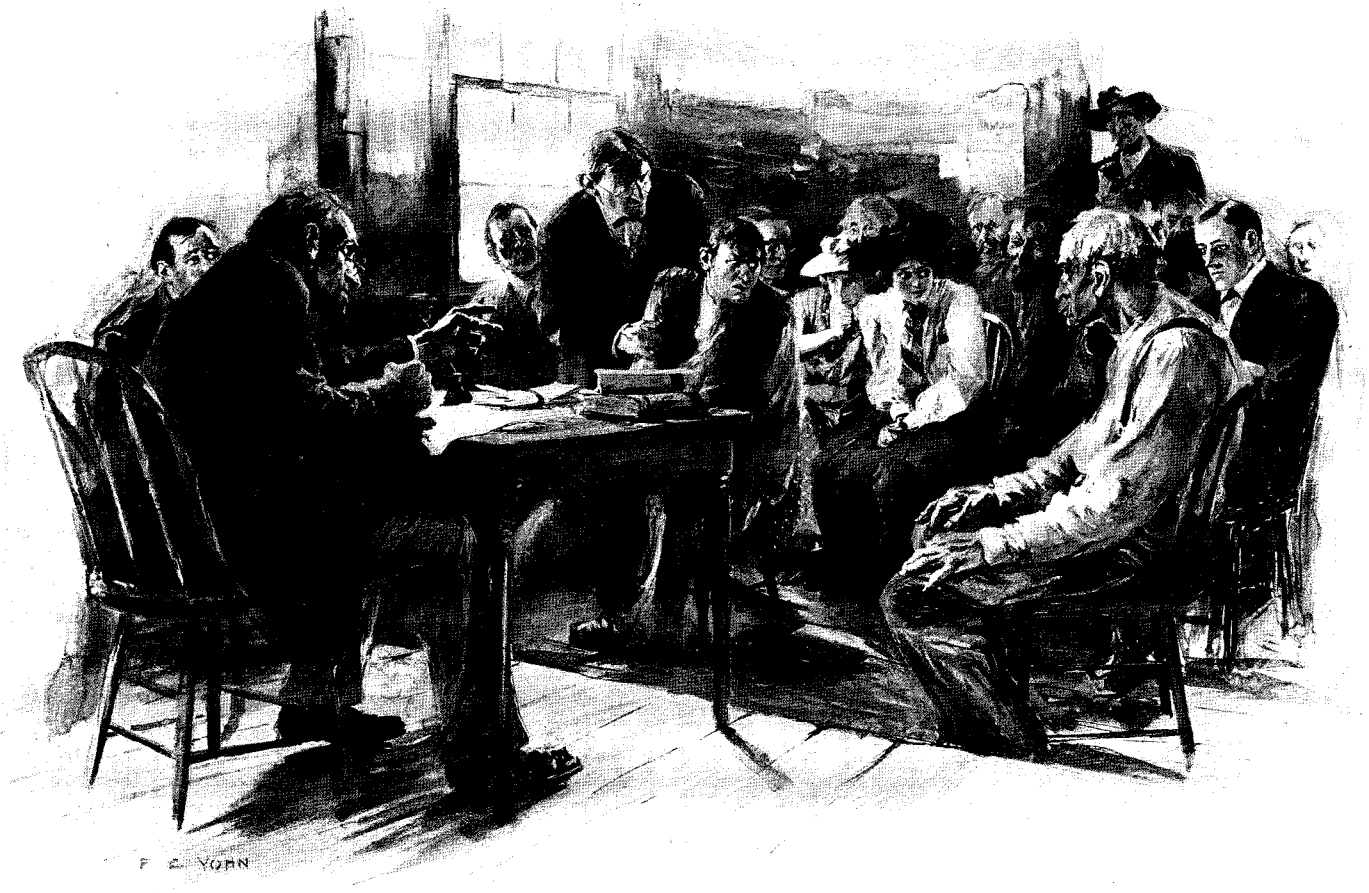

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"If I'd a' known hit was you I'd a stayed in jail."—Page 259.

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place a tree had fallen across it, and to reach the next coil of the path below was dangerous. So I had the girls dismount and I led the gray horse down on his haunches. The mules refused to follow, which was rather unusual. I went back and from a safe distance in the rear I belabored them down. They cared neither for gray horse nor crooked path, but turned of their own devilish wills along the bushy mountain side. As I ran after them the gray horse started calmly on down and those two girls shrieked with laughter—they knew no better. First one way and then the other down the mountain went those mules, with me after them, through thick bushes, over logs, stumps and bowlders and holes-crossing the path a dozen times. What that path was there for never occurred to those long-eared half asses, whole fools, and by and by, when the girls tried to shoo them down they clambered around and above them and struck the path back up the mountain. The horse had gone down one way, the mules up the other, and there was no health in anything. The girls could not go up—so there was nothing to do but go down, which, hard as it was, was easier than going up. The path was not visible now. Once in a while I would stumble from it and crash through the bushes to the next coil below. Finally I went down, sliding one foot ahead all the time—knowing that when leaves rustled under that foot I was on the point of going astray. Sometimes I had to light a match to make sure of the way, and thus the ridiculous descent was made with those girls in high spirits behind. Indeed, the darker, rockier, steeper it got, the more they shrieked from pure joy—but I was any thing than happy. It was dangerous. I didn't know the cliffs and high rocks we might skirt and an unlucky guidance might land us in the creek-bed far down. But the blessed stars came out, the moon peered over a further mountain and on the last spur there was the gray horse browsing in the path—and the sound of running water not far below. Fortunately on the gray horse were the saddle-bags of the chattering infants who thought the whole thing a mighty lark. We reached the running water, struck a flock of geese and knew, in consequence, that humanity was somewhere near. A few turns of the creek and a beacon light shone below. The pales of a picket fence, the cheering outlines of a log-cabin came in view and at a peaked gate I shouted:

"Hello!"

You enter no mountaineer's yard without that announcing cry. It was mediæval, the Blight said, positively—two lorn damsels, a benighted knight partially stripped of his armor by bush and sharp-edged rock, a gray palfrey (she didn't mention the impatient asses that had turned homeward) and she wished I had a horn to wind. I wanted a "horn" badly enough—but it was not the kind men wind. By and by we got a response:

"Hello!" was the answer, as an opened door let out into the yard a broad band of light. Could we stay all night? The voice replied that the owner would see "Pap." "Pap" seemed willing, and the boy opened the gate and into the house went the Blight and the little sister. Shortly, I followed.

There, all in one room, lighted by a huge wood-fire, rafters above, puncheon floor beneath—cane-bottomed chairs and two beds the only furniture—"pap," barefooted, the old mother in the chimney-corner with a pipe, strings of red pepper-pods, beans and herbs hanging around and above, a married daughter with a child at her breast, two or three children with yellow hair and bare feet—all looking with all their eyes at the two visitors who had dropped upon them from another world. The Blight's eyes were brighter than usual—that was the only sign she gave that she was not in her own drawing-room. Apparently she saw nothing strange or unusual even, but there was really nothing that she did not see or hear and absorb, as few others than the Blight can.

Straightway, the old woman knocked the ashes out of her pipe.

"I reckon you hain't had nothin' to eat," she said and disappeared. The old man asked questions, the young mother rocked her baby on her knees, the children got less shy and drew near the fire-place, the Blight and the little sister exchanged a furtive smile and the contrast of the extremes in American civilization, as shown in that little cabin, interested me mightily.

"Yer snack's ready," said the old woman. The old man carried the chairs into the kitchen, and when I followed the girls were seated. The chairs were so low that their

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chins came barely over their plates and demure and serious as they were they surely looked most comical. There was the usual bacon and corn-bread and potatoes and sour milk, and the two girls struggled with the rude fare nobly.

After supper I joined the old man and the old woman with a pipe—exchanging my tobacco for their long green with more satisfaction probably to me than to them, for the long green was good, and strong and fragrant.

The old woman asked the Blight and the little sister many questions and they, in turn showed great interest in the baby in arms, whereat the eighteen-year old mother blushed and looked greatly pleased.

"You got mighty purty black eyes," said the old woman to the Blight, and not to slight the little sister she added, "An' you got mighty purty teeth."

The Blight showed hers in a radiant smile and the old woman turned back to her.

"Oh, you've got both," she said and she shook her head, as though she were thinking of the damage they had done. It was my time now—to ask questions.

They didn't have many amusements on that creek, I discovered—and no dances. Sometimes the boys went coon-hunting and there were corn-shuckings, house-raisings and quilting-parties.

"Does anybody round here play the banjo?"

"None o' my boys," said the old woman, "but Tom Green's son down the creek—he follers pickin' the banjo a leetle." "Follows pickin'"—the Blight did not miss that phrase.

"What do you foller fer a livin'?" the old man asked me suddenly.

"I write for a living." He thought a while.

"Well, it must be purty fine to have a good handwrite." This nearly dissolved the Blight and the little sister, but they held on heroically.

"Is there much fighting around here?" I asked presently.

"Not much 'cept when one young feller up the river gets to tearin' up things. I heerd as how he was over to the Gap last week—raisin' hell. He comes by here on his way home." The Blight's eyes opened wide—apparently we were on his trail. It is not wise for a member of the police guard at the Gap to show too much curiosity about the lawless ones of the hills, and I asked no questions.

"They calls him the Wild Dog over here," he added, and then he yawned cavernously.

I looked around with divining eye for the sleeping arrangements soon to come, which sometimes are embarrassing to "furriners" who are unable to grasp at once the primitive unconsciousness of the mountaineers and, in consequence, accept a point of view natural to them because enforced by architectural limitations and a hospitality that turns no one seeking shelter from any door. They were, however, better prepared than I had hoped for. They had a spare room on the porch and just outside the door, and when the old woman led the two girls to it, I followed with their saddle-bags. The room was about seven feet by six and was windowless.

"You'd better leave your door open a little," I said, "or you'll smother in there."

"Well," said the old woman, "hit's all right to leave the door open. Nothin's goin' ter bother ye, but one o' my sons is out a coon-huntin' and he mought come in, not knowin' you're thar. But you jes' holler an' he'll move on." She meant precisely what she said and saw no humor at all in such a possibility—but when the door closed, I could hear those girls stifling shrieks of laughter.

Literally, that night, I was a member of the family. I had a bed to myself—(the following night I was not so fortunate)—in one corner; behind the head of mine the old woman, the daughter-in-law and the baby had another in the other corner, and the old man with the two boys spread a pallet on the floor. That is the invariable rule of courtesy with the mountaineer, to give his bed to the stranger and take to the floor himself, and, in passing, let me say that never, in a long experience, have I seen the slightest consciousness—much less immodesty—in a mountain cabin in my life. The same attitude on the part of the visitors is taken for granted—any other indeed holds mortal possibilities of offence—so that if the visitor has common sense, all embarrassment passes at once. The door was closed, the fire blazed on uncovered, the smothered talk and laughter of the two

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girls ceased, the coon-hunter came not and the night passed in peace.

It must have been near daybreak that I was aroused by the old man leaving the cabin and I heard voices and the sound of horses' feet outside. When he came back he was grinning.

"Hit's your mules."

"Who found them?"

"The Wild Dog had 'em," he said.

(To be continued.)

EASTMAN JOHNSON, PAINTER

By William Walton

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. JOHNSON'S PAINTINGS BY PERMISSION OF MRS. EASTMAN JOHNSON

IN this professional career seem to have been exemplified the natural results of the combination of an innate talent so positive that it scarcely had need of the usual training in the schools and of a singleness of purpose which was almost equally out of the common. All the talent that a man may have is required to make him an artist, Mr. Johnson was in the habit of declaring, "and *all* his time." In the fulfilment of this last hard condition he was aided by an admirable constitution, unfailing good health, a very sound digestion, and a physical strength given to but few. Till within the last few years of his life, notwithstanding his advanced age and the fact that he was a somewhat heavy man, it was his custom to ascend each morning to his studio in the top of his residence in West Fifty-fifth Street (and he would not have an elevator installed), and paint steadily, standing, from nine or ten in the morning till dusk. Not even for his frugal luncheon, as his family testify, would he always interrupt his work. When brought up to him, he took it while still on his feet. George Inness is said to have painted fifteen hours a day when sufficiently absorbed in his work, and also to have generally worked standing, even on small canvases. To paint continuously for more than a few hours, in the most comfortable of circumstances, without losing freshness of judgment and sureness of eye, is difficult enough, as the painters know. In the early summer, when the household arrangements were being made for the annual removal to Nantucket, Mr. Johnson would work till the last day and begin again immediately when in his island studio. From his first sitter, the family cook—portrayed surreptitiously by escaping from the church organ loft Sunday morning during service and hastening homeward—to the last, in the winter of the present year, he accomplished a prodigious amount of work.

The cook's portrait was so evidently a likeness that the paternal wrath was disarmed; and, for once, the pathway of art was made smooth. It is pleasant to record the adventures of fairy princes and the lives of successful artists which may be said to approach them in joy of achievement and freedom from sordid details—privations, failures, and despairs. The father of this painter, Philip Carrigan Johnson—who seems to have recognized his son's talent with commendable promptness—was a distinguished citizen of Maine, having held the office of Secretary of State for thirty years, under succeeding administrations. There had been an uncle, Major Johnson, in the Continental Army. Of the eight children of Philip Carrigan and Mary Chandler Johnson, two of the three sons attained eminence, the youngest, Philip C., Jr., rising to the rank of rear-admiral in the United States navy. Eastman first saw the light in the small town of Lovell, near Fryeburg, in the western part of Maine, in the summer of 1824. His earliest recollections, as he records in his notes, were of the family's removal to Fryeburg, and when he was nine, they again moved, to Augusta, the capital. He does not appear to have particularly distinguished himself at school, and at the age of fifteen was placed in a country store.

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Becoming convinced in the course of a twelvemonth that, in his own words, he was "not going to be any credit to his master," and having so informed him, he abandoned commerce and all its ways.

His father accordingly secured him a situation in a lithographic establishment in Boston, where he soon made himself valuable in designing titles for books, music, etc. Of this, also, he wearied at the end of a year, went back to Augusta, took a room in his father's house and began his portrait work, his sitters including members of the Legislature and other prominent citizens. These portraits were crayon drawings, the general demand for which had not yet been diminished by the introduction of photography. He visited Newport, and spent a season in Portland, Me., where he executed the portraits of Longfellow's parents and of his sister, Mrs. Pierce, there resident. But the capital of the nation, with its official character, its foreign residents and changing population, seemed to offer the most promising field for his art, and to Washington he accordingly went, some little time before his family followed him. Governor Fairfield of Maine, having become Senator from that State, wished to obtain for Mr. Johnson, Sr., the post of chief clerk in the Department of the Navy, this post being that afterward known as that of Assistant Secretary. But "the pressure of politics" prevented his appointment, and Mr. Johnson became, instead, chief clerk in the Bureau of Construction and Repairs. This office he held during the rest of his life; in his later years he took for his second wife Mrs. Mary James, *née* Washington, a sister of Richard Washington and one of the nearest relatives then living of the Father of his Country. In 1845 Eastman was established in a successful practice; one of the Senate committee rooms in the Capitol was given him for a studio, and it was in this august atelier that he executed the portrait of the widow of Alexander Hamilton in 1846. That of Mrs. Dorothea Payne Madison, relict of "the great little Madison," as she herself qualified him, was done in her own residence, this sprightly lady being still in the flower of her popularity. "Mrs. Madison is a particular pet," wrote Mr. James M. Mason to Miss Chew, "being only fourscore years." Mr. Johnson drew her, as we may still see, in the then somewhat old-fashioned turban and "short-waisted, puff-sleeved, gored, velvet gown" to which she still clung, and to which she lent such a grace that not even "critical young girls" would have had her change.

It is related that Daniel Webster was so pleased with this portrait that he wished to possess it, and the artist executed a replica for him. On a commission from Governor R. C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, Johnson drew a portrait of Webster, at the same sittings which the statesman was giving Healy, the painter, for the collection of Louis Philippe of some of the most distinguished Americans for the galleries of Versailles (1845). In 1886 Governor Winthrop presented the Massachusetts Historical Society with a photograph of this crayon portrait, "which has been hanging on my walls for forty years," and which, he said, had also been lithographed. The original drawings of the portraits of Dolly Madison and Mrs. Hamilton, as well as a small one of Webster, are still in the possession of Mrs. Eastman Johnson, as are, indeed, very many others—drawings and paintings, portraits and genre—"the original is the best, and that you cannot have," being the artist's usual formula.

John Quincy Adams also sat for him, as did General Sewell, an old Revolutionary officer, Judges Story and McLean of the Supreme Court, some of the foreign ministers, members of Congress, etc. Professor Morse, who was "still esteemed as a painter," came to see him, and as he was leaving said: "Well, you can reach the top of the ladder if you wish to." The Washington sojourn was broken by summer excursions to Augusta, and terminated by a return to Boston, where Longfellow gave him commissions for portraits of himself and of his friends Emerson, Hawthorne, Charles Sumner and President Felton of Harvard. The first of these made a great impression upon the artist; in later life he was wont to describe with much enthusiasm the geniality, the amiability, the great personal charm of the Sage of Concord. In Boston he established his studio first in Amory Hall, and later in Tremont Temple, on the site of the old Tremont Theatre, opened in 1827. His friend, George Henry Hall, still living, had also a studio in this building; and among his fellow-practitioners was Samuel W. Rowse, one of the most successful of these "crayon-limners," but who had been an

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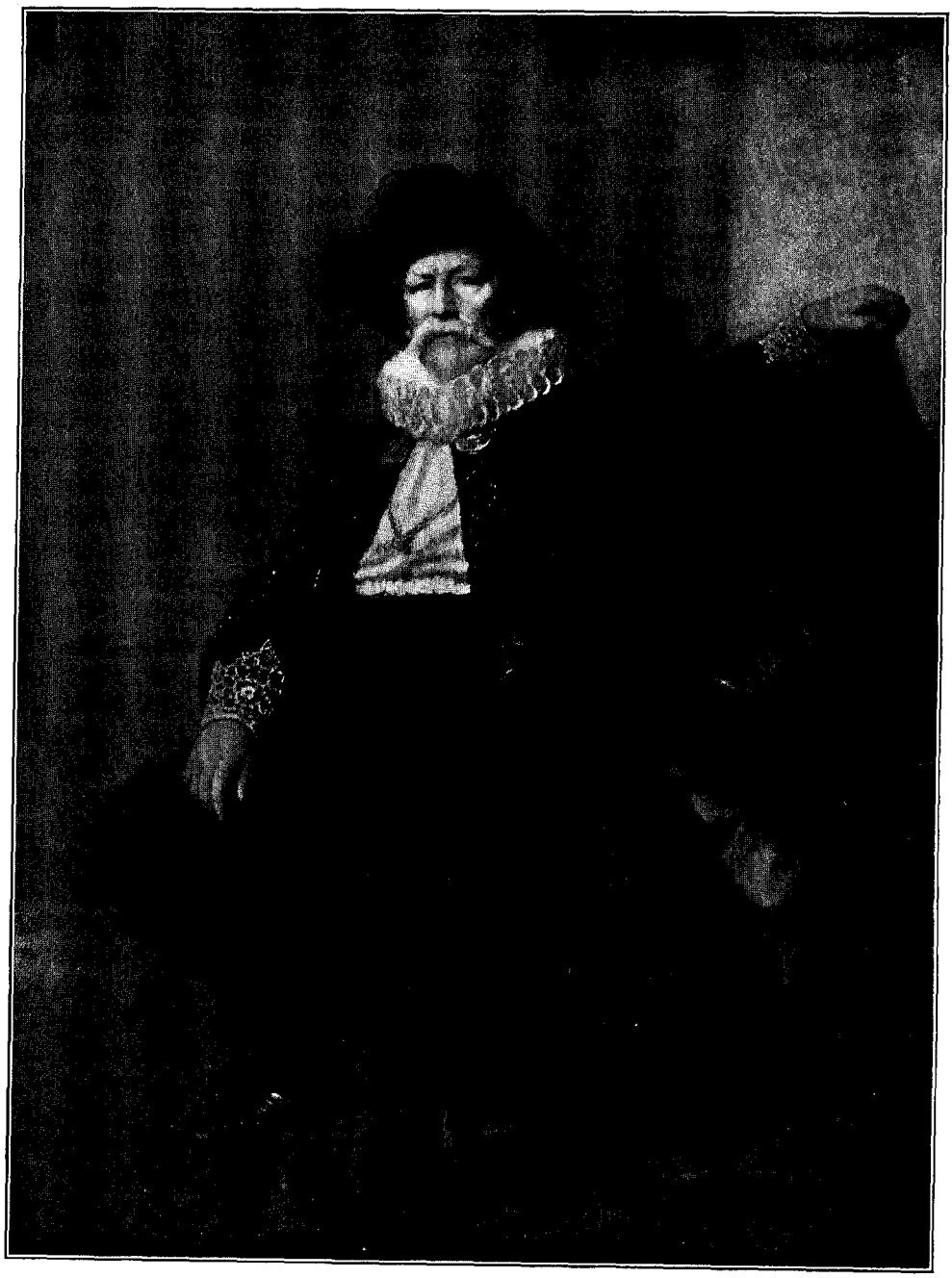

Eastman Johnson in the costume worn by him at the Twelfth Night celebration at the Century Club, 1899.—Page 274.

Painted by himself.

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Eastman Johnson in his studio.

actor for a brief period, his only appearance on the stage, the story ran, having been one evening in the rôle of Richard III. The usual price for these crayon portraits at this period seems to have been twenty-five dollars each, though it afterward rose rapidly, Rowse declaring in later life that he sometimes received as much as four hundred dollars for a head. These drawings were usually sketched in with charcoal and finished with hard crayons, the modelling put in with a "stump." Mr. Hall remembers that in Johnson's case they were usually executed in two or three sittings, but not infrequently there would be two sittings a day. He worked with a certain sureness of eye and hand, his attack was prompt and effective, and there were very few erasures and recommencements.

But the painter's color sense was stirring within him, and the need for wider fields. In Boston he commenced to draw in colored crayons; "but I never had a master," he testifies. It is Mr. Hall's recollection that his first *painted* portrait was that of Whittredge, the landscape painter; and this portrait is still in Mr. Whittredge's possession. In these first pastel heads, dated 1846 and 1847, may be seen his rapidly developing technical skill in the use of color; a little thin, and bluish in the shadows at first, they very soon became fuller, richer in tone and modelling and in warm, broken color. So successful had he been that when, at the age of twenty-five, he decided to go abroad, he had acquired a capital sufficient not only for the trip but also to provide a fund for the completion of the education of his sisters. In a letter still preserved his father expresses his appreciation of this fund, which, however, he states he will keep intact. July 15, 1849, Messrs. Johnson and Hall set sail for Europe in the good ship *William Shakespeare*, with a full-length presentation of the bard, carved in wood, for a figure-head at her bow. This somewhat unusual nautical appellation was owing to the fact that the vessel had been formerly one of the Dramatic line of ships, all of which bore appropriate names, *Roscius*, *Garrick*, etc. The voyage lasted some sixty days, to the mouth of the Scheldt; when the ship came to anchor for the third time in the river, before reaching Antwerp, the two artists de-

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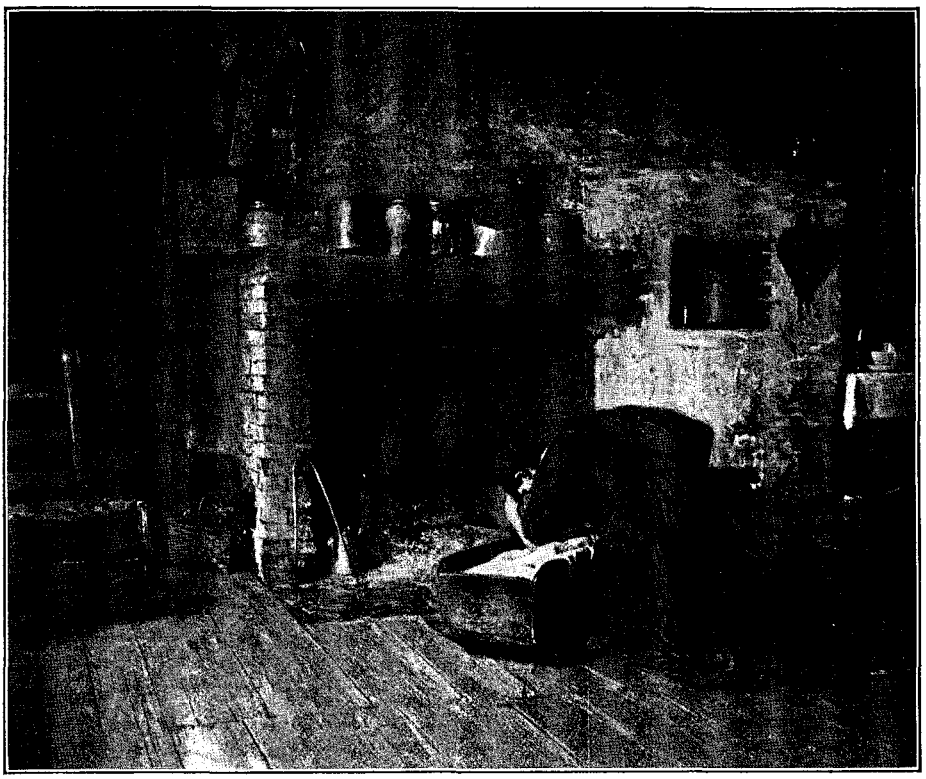

The Cradle Song.

cided to get out and walk. Under the walls of the city, then standing, they encountered a cheerful gathering of youths and maidens celebrating some kind of a kermess, and were hospitably welcomed as strangers, invited to stay and help the rejoicing. It is even reported that they were informed by the ruddy-cheeked damsels that the current rates for kisses were half a franc apiece. In Antwerp they remained for eight days, and then proceeded to Düsseldorf, where they enrolled themselves in the Academy schools, but at the end of the first two or three weeks Johnson was notified that in his case the customary two years in drawing would be dispensed with, and that he could enter the painting classes at once.

The Düsseldorf Academy, founded in 1767, was then under the divided sway of Lessing and Schadow, the latter having been director since 1826, but the former—at this time in the midst of the *Kulturkampf* as an "apologist" for the Kaiser-might and the heroes of the Reformation, Huss and Luther—being the more popular. Schadow's religious zeal as a convert to the Catholic Church had even led to a temporary estrangement between him and his former pupil, though it is said to have been his influence which had won Lessing away from his early romantic-elegiac manner, both in figures and landscape. Mr. Hall states his opinion that "the Düsseldorf school was excellent in all the preliminary art studies, drawing from the nude, anatomy, perspective, and composition; but in color it was very deficient; not one of the many artists living there was a colorist." Here they were joined by their compatriot, Whittredge, and the three took a trip up the Rhine, "our object being to see mountains and old castles." Johnson made a study in oil of the Drachenfels, and there are still preserved in his portfolios very careful little pencil drawings of the heads of Andreas Achenbach, Knaus, and others, made at this period, on fragile paper, and apparently without retouching or erasures. Leutze was then president of the Kneiper Club, and Johnson was duly made a member of this artist fraternity. He and

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Leutze went to the military riding academy for instruction in the art of horsemanship, and the younger man records that he was complimented on his skill. Among his talents was one for languages—he had taken some lessons in French and German before going abroad; he sang and conversed in both, and spoke Dutch with a mastery of the sibilants unusual in a foreigner. In his excursions he was in the habit of collecting and carefully pressing flowers and delicate plants, duly dated, with the locality, and this little herbarium is still preserved.

Without any apparent injury to his own technique, he worked a good deal in the atelier of Leutze, who was then painting his celebrated "Washington Crossing the Delaware," now in the Metropolitan Museum. To secure accuracy in the costumes, the young man wrote home to his father, asking him to have made a careful reproduction of the uniform worn by Washington, which was done, and the garments forwarded to Leutze. The son, in his letters home, records that at the reception held in the latter's studio, May 11, 1851, to celebrate the completion of this great work, the Prince and Princess of Prussia were among the distinguished guests, and that the prince, "a fine, soldierly looking man, with agreeable manners," to whom he was presented by Leutze, wished to purchase the small copy of the picture which Johnson had painted, but which, under the terms of the contract made for the disposal of the original, could not be sold. In July of this year he went over to London to see the National Gallery and the first International Exposition, stopping on his way at The Hague, and a few months later, January, 1852, we find him located in the latter capital and definitely embarked on his career as a painter in oil. In his notes at the time he records his conviction that mere travelling and sight-seeing, even in foreign lands, are much less useful to the artist than concentration and persistence in study. In the works of the Dutch masters he found satisfactory technical instruction; so assiduously and so well did he devote himself to the copying of the chief of them that, as Mr. George Folsom, then *chargé d'affaires* at The Hague, and one of his friends, says, he was soon known among his compatriots as "the American Rembrandt."

The Confab.

His diary and his letters home bear abundant testimony to his appreciation of the Dutch master and of one or two others—his description of the "Anatomy Lesson," of the best pictures in the Six Gallery, of the Rubens in the Antwerp Cathedral, etc. In The Hague he also executed a number of portraits, paintings and drawings—of the

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Countess von Stirrum, of Mrs. August Belmont and child, of the charming young Princess Marie of Holland and some of the ladies of her court, of a Swedish friend, Leenders, perhaps the ambassador, with his violin, and others; and among his figure pictures, most of which were sent home for sale, were the "Jew Boy" (1851), the "Card Players," the "Savoyard," and "Pestal," the last, finished later, in America. In the winter he made many studies of skaters, and skated himself. Numerous excursions with his friends—to Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Düsseldorf, Quinderburg (a suburb of The Hague), and other localities—varied his work in the galleries and in his own atelier; he was elected a member of the Pulchri Studio, an artist's club; at the beginning of his modest career as a collector he purchased, at the sale of the effects of the deceased William II, King of Holland, in his palace in Tilburg, North Brabant, the handsome carved oaken cabinet, now in the dining-room in the house in Fifty-fifth Street; and a carved bedstead, also in his collection, was shown at an exhibition of antiquities in Amsterdam. Finally, toward the end of his sojourn in the Dutch capital, he was offered the position of court painter, but he had not yet seen Paris, and he left for that city in August, 1855.

Knaus, Healy, and others of his American and Düsseldorf acquaintances were already there; some of them, as Thomas Hicks and E. Wood Perry, had fallen under the influence of Couture, and Johnson worked in his atelier, making a copy of the head of a sleeping soldier by Couture. Comfortably installed at No. 14, Boulevard Poissonière, he soon found himself so content that, as he said in later life, nothing less than the news of the death of his mother, he thought, would have brought him back to his native shore. But on the receipt of this intelligence he sailed for home in the steamship *Arago* on the 24th of October. In 1885, 1891, and 1897 he visited Europe again; in 1891, to see the Salon and the Royal Academy, with Rowse, who remained one of his intimate friends till the end of his life; and in 1897, with his wife and daughter, to Paris and to Madrid to see the Velasquez, remaining abroad some five months.

The arts, in the United States to which he returned in 1855, were apparently entering upon a period of development; the barbarous period, of provincialism, shirt-sleeves and indiscriminate tobacco, testified to by Mrs. Trollope, Fanny Kemble, and even Fenimore Cooper, and which had succeeded the greater courtliness and Old World culture of the Colonial and Revolutionary epoch, was gradually giving way to something better. In painting, the almost complete restriction to portraits was being broken by a growing appreciation of figure painting and familiar genre;—the time, prophesied by Inman, "when the rage for portraits in America will give way to a purer taste," was arriving. The taste may not have been purer, but it was broader—the cult of Meyer von Bremen was conterminous with the interest (fostered by both literature and art) in Indian life and border warfare. The latter was prevalent enough to affect the returned painter; after a brief sojourn in Washington we find him making twice, in 1856 and in 1857, the long journey to the head of Lake Superior, establishing himself in the woods in a primitive camp studio of his own construction, which was "everything an artist could desire," and painting red Indians with as much zeal as that with which he had been copying Rembrandts. Of one of these aboriginal portraits, still preserved in his residence in this city, he related that the sitter, a maid, moved by the superstitious fear of the savages that her death would follow the taking of her image, called with a friend to inspect the completed work, took it to the door under pretence of wishing more light, and then suddenly fled with the dreaded thing under her arm. Whereupon the painter, moved to indignation, gave chase, overtook the spoilers, and brought back his picture. In this northern expedition he also painted several portraits, but, having invested his own capital and the sum of five hundred dollars placed at his disposal by his father for the same purpose, in some land speculation, and lost it all, he found himself under the necessity of stopping at Cincinnati on his homeward trip, in November, 1857, and establishing there a temporary professional career as a portrait-painter until the family finances were restored to their original condition.

In the sixties we find him again returning to the forests, both in the very early spring and in the autumn—this time in the neighborhood of his native Fryeburg, where,

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The Old Stage Coach.

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Milton Dictating to His Daughters.

among other things, he made some forty careful studies in oil for a large painting, the rural New England annual festival of "Sugaring Off." This he hoped some day to carry to completion as his masterpiece, and on one or two occasions made definite attempts to secure the commission from some wealthy patron of the arts. In these studies of the native types, both wild and domestic, which are comparatively unknown, the same qualities which distinguished his other work are manifest—possibly most distinctly the good judgment, the careful avoidance of carrying the obvious thing too far. It is this discreetness, this knowledge of that which is within the province of painting and of that which is not, which constitutes probably the distinguishing quality of Mr. Johnson's genre painting, and which differentiates him so strongly from many of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors. "The Old Kentucky Home," painted in 1859, now in the Lenox Library, gave him the beginning of his reputation in this line. Seldom has an anecdotic painter (so to speak) essayed more dangerous themes—Happy Childhood playing in the Sun, Rustic Comedy, and Domestic Drama and Piety and Sentiment; but a saving grace, a sure instinct, saved him from them all—his kindliness never led him astray, his sense of humor was beautifully apportioned, the faintest touch of sarcasm kills the sentimentality. Consider the distance between the lightness of touch, the mellow humor, of the "Glass with the Squire," for example, or the "Reprimand," or the "Nantucket School of Philosophy," and the heavy-handed Teutonic renderings of Vautier and Defregger; he never descends to the mere story-telling, or the merely comic, as does Knaus; his pathos is not forced, more plausible than that of Israels; his conception of this rendering of "the life of the poor," of "the tillers of the soil" (and the ex-toilers of the sea), preaches no ugly gospel of discontent, as does so much of the contemporary French and Flemish art of this genre; his Nantucket neighbors know nothing of the "*protestation douloureuse de*

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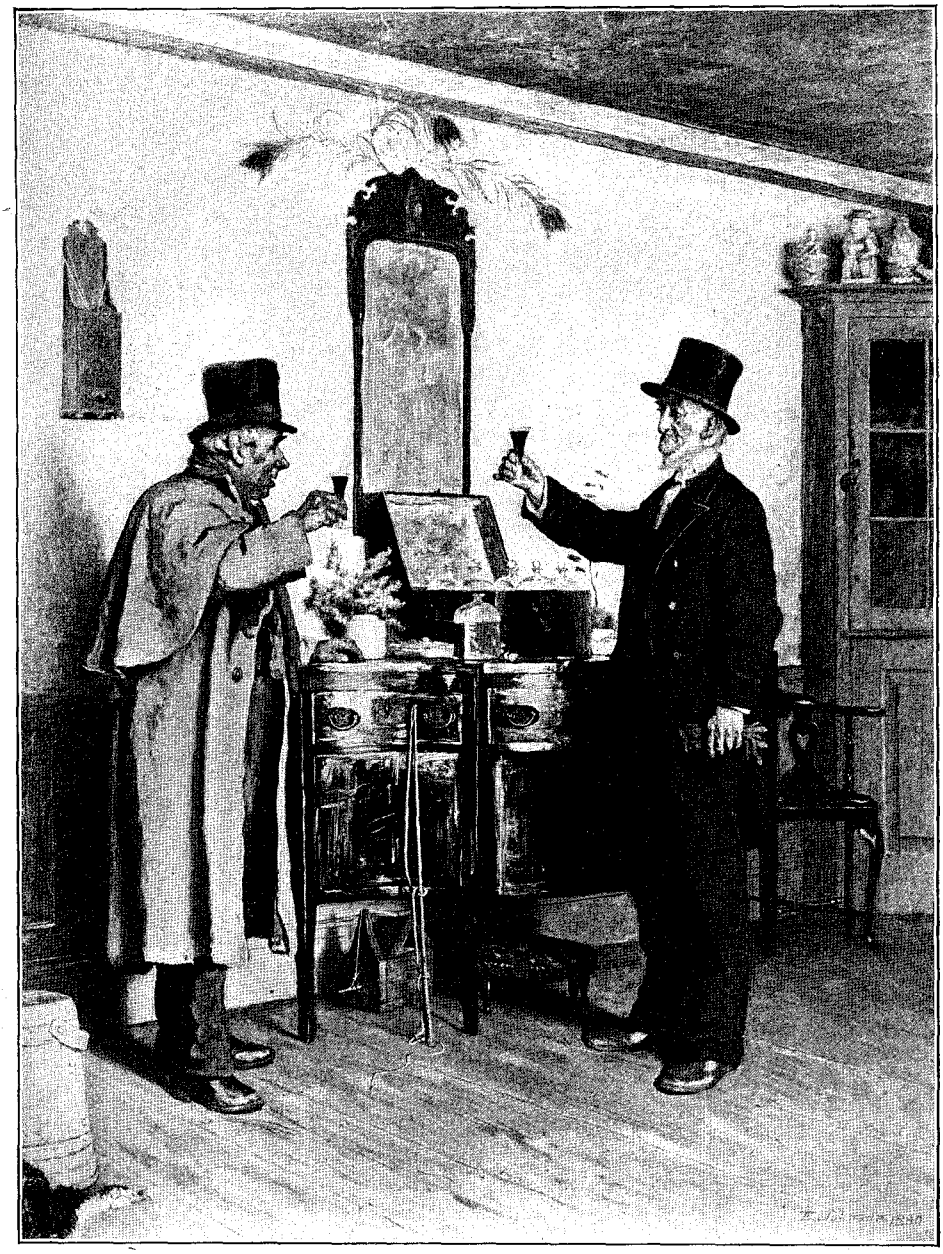

A Glass with the Squire.

la race asservie à la glèbe"; there is no "*cri de la terre*" arising from his cranberry marshes or his hay-stuffed barns. The happy combination of right feeling and sound technique is manifest in all the details; the respectable old silk high hat which constitutes so important an incident in several of the best of his Nantucket scenes would have been fatal to the ordinary genre painter—it is dignifiedly hospitable in the "Glass with the Squire," gravely stern (but not overwhelmingly so) in the "Reprimand," genuinely pathetic in "Contemplation" and the "Embers." But seldom has so unimportant a baggage played such an important rôle in art.

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The *motif* of the "Old Kentucky Home" was found by simply looking out the back windows of his residence in Washington. The painting was exhibited at the National Academy of Design in New York in 1859, at the Paris Exposition of 1867, with three other canvases, and at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876. It was recognized that the work of Mount—practically the first American painter of familiar genre—was to be continued, with equal technical skill and a certain greater breadth of sentiment and rendering. The long line of Mr. Johnson's subsequent paintings in this genre is part of our contemporary social history; in the Lenox Library, also from the collection of Mr. Robert L. Stuart, hang two other canvases, one, the "Sunday Morning" of 1866, somewhat smoother in brushwork, almost equally well known. The Nantucket series dates from 1870, the year after his marriage with Miss Elizabeth W. Buckley, of Troy, N. Y.,—that island having been recommended to him as a summer studio by Dr. Gaillard Thomas, to meet his desire for a quiet and incurious locality. The first, and one of the most popular, of this series was the "Old Stage Coach," the original, dismounted vehicle of which he had found in a previous summer in the Catskills. From the studies there made of it, and from his careful measurements, he erected a staging, on and around which the island children, judiciously selected and apportioned, filled their appointed rôles. One of the most interesting of the minor pictorial excellencies of this canvas is the suggestion of continuous forward movement in this entirely stationary cortége.

Head of Indian Girl.

A deeper note was touched in the studies made while following the Army of the Potomac, after Bull Run, Antietam and the Wilderness; and a different one in the graver historical and literary themes, as the "Milton Dictating to His Daughters" of 1875, painted before he had seen Munkacsy's more pretentious version of the same scene; the "Prisoner of State," of the preceding year; or "The Boy Lincoln" of 1868. In 1860 a runaway slave girl was sold at auction in Plymouth Church by Henry Ward Beecher, to obtain funds to purchase her

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Embers.

freedom, and was brought by Mr. Beecher to Mr. Johnson for her portrait, a photograph of which, representing her in rapt admiration of a ring given her by a lady as a contribution to the fund, is still in Mrs. Johnson's possession. In 1857, with the permission of the proprietor, he made a number of studies of the exterior and interior of Mount Vernon, once or twice in company with Louis R. Mignot, who had been a fellow-student at The Hague.

About 1858 Mr. Johnson established his residence in New York City, became a member of the National Academy of Design two years later, and continued almost uninterruptedly until his death his busy and successful career, alternating portraits and figure compositions. His sitters included a surprising number of men and women distinguished in all the walks of life, political, professional and social, for his good fortune qualified him to succeed with both sexes—a somewhat unusual gift. Presidents of the United States—Arthur, Harrison, and Cleveland both as governor and President; bishops, generals, bankers, presidents of universities, eminent lawyers and divines, and their wives, mothers, sweethearts, and children—all came before his discriminating and all-rendering brush. Conscientious and tireless, he very seldom contented himself with the one canvas he

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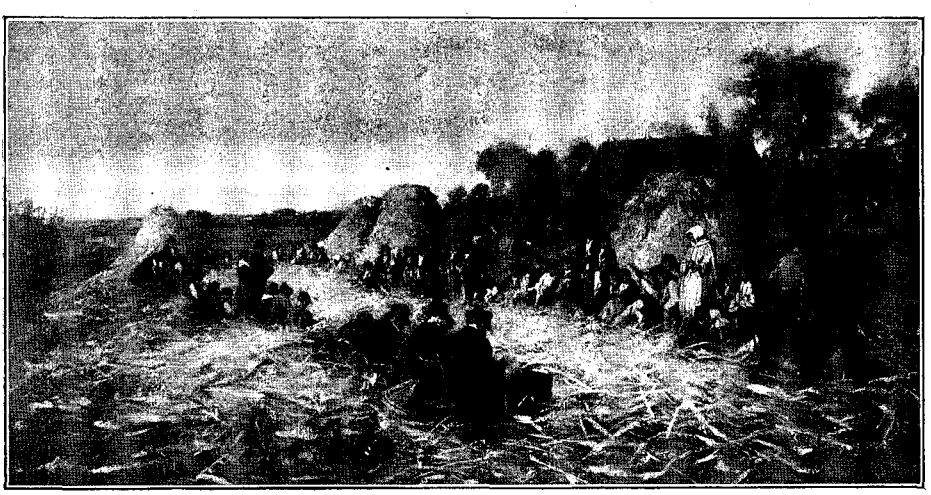
delivered to the sitter; in his endless search for the better way, he would render, in black and white, or in color, one, or two, or even three, variations, even of life-size figures, and not infrequently the version of the sitter which he had preferred to that selected by the family would be in the end recognized by the relatives as the more desirable. The walls of his residence, studio, living-rooms and halls, are hung thickly with these careful studies, all of them virile, life-like, strongly modelled, and presented with a certain serious dignity and quality of style. Never did he consider his sitter as a mere peg upon which to hang some arrangement, or symphony, or other impersonal experiment. In very nearly all of them may be recognized the same harmony of tone, the warm, suave, generous color, rendered very frequently with a sort of "granular impasto," as Mr. Isham describes it, but in one or two, as in a portrait of Commodore Vanderbilt and in a striking head of Edwin Booth presented in full face, the warm transparent browns and carnations are replaced by cooler lilacs and grays.

He was one of his own favorite sitters, and in these portraits he did not recoil before such difficulties as that of painting, while standing, a seated figure of himself, and entirely by artificial light, as in his portrait in the costume worn at the Twelfth Night celebration at the Century Club in 1899. The "Two Men," in earnest conversation, originally known as "The Funding Bill," and painted in 1881, was presented to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. Robert Gordon, a former trustee, in 1898; in this, the gentleman on the left, seated on the divan, is Robert W. Rutherford, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Johnson, and the one on the right, seen in profile, S. W. Rowse, the artist. The general feeling of competence and sureness in the handling in all this portrait work, the total absence of confusion and doubt, contribute very greatly to the enjoyment afforded by it, and to the confidence in the faithfulness to the original —a very important quality in portrait-painting, which should surely present some *vraisemblance*. While it may be contended that as a mere recording angel Art does not attain to her loftiest mission, the larger multitude will always set high in honor that kindly talent which concerns itself specially with Humanity.



Corn-husking.

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SIGNS AND SYMBOLS

By Beatrice Hanscom

Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball

I

BELIEVERS IN SIGNS

"Certain signs precede certain events."—*Cicero.*

MADAME CYNTHE
IMPORTER
GOWNS HATS

It shone, bright and new and alluring—a brassy square, firmly affixed at the side of the entrance door. The sun winked its admiration at it; the windows opposite flashed their coquettish appreciation; but though it responded radiantly to these compliments, *au fond* it remained unmoved, with a riveted fixedness of purpose which is the mark and consciousness of a mission.

That mission was to catch the eye of Feminine Fortune, motoring with a mind at ease, and to coax, by its alluring inscription, that same dainty and capricious Fortune to alight and enter, leaving largess of gold in return for creations of art.

So far, this idea, fascinating as it was, remained in the High Hills of Hope, instead of coming out into the Plain of Reality; but as for that, the sign itself was an expression of aspiration, not of actuality.

So far from fact was it that an unkind critic might have suggested a special fitness in the material employed; but Mrs. Cynthia Slater had chosen it exultingly because the "best places" had them "just that way."

Mrs. Slater recognized that to seem to be what you wish to be is the first step toward accomplishment. Not that she would have phrased it that way. She just knew it.

She was no disciple of these new cults that affirm that you attract toward you that which you confidently expect. She was just happily hopeful in a semi-irresponsible way, complicated with occasional flashes of shrewdness, and more than occasional flashes of generosity. And she had an ideal.

That ideal was expressed on her sign. It had impelled her to "set up for herself." It had induced her to order the sign—to have it inscribed "Madame Cynthe," deriving it from Cynthia, as she divined that Madame Berthe was originally Bertha, with the easy adaptability of one used to following a model.

As for "importer"—"Well, if I'm not, I expect I shall some day, and it does *look* elegant, and I'll have the sign when the time comes," she communed with herself genially. Which was a clear case of Dressmaker's Conscience.

So working with facile fingers to fashion a hat in the prevailing mode from some inexpensive straw, and debating the advisability of buying material and making up an "odd" waist on the chance of its sale, she dreamed dreams of unpacking model gowns from Paris; of motor cars drawn up before the little shop; of clients among those elect who were written up in the Sunday papers as givers of functions. And then she stopped dreaming long enough to run outside and admire The Sign again with that "first, fresh, careless rapture" which, the poet to the contrary notwithstanding, she recaptured with no effort at all every time she gazed upon it.

Paquin, glancing at his own modest announcement, Worth looking down from the mansions of the blest upon his still famous house, could not have experienced a keener felicity than did Cynthia Slater as she stood before *her* shop, her drab-brown hair "wapsed up," to use her own expression for a hastily arranged coiffure, her shirt-waist seeking for separate maintenance from her skirt-band, and her soul soaring on the wings of hope. There was nothing in the environment to suggest an incipient Worth or Paquin.

It was an extremely unimportant side-street, where ramshackle houses, sheltering a prolific colored population, elbowed an occasional brick block in an altogether genial way. Still, as Mrs. Slater assured herself

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She sat down to the construction of a hat.—Page 277.

now and then, this was a disadvantage not confined to side-streets. Sixteenth Street had long stretches of these same darky habitations; they cropped out on Connecticut; even Massachusetts had a weak spot here and there. And there dwelt the rich and the great. It was therefore only a Washington manner. And two of these streets were just around the corner, as Fortune has a way of being. But for a magic lure, there was The Sign.

Her gaze wandered to her one show-window. It exhibited at that moment only three barren hat-trees, which had as yet felt no touch of Aaron's rod, but Mrs. Slater smiled a smile of roseate anticipation.

"When it's all fixed up with spring hats, and a veil, and a piece of goods with a strip of lace lyin' acrost it, it's goin' to be *grand!*" she murmured.

Even as she gazed change came upon it. A procession straggled across it. First, a collie puppy with uncertain legs; then a black cat with a surprising set of whiskers; and last, a diminutive gray kitten of dejected appearance.

"If there isn't Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat!" she ejaculated with the air of one enumerating her jewels.

Through the medium of the plate-glass window, Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat

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perceived Mrs. Slater and they voiced their woes in united plaint. It was a Hunger *motif*. Nettie, two paws on the window, led in a shrill howl; Juliet, humpy-backed and tail in air, did a soprano recitative; and Little Cat, pressing a ribby side against the glass, opened her mouth wide to emit what was apparently a violin obligato with the instrument sadly out of tune. Madame Cynthe, the Famous, came back promptly to Mrs. Slater, the Fond.

"If I haven't forgotten to feed them this morning!" she said accusingly.

She hurried in to be greeted with effusion. "Cats' meat and milk *do* count up," she mused cheerfully as she filled three little saucers." I'd oughto order more, too. They're all growin', and it don't seem as if Little Cat would ever get started to fat."

She sighed a bit absently. The second story, on whose rent she had so confidently relied when she leased the little building, was still empty; and her slender exchequer, the remnant of what was left of the late Mr. Slater's life insurance, after the funeral expenses, had attenuated nearly to the vanishing-point.

If she should have to take down The Sign! One versed in the science of finance would have suggested reducing expenses by abolishing Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat.

But Mrs. Slater was instinctively social; and she loved Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat and they loved her. She had never failed anyone yet who depended on her. There would be some way. She sat down to the construction of a hat with a keen delight in the process. It was to be composed of apple-blossoms and a black velvet bow. And as materials, like cats' meat and milk, *did* count up, she ripped the velvet off her own winter hat and steamed it over her tea-kettle.

She had seen a bow in an F Street window which had struck her as being both jaunty and effective for the amount of material employed. In duplicating it she became entirely absorbed. Three little empty saucers stood in a row.

The Carharts were spending the winter in Washington. Everybody knew that. And as the newspapers dwelt delightedly on the details of their "palatial suite" at the New Willard, it was evident that the winter was not the only thing they were spending. But Mr. Carhart had it to spend. He was a High Official of a great railroad. And he said good-humoredly that since the Government was taking such an interest in railroads, he thought it only kind to spend a winter in Washington, so that it could be seen how harmless a person a railroad official was. There were several opinions about the genuineness of this statement, but the verdict was unanimous concerning Miss Nanette Carhart's loveliness and charm. And as the Carharts, *père et fille*, were enthusiastic motorists, and as they both had a *penchant* for the guiding hand (which their chauffeur resented, complaining that it was easier to run a car than to patch it up after them), Mr Carhart's laugh when rallied on his devotion to anything called a machine and Miss Carhart's smile when she was called the Goddess in the Car became somewhat stereotyped. While any pun on car-heart——

Local florists meditated advancing the price of violets, as various young men seemed to feel that the only right way of beginning the day was to send the largest bunch it was possible to wear to Miss Carhart. And as these young men in turn became Knights of Rueful Countenance and were smitten with a desire for travel, various mothers during the winter "wondered" audibly "what that girl expected," and "supposed," equally audibly, "that she was looking for a title," since any girl not absolutely heartless must inevitably have succumbed to the charms of John, or Freddie, or Richard.

This was before the appearance of a certain Mr. Stephen Warren, who being accustomed to the bracing ozone of the Northwest, was no believer in dilatory tactics, and lunching on the day of his arrival with Mr. and Miss Carhart, stated cheerfully, "I am in Washington because Miss Carhart is in Washington." He smiled frankly at Mr. Carhart.

"I met your daughter at the Thwaites' house-party in October," he informed him, "and came East again at my first opportunity."

"Opportunities evidently occurring only at long intervals to you," commented Miss Carhart gayly.

"I've been making ready for the One Great Opportunity," Mr. Warren said serenely. "My house is in order," he added; and if his tone was lightly humorous,

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the humor was merely recognition of his own happiness in subjection. His dark-blue eyes had a laughing way of coaxing you to laugh with him.

"A truly house?" inquired Miss Carhart lightly.

"A really, truly house," affirmed Mr. Warren in gay mock-confidence," a bargain of a house, as I hope to prove to you."

He laughed as though life was a supreme joke; as only a man can laugh who knows what it is to fight his way. Mr. Carhart, blandly attentive, was quietly taking the measure of the man.

"Good-looking chap. Not handsome, thank Heaven! Broad shoulders for a six-footer; more solitary oak than forest pine about him; looks used to standing alone, and firm enough to be in training. H-m-m-m!"

"Big fireplaces inside and wide verandas outside," Mr. Warren confided to them.

"So much more practical than to have the verandas inside and the fireplaces outside," commented Miss Carhart mischievously.

"Trees to chop down when I become a great man, as I must and *they* must," continued Mr. Warren unperturbed.

"Or," said Mr. Carhart suavely, "for use in strengthening your political fences."

"In short: I chop, I saw, I conquer," bavarded Miss Carhart, and bowed her laughing acknowledgment of their applause.

"I'll take you out for a spin as a reward," she said gayly to Mr. Warren, "unless you would prefer the 'Seeing Washington' car. Of course *they* would see that you didn't miss anything." Her brown eyes danced with mischief.

"I should miss everything," Mr. Warren announced firmly. "If I owned that enterprise," he told Mr. Carhart, "I'd keep my cars lined up in front of the New Willard, and have the megaphone man announce to all newcomers, "This is where Miss Carhart stays!' The only real place of interest in Washington!"

When Miss Carhart finally took him off in her car, "to broaden his mind," as she averred laughingly, Mr. Carhart, smoking a very dark-brown cigar, decided that he had things to think about.

"I rather like the way he plays the game," he meditated. "I wonder if Nanette does."

His eyes narrowed as they had a way of doing when questions of buying or keeping control came up in the Road.

For Nanette had been looking piquantly and particularly lovely, and something in the quality of that loveliness suggested that

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distinguished specialist, the Little Blind Boy.

And as the days went on Mr. Carhart's eyes kept busy alternately widening and narrowing; for he was an adoring father, American enough to allow his daughter to choose for herself, and equally American enough to move heaven and earth to find out whether she was choosing the "right man" before it should be too late.

He set subtle machinery in motion which turned out with proper rapidity a lot of letters which, banded together in Mr. Carhart's desk, might have appropriately been labelled "The Life of Stephen Warren."

He knew that Warren was bright, was good, and plucky. He was much more than fairly successful. Hardships had developed him splendidly. But how about success? Could he stand that? Keep his head—be self-reliant still?

Who could tell Mr. Carhart that? Could Warren even know it of himself? Yet Mr. Carhart knew that in the flush of his first successes young Warren stood at a danger-point more to be feared than first failure.

One day, looking out of his sitting-room windows, he witnessed the return of the two

Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat sat in a row.—Page 282.

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"Going to play 'em?" he inquired smilingly.—Page 285.

seemingly indefatigable pilgrims, who had gone motoring gayly in the morning.

They were seated in a dilapidated buggy which ought to have had a Revolutionary record, and which was drawn by a shaky-legged steed that could reasonably be assigned to 1812.

A black urchin with a dazzling smile hung over the dashboard and sawed with sorrily patched reins until the old horse halted.

Mr. Warren and Miss Carhart, who were evidently having what Nanette herself would have characterized as "a perfectly lovely time," descended almost reluctantly, and came gayly in together to explain laughingly.

They had tried a new route out into the country, it seemed, and the motor car, disapproving, had waited until they "were absolutely nowhere," and then had revengefully refused to go another inch.

"And after we had *toiled* over it," Miss Carhart gurgled, "we gave up, and walked till we came to a queer little house where a dear old woman gave us bread and milk out of stone-china bowls. And wasn't it good?" she demanded of young Warren.

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"Nectar and ambrosia," he responded fervently.

"And we hired her funny old horse to bring us home, and it has been the greatest possible lark," she concluded, with shining eyes.

("And this," meditated Mr. Carhart, "is the girl who once refused to drive behind a long-tailed tandem, on the ground that there was no use in making yourself ridiculous!")

"It *sounds* interesting," he said suavely. Then he permitted himself to notice a newspaper parcel that Stephen Warren was holding tenderly. "More relics?" he inquired politely. For they had acquired, on a previous occasion, and at an exorbitant price, a knocker on which Washington was supposed once to have knocked.

"No-o-o," said Miss Carhart. "We bought the old stone-china bowls, just for fun."

But her own color suddenly suggested the Peachblow Vase.

The very slight oscillation of Miss Carhart's head as she glanced at Warren may have been accidental, but it suggested negation; her smile admitted of neither of these hypotheses.

"I must be off," he said briskly, handing her the newspaper parcel. "But I shall be on hand to claim the first dance and the others you promised me at the Embassy Ball, and if you give away one, even to the ambassador, I shall call him out and make it an international affair!"

She had laughingly agreed to preserve the country from its threatened peril, and they were already in the doorway, when Mr. Carhart spoke.

"Ah, by the way, Nanette, don't forget to give Mr. Warren one of those valuable bowls."

It was a telling shot. Warren rallied first.

"Miss Carhart is to keep them both, sir," he said. "That was agreed upon."

"Yes," said Miss Carhart a trifle breathlessly. "It seemed a pity to separate them."

When they had disappeared it seemed as though the dim doorway still treasured a roseate afterglow.

"I wonder," said Mr. Carhart slowly, "if it *would* be a pity to separate them."

But he was not thinking of the stone-china bowls.

It was the morning after all this that Miss Carhart ascertained diplomatically at half-past nine that her father would surely be in at eleven; and having then wandered restlessly around her room for "hours," as she supposed, found she had consumed ten minutes in the process. As a last resort, to bridge the endless interval of eighty minutes, she decided to take a walk.

Visibly she trod the prosaic pavement of Fourteenth Street, but actually she strolled in Arcady, dwelling fondly on the delicious things Stephen had said, such as his remembering the gown she had worn the first time he met her, and how he had been dreaming and day-dreaming all these months that the day would surely come when, in another gown of just that same pale shimmering gray fluffiness (you couldn't expect a man to call it *chiffon*) he and she should be together in the Really Truly House——

Here Miss Carhart whisked herself hurriedly round a corner into an unfashionable side-street.

"Oh," she whispered, dewy-eyed, "if we could live long lives of such happiness! If I could *know* it! If fate would show me some sign!"

At that psychological moment her eye was attracted by a square of glittering brass.

She read its inscription—first ironically, then amusedly. But how remarkable to see such a *good* sign in such a queer place! A *good sign!* And she had been wishing. She giggled at the absurdity of the thing. "Oh, well, I'm not so imbecile as that!" she murmured.

From the sign to the show-window—which *was* a *show*-window—vaudeville! A scraggy gray kitten swung from a Nottingham lace curtain in distress of spirit; while a riotous collie puppy made sportive upward lunges, nipping playfully at the waving gray tail. Three empty hat-trees stood in the middle distance, and in the foreground a black cat washed her face with Pharisaic composure. The kitten, evidently deciding that the hat-trees were masts of safety in a deep sea of trouble, made a leap for one; the collie, turning excitedly in pursuit, collided with a second, which swept sidewise, striking the black cat sharply, at the same time that the other hat-tree, overturning in the general confusion, came down on the collie's back, like a pillar on a canine Samson, while the kitten, who slipped,

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took the rôle of an excited Philistine, getting even at last.

The black cat resented her injuries promptly, and with a vigor which brought Mrs. Slater to the scene of conflict.

It was while separating the combatants that she suddenly saw through the window Feminine Fortune at last!

"And not a thing for her to look at," she thought despairingly. She sped to the door.

"I'm dreadful sorry I haven't any hats in the window as you're happenin' by," she said apologetically. "But I'm goin' to have an Openin' next week, and I should be pleased to have you call."

"Thanks," said Miss Carhart, with a mirthful gurgle in the monosyllable, "but I've just seen the most interesting window-display in Washington."

"Where?" demanded Mrs. Slater, with instant determination to copy as many of its ideas as possible.

"Here," said Miss Carhart, with dancing eyes.

"They're limbs," said Mrs. Slater cheerfully, "but they're lots of company, Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat." "The hats are going to be elegant, though," *Madame Cynthe* continued, "*any* time next week," she urged.

"I couldn't wait till next week," said Miss Carhart gayly. Then as Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat seemed to take on replicas of Mrs. Slater's dejection, "Suppose I come in now?" she said. And did.

"I see," she stated an instant later, "that you import gowns as well." Mrs. Slater succumbed to her captivating twinkle.

"Well, I don't yet, but I expect to, some day, if I can only get a start," she said. "I've worked at good places, and I know how. At Wallace & Phipps' they used to say I was the best on chiffons of any of 'em. [Chiffons, too! Wasn't it queer!] I thought I could get some gowns to make, and with the hats, and the rent of the second story——"

"And the second story?" Miss Carhart inquired interestedly.

"Well, no," admitted Mrs. Slater. "There was a deaf gentleman yesterday, but he'd forgot his ear-trumpet and his specs. He was far-sighted, too. He said he might be back." She smiled hopefully.

Miss Carhart was prone to act on sudden impulse. "I have a little white chiffon frock that I bought in Paris last summer," she said. "Do you suppose you could duplicate it for me in pale gray if you had it for a model?"

"I know I could," said Mrs. Slater promptly.

Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat sat in a row as still as though they realized that this was a crucial moment.

"I'll bring it around in my car this afternoon," said Miss Carhart. "You may send me samples to choose the color from, and I'll tell them at Woodward's that anything you buy for such a gown is to be charged to me. That will be the best way, won't it?"

"Yes," gasped Mrs. Slater, swallowing hard in her excitement. For it was the *only* way.

"Good-by, Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat," said Miss Carhart mirthfully. "Oh," she turned to Mrs. Slater, "I am Miss Carhart. At the New Willard."

She glanced at her bauble of a watch as she sped along. Five minutes of eleven. If he should get there first! She met Mr. Stephen Warren at the elevator door. The elevator simply crawled, but happily the long hallway was deserted.

"You darling!" Stephen Warren whispered rapturously, as they sped along toward the haven of the suite. "I've walked through most of the alphabet this morning and a long way down the numerals waiting for eleven o'clock to come; and the numbers are our happy years together, and the letters are a lover's alphabet, with A for Altar, and B for Bride. Now!" he murmured; and rapped on Mr. Carhart's door. Once inside, he caught Nanette's right hand firmly in his and drew her toward her father. "Will you trust her to me?" he said simply.

Mr. Carhart stood up and looked at them steadily and seriously.

"Mr. Warren," he said soberly, "so far as I know you, I am disposed to like you. If, after I have obtained certain formal information about you, I feel I can consent to your marrying Nanette, I shall want to improve your fortunes." The vice-president of the road would have been suspicious of this ingenuous friendliness. "I should create a place for you with us," he went on smooth-

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ly," for my daughter's husband would naturally be my right-hand man."

He chose the words very carefully.

Stephen Warren laughed buoyantly.

"I am creating a place for myself, Mr. Carhart," he said frankly, "and I can't lose the fun of doing it by slipping into a place someone else creates. I suppose it's the Scotch strain that gets such dogged zest out of hewing out the way. It will be a bigger place because I have Nanette to help me. But after all, it's *my* fortunes I'm asking her to share, and *my* life she is going to help me live. Come, Mr. Carhart," he said with a sudden whimsicality, "you play bridge, don't you? Well, how would you like to have someone suggest changing the game to casino just as it was your turn to deal?"

His tone was lightly humorous, but Mr. Carhart, being Western-born himself, recognized it as the Northwest brand, stamped with the iron of determination. He smote young Warren genially on the shoulder.

"I wouldn't do it, my boy," he said brusquely, "and I hoped you wouldn't, but it was the only way to find out." He turned to his daughter. "You are quite sure you want to live out all the years of your life with him?" he asked her, and the glance he bent upon her was full of a parental tenderness, ready to sacrifice itself to the second place if the right time was come.

"All the years of it," said Miss Carhart, very softly, "even if I should live to be very, very old." She looked with a sudden sweet seriousness at Stephen Warren.

"As please God you will," he said, and the words were a prayer. Then he wheeled toward her, dominant, impetuous. "You must," he said sharply, as though the very force of that lover's *must* would prevail, if need be, over fate. "And we must begin our life together soon," he demanded, impetuously. Miss Carhart's long lashes dragged themselves downward over her radiant eyes at the look he gave her.

Mr. Carhart pushed them toward the door in mock impatience.

"For heaven's sake," he said briskly, "go away! You're worse than a lot of arc-lights! Can you come down to earth and have lunch with me at one o'clock? I don't think the hotel has any stone china, but I should be delighted to order bread and milk." His lips twitched.

"You wouldn't dare," said his daughter gayly; "but we'd eat it, wouldn't we?"

"Anything," said Stephen Warren fervently, "anywhere, anyhow!"

They disappeared.

Mr. Carhart, looking down upon the street below, felt a sudden necessity for polishing his eyeglasses.

"I don t know why it makes me feel so old," he said whimsically. "Nothing matters to them. Nobody else exists. Ah, well," he sighed, "it's a good sign, anyway."

Around at the little shop in the dilapidated side-street, Mrs. Slater sat in a dazed condition in her slatted rocking-chair.

"She never asked me what I charged," she murmured. "Do you suppose she forgot or didn't she *care?*"

She felt of the sides of the chair as though to assure herself by their actuality that the late interview was real.

Miss Carhart, whose gowns and whose beauty and whose motor cars appeared in the Sunday papers week after week!

The day of miracles was at hand!

She snatched Little Cat off the sewing-machine, where that mite had been investigating the spool system, and like many other investigators of systems, had become badly tangled up in the process; she fished Nettie out of an open drawer full of materials where that excitable young thing was rioting; and she caught up the sedate Juliet unceremoniously, to rock them all back and forth, wriggling and protestant.

"We've got a millionairess customer," she announced. "She's going to come in an automobile! We've got a Paris gown for a model! The sign has begun to work!" She laughed triumphantly.

"You've got to begin with a good sign," she stated authoritatively.

II

A SUCCESS FOR SYMBOLISM

A BELL-BOY from the New Willard was responsible for it. He opened the door of Mrs. Slater's little shop with as infinite a condescension as he might have shown had he *owned* the New Willard.

"'S a note," he volunteered loftily, tossing it on the counter, beneath whose glass

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reposed several bolts of ribbon and a truly alluring rhinestone buckle (which Mrs. Slater had purchased from a Hebraic gentleman who assured her that even he himself could hardly tell it from "diamunts." "Look at the *faucets* on ut," he concluded, gazing at it, as though half unwilling to part from it at any price. "My own pardner would say that them was stones of the first water!" "I suppose that's why they call them *faucets*," Mrs. Slater had reasoned.)

"I expect it's from Miss Carhart," Mrs. Slater said grandly, as though it *might* be from some of her other customers at the New Willard.

"She can't come for her fitting till to-morrow," she announced. It was just possible he didn't understand that Miss Carhart had *ordered a gown* here.

"They've gone to Bennings in the big cah —Miss Carhart, her fathah, and the Mistah Warren she's engaged to," the blasé bellboy vouchsafed.

"Engaged!" said Mrs. Slater, agreeably fluttered. "Well, I hope he's worthy of her."

"He ain't hea'd that they make money smallah than half a dollah evah since," remarked the bellboy, as though that settled *that* question.

"Have they gone to the races?" Mrs. Slater inquired eagerly.

There was vast pity in the bellboy's expression. "D'you know of anything else *at* Bennings?" he inquired sarcastically. "My brothah made ten dollahs theah yistahday," he announced nonchalantly.

"My!" said Mrs. Slater, impressed. "Did he have a tip?"

"Jim don't need no tips," the bellboy drawled. "Jim's jus' lucky."

"There isn't any answer," said Mrs. Slater, responding to something suggestive in his attitude.

"Theah was a note, though," he remarked.

The power of the receptive attitude took effect. Mrs. Slater extracted a quarter from her worn black pocket-book. The bellboy received it without effusion, evidently feeling, with a majority of his race, that the darky's cloud *must* have a silver lining.

When he had departed he left an atmosphere of unrest behind him.

Ten dollars! The chiffon shirrings seemed to go distressingly slow. To make ten dollars with no work at all! Just picking out the fastest horse! The room was warm. Nettie yelped to be let out into the alley yard where she treasured a colossal bone. Mrs. Slater let her out. "If it'll just take her mind off'n Little Cat," she murmured.

Little Cat, gladdened by Nettie's disappearance, began jumping for a fly on the south window above Mrs. Slater's sewing-table, upon which she presently sprawled discomfited, scattering thread and stray bits to the winds.

In a subdued exasperation Mrs. Slater changed the position of her chair, and promptly rocked on an unoffending Juliet, who voiced her woes to the skies. Mrs. Slater's thread knotted—broke.

"I declare," she announced, "I believe I'll go myself."

The excitement of the idea seized her. She began to make herself ready with an almost feverish haste. If she had only begun sooner!

She locked the shop-door behind her, and stopped to see that the placard behind its glass panels was distinctly legible. It was a deceptive placard, which stated mendaciously: *Will be back in twenty minutes.*

With the air of one who had burned her bridges behind her, she stepped buoyantly along in the spring sunshine. Probably no one in all Washington was more irresponsibly happy; for when she had locked the door she locked inside not only Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat, but all troublesome recollections; she remembered neither Miss Carhart's dress, far from ready for to-morrow, nor her own depleted finances.

Everybody was going to Bennings. She was going to Bennings.

Three crisp five-dollar bills burned pleasantly in her pocket-book. How could she remember that they were her last!

The open trolley flaunted the sign *To Bennings.*

She signalled one with the feeling that she was signalling Fortune; and she squeezed herself on board among those other fortune-seekers as she might have embarked on a ship setting sail on a treasure expedition.

The tall butcher from the street above, from whom she purchased her cats'-meat and an occasional chop for herself, recognized her, and offered her his seat with a gallantry which made her rejoice that she was wearing the most expensive hat from

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her own shop-window, a final extravagance, tempered by the hope that the dust would brush off and leave no visible signs of the expedition.

Newsboys ran alongside and waved their papers excitedly.

"Racin' extra! All about t'races!" they cried raucously.

Everyone in the car held one of these papers as though it were a life-preserver. Mrs. Slater promptly purchased one, and plunged into the study of Past Performances with the zeal of sporting blood. With all that exhaustive information, how could one help picking a winner!

To be sure, most of the terms were abbreviations of unknown significance; and she experienced some slight confusion as to who had really won in these former trials of speed.

MARU, 5, 99. Ch. g. Meddler—Octavia.

Was he *five* years old? He couldn't be *ninety-nine!* Perhaps he had won ninety-nine races. Charged with being a meddler—that didn't sound promising—by a lady named Octavia? Could that be right? She proceeded to investigate his record further.

Bennings, April 6. Purse. 3 yrs. & up. 5½ fur. Track fast. Time 1:10 2-5. Start poor. Won ridden out.

		Place	driv.
Illyria, 116, Michaels	4	$1^{1}\frac{1}{2}$	1^{4}
The Bowery, 104, Hurley	2	$2^{1}\frac{1}{2}$	2h
Typhonic, 107, Hicks	1	3^{n}	3^{5}
Maru, 114, Murray	5	4	4
Arachue, 112, McCafferty	3	5	5

Illyria, 1-1, 2-5; The Bowery, 30-1, 4-1; Typhonic, 3-2, 2-5.

April 6. Start poor. Won ridden out.

It looked discouraging. She decided against Maru.

But so many of the others had "started poor" and "won hdly."

If the butcher had not retired to the rear platform she would have been tempted to ask his advice, though it seemed rather forward when they were just business acquaintances.

There was a certain expansive attitude noticeable about all the occupants of the car. Conversations started easily, and continued with amplified details. Reminiscence took precedence over prophecy.

Everyone—but Mrs. Slater—had apparently been to the races the day before; everyone—but Mrs. Slater—had won, or knew someone who had.

What was there of importance save the races? The rest of the world dropped out of sight.

Hilarity and Iridescent and Plantagenet—what names were these to conjure with! But which to choose!

The car stopped at the crowded gateway; the occupants fell off in mad haste; they rushed, running, down the covered passageway. Mrs. Slater ran fairly well herself.

As she left the ticket window she bumped squarely into the butcher. "Going to play 'em?" he inquired smilingly.

Mrs. Slater nodded. Her eyes sparkled.

"Put your money on Mimon for the first—if it isn't over. You can't lose," he assured her.

Mrs. Slater's face radiated a thanksgiving for the tip.

The crowd separated them again, but he turned and nodded encouragingly as he caught her eye.

"I expect he's married," murmured Mrs. Slater regretfully, but she straightened her hat automatically.

When next she got her breath she was seated on the crowded grand stand; pocketbook, racing-card, pencil, and Past Performances, firmly clutched in her hands.

The band was playing gayly. But the first race was over! And Mimon had won! What a prophet the butcher had been! What a judge of horseflesh! "Dealin' so much in meat, I suppose," Mrs. Slater explained to herself.

Bets for the next race were being booked. She studied the names on her racing-card in an agony of indecision. If she only knew which! But bet she must! She caught the nearest agent of Fortune by the arm.

"Which horse's the best?" she demanded eagerly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Torchlight favorite," he said rapidly, "8 to 5. Setauket 3 to 1. Belle of Milford 12 to 1."

Mrs. Slater did not hear the rest. 8 to 5, when she had only fifteen in the world. She abandoned the favorite with a sigh. As for Setauket, the name sounded like a sleeping-car; it prejudiced her against the horse. Belle of Milford—what was there vaguely familiar about the name? Why, the head of the suit department at Wallace & Phipps had been a Miss *Til*ford. "She was a hustler, too," Mrs. Slater murmured reminiscently. The man was turning away impatiently.

"I'll bet on the Belle of Milford," said Mrs. Slater breathlessly.

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He snatched the racing card from her hands.

"How much?" he demanded tersely.

"*One*," said Mrs. Slater severely. "Didn't you just tell me that was it?"

The man's expression suggested that business considerations were all that restrained him from ejaculation.

One of Mrs. Slater's fives promptly became two twos; 12-1 was marked plainly opposite Belle of Milford on Mrs. Slater's racing card.

She saw the man stopping to place other bets as he moved away. And she exulted in it. A man near her bet on Torchlight. It chilled her enthusiasm. Would Torchlight win? Had she lost her dollar? If she could see the man she would ask him to give it back. But he had disappeared.

"Burns is going to ride Belle of Milford," a woman's voice somewhere back of her announced. "Burns can make any old skate win."

Mrs. Slater's heart warmed to her.

"Going to bet?" another voice inquired.

"No-o-o," the first voice hesitated. "I'll wait till the next."

Mrs. Slater's barometer fell depressingly. If Burns was such a wonder, and still that woman wouldn't bet, what a poor horse the Belle must be!

The clamor rose suddenly. There were the horses. Belle of Milford with Burns riding, Mrs. Slater identified easily by "*Black, dark-blue sleeves and sash, black cap*," a sombreness of attire which corresponded accurately with Mrs. Slater's dark-blue mood and blackened hopes.

G. J. Reardon F. T. Miller

Black, Dark Blue Sleeves and Sash, Black Cap.

2 BELLE OF MILFORD 104

Br. m. 5, by Bassetlaw—Zuleika. $1,400.

Now they were off. Belle of Milford fourth, Torchlight fifth, if there was any consolation in that. Then Belle of Milford began to creep up third—second—Belle of Milford led as the horses came down the track! The hoarse, raucous cheers that belong to the arena charged the air with electric force.

Burns swinging forward on the Belle of Milford's neck seemed to lift her along by sheer force of will. Belle of Milford held the lead. Belle of Milford won.

Mrs. Slater dropped into her seat rather limply. She wondered weakly if the man would ever come back.

Then she saw him in the distance. He was paying! He was *honest*. After several æons he reached her; took her card, checked it, and presented her with a ten-dollar bill, a two, and a one.

"'Twan't but twelve to one," said Mrs. Slater excitedly, for Mrs. Slater was honest. "You've give me a dollar too much."

She tendered it back to him with a tremulous smile. "Aw, that's the one you bet," he said disgustedly.

"And I get that back, too?" she inquired breathlessly. The restrained expression reappeared on the sporting gentleman's face. He nodded. You would have said he could not trust himself to speak.

A solid citizen with black, oily hair observed Mrs. Slater's luck. "Have a tip?" he inquired, leaning forward.

"No," said Mrs. Slater affably, "but I knew a girl with a name like that once."

For the next few races she placed her bets with a recklessness born of sudden fortune, and which reduced her capital to six paltry dollars.

Coinciding with these successive and depressing losses were the ejaculations of her right-hand neighbor, a sharp-nosed woman, considerably past middle age, with the figure of a grenadier and the countenance of a Spartan. After these had progressed from "Shocking!" and "Dreadful!" to "Appalling!" Mrs. Slater determined to shake off the pall of gloom with which they were enshrouding her by cheering up the oracle.

"Oh, well, I expect to win yet," she said, smiling at her.

The sharp-nosed woman returned the smile with the glare of the unintroduced.

"I deplore, not your losses, though they are probably more than you can afford," she said acidly, "but the wickedness of wagering money on the relative rapidity of mere animals."

"I expect most folks think they might as well risk a little as long as they're here," Mrs. Slater rejoined with an easy tolerance.

"It is only one more step from the degradation of being here," said the sharp-nosed woman.

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"Land sakes! Don't you like races?" inquired Mrs. Slater curiously.

The sharp-nosed woman's sudden inhalation suggested the turning on of steam heat.

"I loathe them," she said solemnly.

"What did you come for?" asked Mrs. Slater in all sincerity.

"I came to Washington," stated the sharp-nosed woman, with a suggestion of the rostrum, "as the delegate from Pawnee City to the Congress of United Womanhood, who are banded together to demand from the present inadequate system of legislation the Complete Purification of Politics. It is only due to Pawnee City that I should investigate something of the seamy side of life during my sojourn here. She stopped majestically. "And I cannot be too thankful," she went on (it was the effective peroration of her future address), "that my lot is cast, not in a Sink of Iniquity, but in a place of comparative purity like Pawnee City." (Future cheers!)

"I don't recall that I ever heard of Pawnee City," murmured Mrs. Slater, feeling rather submerged beneath this avalanche of oratory.

"Probably not," said the sharp-nosed woman, as one whom no lack of intelligence could surprise, "but if you should ask me to give you my advice, I should say to you: Leave all this whirlpool behind you and come to Pawnee City; or if you are not able to do that, study Pawnee City, and follow the principles for which it stands."

There is nothing so irritating to a loser of lucre as financially worthless advice.

"There wouldn't nobody ask you to *give* away such advice," Mrs. Slater retorted with malicious serenity. "You'd ought to sell it."

A stifled chuckle at her left turned her attention to the little wizened, brow-beaten-looking man who had been sitting as small as possible all the afternoon.

Mrs. Slater's face relaxed to geniality again.

"Well, did you ever!" she said in extenuation.

The little man nodded with the air of one who knew many things.

"It's being *advanced*," he said mysteriously. "But races are great, aren't they?" he demanded with the bursting of a pent-up enthusiasm.

"Fine!" said Mrs. Slater friendily.

"You'd oughto put some money up to really enjoy 'em, though," she added.

The little man coughed apologetically.

"I—it jest happens—well, the fact is," he confided, "my wife—she keeps the family funds. She thinks I'm careless. And she only gave me a dollar this morning, and I've spent it all but my car-fare. I didn't—happen to—mention I thought of coming out here," he concluded embarrassedly.

Mrs. Slater eyed him compassionately.

"She's on the Pawnee City order, I expect," she communed with herself. "Land! A good little man like that!"

She was stirred with a sudden impulse characteristically improvident.

"I've brought more with me than I was intendin' to use," she said carelessly. "'F you'd like to borrow a dollar——"

(The sharp-nosed woman swung between horror and interest.)

He shook his head, reddening. "I'm much obliged," he faltered, "but I couldn't. If I lost, I should have to explain to my wife——" His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth at the thought.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Slater easily; "you put it on one horse, and I'll put some on another. It'll give us two chances, don't you see? (He's old enough to be my father," she murmured to herself, "'n' I declare he shall have some fun for once, anyway). If you win, you can pay me back; if you lose, why, forget it. I should have lost it anyway."

She fairly thrust the dollar bill into his hesitant hands.

"You might as well have the fun," she suggested. "We're only alive once."

(There was a day when Pawnee City drew in a breath of concerted horror at this.)

The bill shook in the little man's fingers. Life opened so dazzlingly. He had shrunk so long under the tempers and furies of a virago whose domineering had seemed dainty when she was a red-cheeked girl.

And here was the opulent light of an irresponsible enjoyment.

"He's coming," said Mrs. Slater excitedly, sighting her man-of-affairs in the distance. "Now we must make up our minds."

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Such excitement was contagious.

OWNER	TRAINER	LBS. ON	LBS. OFF
Major W. Foster	F. McFadden		
Gold, Red Sash, Blue Collar, Cuffs and Cap.			
1 DALLIANCE . . 168			5 —
B. g. aged, by Marauder—Medallion.			
T. L. Evans	J. Thomas		
Green, Black Sleeves and Cap.			
2 RED HAWK . . 165			2 —
Ch. g. aged, by Hawksley—Evolution.			
J. W. Colt	G. R. Tompkins		
Green and White Hoops.			
3 SIMON KENTON . 164			8 —
B. g. 5, by Richelieu—Consignee.			

The little man fell upon and mentally devoured Past Performances, while she studied her racing-card, commenting audibly upon the entries for this the last race, the handicap steeple-chase.

Dalliance was *aged*—and so was Red Hawk. No old horses for her. Simon Kenton—green and white hoops! "Of all things! If his jockey wears hoops, he'll be a sight. I don't want any money on him," she announced. But all the others were aged! "Maybe that's why they make the jockey on the only *young* horse wear hoops," she murmured.

S. P. Knut	M. L. Devlin		
White and Blue.			
7 TWILIGHT . 157		—	6
B. g. aged, by Torchlight—unknown.			
J. D. Hall, Jr.	J. Johnston		
White, Blue Sleeves and Sash, Red Cap.			
8 CHARLES O'MALLEY 148		—	15
B. g. aged, by Monticello—dam by Rodney.			

Charles O'Malley's jockey wore "White, blue sleeves and sash, red cap." *Hurrah for the red, white and blue!* And they won, too," she murmured.

When she found she could get 15 to 1 on Charles O'Malley, she ventured her five-dollar bill with a cheerful heart. A nickel roamed around in solitary confinement in her worn pocket-book.

"What horse did you decide on?" she inquired affably of the little man. Not for worlds would she have dictated his choice. Mrs. Slater would have made a good mother. Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat could have told you that.

The little man hesitated. Caution is hard to shake off. He asked the odds for place. You won less, but you stood more chance to win. On Twilight, now? Three to one. He ventured the dollar bill on that hazard. No racing-card? "You may put it on this lady's card. It'll be all right," he said with an assurance born Minerva-like.

"It'll be just *about* twilight," he confided to Mrs. Slater.

She nodded approval at this adoption of her system. "I expect you'll win," she smiled. The little man's heart beat faster at the thought.

The band quickened into a two-step. The bugle sounded. There were the horses. All the enthusiasm of all the races seemed concentrated on this, the last race.

Now! They were off. A good even start. At the first hurdle Dalliance fell, his rider under him. There were heavy bets on Dalliance. Charles O'Malley and Simon Kenton seemed to have the chance now. Simon Kenton was the favorite. He took his hurdles prettily. The crowd was cheering for Simon Kenton. (Even Pawnee City felt athrill. The Contagion of Evil, she called it later.) Red Hawk made a close third, but Twilight just behind him was running steadily. Twilight began to creep up. Red Hawk was getting tired. Twilight's chances for place were improving. The little man, erect, tense, swallowed over a dry lump in his throat.

Mrs. Slater's eyes were glued to Charles O'Malley. He was gaining, but would he get the lead? And could he hold it if he got it?

A howl smote the air. Anguish and triumph blended.

Simon Kenton was down—at the fence opposite the free field.

"Come on, Charles O'Malley!" shrieked the mob. It was wine to Mrs. Slater.

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"But races are great, aren't they?" he demanded —Page 287.

"Come on, Charles O'Malley!" she called hysterically, standing with outstretched arms that ached in every muscle with the desire to lift, to pull, to drag him, if need be, to victory.

He was winning! He won easily! And forging ahead of Red Hawk came Twilight. Twilight won out for place!

In the midst of the resultant pandemonium was Mrs. Slater, laughing and crying at once, and the little man, swallowing convulsively. The crowd surged about them. The races were over. The grenadier from Pawnee City shook the dust of contamination from her capaciously shod feet. Down the crowded aisles came the old familiar

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Mrs. Slater's eyes were glued to Charles O'Malley.—Page 288.

figure of the dispenser of wealth. He fairly thrust their money upon them in his eagerness to be finished.

Mrs. Slater crushed the roll of bills recklessly in her shabby pocket-book.

The little man held out his four dollars timidly. "You take 'em all," he said; "I enjoyed it that much."

Mrs. Slater took her one dollar and pushed the rest back.

"I'm no Jew," she laughed. "I hope you'll enjoy spendin' it." She nodded good-naturedly as she slipped through the crowd and out of his life.

Enjoy spending it! The theatre loomed up! Or a restaurant dinner!

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With something of a dog-like fidelity his thoughts turned to his wife.

"I'd take her, too," he murmured, "only I'd have to tell her how I got it."

For Joy yearns for companionship even more than grief.

Mrs. Slater sped out under the covered passageway. At the club-house entrance a policeman suddenly waved the crowd back. Standing there, she witnessed the passage of a motor car in which a hale and hearty magnate sat on the front seat with the chauffeur (who was running it for once, as he thanked heaven), while on the back seat, as Mrs. Slater unmotor-learnedly designated it, sat Miss Carhart, laughing gayly with a very good-looking man who from his ecstatic expression could be no other than "the Mr. Warren she was engaged to."

In the midst of her riches Mrs. Slater was smitten with a sudden lonesomeness.

"I must get her dress ready to-night, if I sit up till morning," she murmured, striving to attribute this melancholy to conscience awakened.

But where the street-cars waited the tall, blue-eyed butcher was waiting, too. He tipped his hat with rather an embarrassed air. Excitement and the new hat presented Mrs: Slater at her best.

"I thought I'd wait and tell you that I've won quite a bit," he said with a shyness born of admiration. "I'd like to ride back with you if it would be agreeable."

His eyes were much more eloquent than his tongue.

"I should admire to have you," said Mrs. Slater demurely. She straightened her hat once more.

"I suppose I look a sight," she said deceptively, for the butcher's eyes told quite clearly what he thought. Then she laughed with the spontaneity of a child.

"I won, too," she said. "What do you think of that?" He swung her on the car and seated himself beside her with a dawning of the possessive sense.

"I think you're a wonder," he said slowly. "'N' I'm glad I am a marryin' man. Have I got a chance?" he demanded with laughing earnestness.

Spring and the races! Faith, 't is a heady combination!

"The idea!" said Mrs. Slater gayly, but she hoped she didn't show her feelings.

That lonesomeness, somehow, had entirely disappeared.

THE BURNING HEART

By Edith M. Thomas

I, WHOM the fires of life each day
Do heat to pallor—I, who sway
Forever in the breath of strife,
Not master, but the slave of life,
  A burning heart I bear!
Yet death will full extinction give,
Or kindly age a bound will set;
So, if I live, I shall outlive;
And if I die, I shall forget—
  I shall not always care!

Not then, as now, at Anger's shock
This burning heart its walls shall knock;
Nor shall its hopes, o'erdarkened soon,
Amidst a crucifixion noon,
  Waste into moaning air!
I, Passion's compassed fugitive,
Shall find release or refuge yet;
For, if I live, I shall outlive;
And if I die, I shall forget—
  I shall not always care!

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Thomas Jefferson, by Gilbert Stuart.
The property of T. Jefferson Coolidge.

WASHINGTON IN JEFFERSON'S TIME

FROM THE DIARIES AND FAMILY LETTERS OF MRS. SAMUEL HARRISON SMITH (MARGARET BAYARD)

Edited by Gaillard Hunt from the collection of her grandson, J. Henley Smith

PREFATORY NOTE

DURING the first forty years of its existence the city of Washington had a society more definite and real than it has come to have in later days. The permanent residents, although appurtenant to the changing official element, nevertheless furnished the framework which the larger and more important social life used to build upon, and the result was a structure of society tolerably compact and pleasing and certainly interesting. It was emphatically official, but it did not include the lower-class officials, who found their recreation for the most part at the street resorts, and its tone was dignified and wholesome. At any rate, it was genuine and national, even if it was crude, and the day of the all-powerful rich man and his dominance in social life had not yet arrived.

Samuel Harrison Smith, of Philadelphia, a writer and editor in Philadelphia, came to the city in the year 1800, soon after the Government had moved there. He was the son of Jonathan Bayard Smith, a member of the Continental Congress, signer of the Articles of Confederation and colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment during the Revolution; and although he was only twenty-eight years old, he established the first national newspaper printed in America, which he called *The National Intelligencer*. Just before his paper was started he returned to Philadelphia, and on September 29, 1800, married his second cousin, Margaret Bayard, and their wedding journey was from Philadelphia to Washington, where they lived the rest of their lives; and for forty years their house was the resort of the most interesting characters in national public life. The first number of *The National Intelli-*

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gencer appeared October 31, 1800, and after conducting it successfully for a number of years Mr. Smith sold it to Joseph Gales, Jr., who afterward associated with himself as editor William W. Seaton. In 1813 President Madison appointed him the first Commissioner of the Revenue of the Treasury Department and on September 30, 1814, Secretary of the Treasury *ad interim*. From 1809 to 1819 he was president of the Bank of Washington, and later president of the Washington branch Bank of the United States until the office was abolished ten years before his death. Undoubtedly, the success of his career was partly due to the assistance given him by his talented wife.

Margaret Bayard was born February 29, 1778, in Philadelphia, the daughter of Col. John Bayard, a famous Revolutionary officer, Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly and member of the Continental Congress. Colonel Bayard's nephew and adopted son was James A. Bayard, a distinguished diplomat and Senator from Delaware, and James A. Bayard's son, bearing the same name, was also a Senator from Delaware, as was his grandson, the late Thomas Francis Bayard. Margaret Bayard was twenty-two years old when she married, and it was inevitable that one who wrote so readily should eventually print her pieces, and in due course she fell in with Godey, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, Anthony Bleecker, J. Herrick, and Miss Catherine Maria Sedgwick, and from 1823 up to a few years before her death she was an occasional contributor to the literature of the day. For *Godey's Lady's Book* she wrote "Domestic Sketches," an account of presidential inaugurations, and a serial moral story, printed in March, April, and May, 1837, entitled "Who is Happy?" She also wrote some Spanish tales, "Constantine" and several other Roman stories, "Lucy," "The Sister," and "Estelle Aubert," a translation from the French which Mrs. Hale printed in 1834. In 1835 she printed in *The National Intelligencer* a letter in verse anonymously to Harriet Martineau, and probably contributed to this paper on other occasions which can not be identified. In 1837 she wrote for *The Southern Literary Messenger* and Peter Parley's (Goodrich's) annual "The Token," but anonymously. She contributed to Herrick and Longacre's *National Portrait Gallery*, doubtless the article on Mrs. Madison and probably one or two others. Her contributions were generally moral essays or stories, pitched high as the taste of the day required. The most ambitious product of her pen was a large novel in two volumes, entitled "A Winter in Washington, or Memoirs of The Seymour Family," published in 1824 (New York, E. Bliss and E. White) anonymously. Her authorship was, however, not concealed, and was generally known at the time, and the book, after being a decided success, has since become exceedingly rare. The characters were taken from real life, and it has historical value because of a number of anecdotes, chiefly of Thomas Jefferson, scattered through its pages. Another volume published by her was a little story of two hundred and fifty pages printed in 1828 and sold at a fair held for the benefit of the Washington Orphan Asylum, bearing the title "What is Gentility?" Undoubtedly, Mrs. Smith's most interesting and valuable writings were those which she never intended for publication and which have hitherto never seen the light, being her private letters in which she opens an intimate view of the famous political characters in Washington, whose acquaintance and friendship she enjoyed. These letters present a picture highly entertaining and valuable, and so do some of the reminiscences which she wrote in her note-books.

She was the intimate friend of Jefferson, who was her life's hero, and his family, and one of his most characteristic letters, that in which he discloses his views on religion, was addressed to her; of the Madisons, the Clays, the Calhouns; of William Wirt, the accomplished Attorney-General for twelve years; and of William H. Crawford, whose partisan in his candidacy for the presidency she became, besides many others. She entertained Harriet Martineau when she came to Washington on her famous tour, held long conversations with the socialist Owen of Lanark, and had as one of her intimate friends Madame de Neuville, the wife of Hyde de Neuville, the most popular of the early ministers of France to the United States. She was a remarkably truthful letter writer, and never embellished her correspondence with apocryphal gossip. She judged her fellowman charitably and believed in her country absolutely, and did not herself participate in any of the party rancor which raged around her. She was, herself, a Republican, to which

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party her husband adhered, but she came of a Federalist family and looked not unkindly upon her husband's opponents. She died January 7, 1844, and her husband November 1, 1845.

In the valuable manuscript collection in my possession are several thousand of my grandmother's letters and of letters to her from nearly all the prominent characters of her day. They were kept by her son, Jonathan Bayard Harrison Smith, my father, under lock and key during his life and have only been seen since coming under my control after my mother's death. From this mass of material Mr. Hunt has selected only those letters which give an intimate view of the social life of Washington nearly a hundred years ago. Most of the letters are addressed to Mrs. Smith's sisters—Jane, herself a woman of literary accomplishments, the wife of Chief-Justice Andrew Kirkpatrick, of New Jersey, and Anna, who married Mr. Samuel Boyd, of New York; and her husband's sisters, Susan Bayard Smith and Mary Ann Smith; and her son, when he was a student at Princeton. "Sidney," the country-place from which she often wrote, was a farm of two hundred acres, a portion of which the Catholic University now occupies; but the original house is still standing.

J. Henley Smith.

Reminiscences*

"And is this," said I, after my first interview with Mr. Jefferson, "the violent democrat, the vulgar demagogue, the bold atheist & profligate man I have so often heard denounced by the federalists? Can this man so meek & mild, yet dignified in his manners, with a voice so soft & low, with a countenance so benignant & intelligent, can he be that daring leader of a faction, that disturber of the peace, that leader of all rank & order?" Mr. Smith, indeed, (himself a democrat) had given me a very different description of this celebrated individual; but his favourable opinion I attributed in a great measure to his political feelings, which led him zealously to support & exalt the party to which he belonged, especially its popular & almost idolized leader. Thus the virulence of party-spirit was somewhat neutralized, nay, I even entertained towards him the most kindly dispositions, knowing him to be not only politically but personally friendly to my husband; yet I believed that he was an ambitious & violent demagogue coarse & vulgar in his manners, awkward & rude in his appearance, for such had the public journals & private conversations of the federal party represented him to be.*

In December, 1800, a few days after Congress had for the first time met in our new Metropolis, I was one morning sitting alone in the parlour, when the servant opened the door & showed in a gentleman who wished to see my husband. The usual frankness & care with which I met strangers, were somewhat checked by the dignified & reserved air of the present visitor; but the chilled feeling was only momentary, for after taking the chair I offered him in a free & easy manner, & carelessly throwing his arm on the table near which he sat, he turned towards me a countenance beaming with an expression of benevolence & with a manner and voice almost femininely soft & gentle, entered into conversation on the commonplace topics of the day, from which, before I was conscious of it, he had drawn me into observations of a more personal & interesting nature, I know not how it was, but there was something in his manner, his countenance & voice that at once unlocked my heart, & in answer to his casual enquiries concerning our situation in our *new home*, as he called it, I found myself frankly telling him what I liked or disliked in our present circumstances & abode. I knew not who he was, but the interest with which he listened to my artless details, induced the idea he was some intimate acquaintance or friend of Mr. Smith's & put me perfectly at my ease; in truth so kind & conciliating were his looks & manners that I forgot he was not a friend of my own, until on the opening of the door, Mr. Smith entered & introduced the stranger to me as *Mr. Jefferson.*

I felt my cheeks burn & my heart throb, & not a word more could I speak while he remained. Nay, such was my embarrassment I could scarcely listen to the conversation carried on between him & my husband. For several years he had been to me an object of peculiar interest. In fact my destiny, for on his success in the pend-

* From Mrs. Smith's note-book. It was written in 1837, but relates to her first arrival in Washington.

* Col. John Bayard, Mrs. Smith's father, was a Federalist.

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ing presidential election, or rather the success of the democratic party, (their interests were identical) my condition in life, my union with the man I loved, depended. In addition to this personal interest, I had long participated in my husband's political sentiments & anxieties, & looked upon Mr. Jefferson as the corner stone on which the edifice of republican liberty was to rest, looked upon him as the champion of human rights, the reformer of abuses, the head of the republican party, which must rise or fall with him, & on the triumph of the republican party I devoutly believed the security & welfare of my country depended. Notwithstanding those exalted views of Mr. Jefferson as a political character, & ardently eager as I was for his success, I retained my previously conceived ideas of the coarseness & vulgarity of his appearance & manners & was therefore equally awed & surprised, on discovering the stranger whose deportment was so dignified & gentlemanly, whose language was so refined, whose voice was so gentle, whose countenance was so benignant, to be no other than Thomas Jefferson. How instantaneously were all these preconceived prejudices dissipated, & in proportion to their strength, was the reaction that took place in my opinions & sentiments. I felt that I had been the victim of prejudice, that I had been unjust. The revolution of feeling was complete & from that moment my heart warmed to him with the most affectionate interest & I implicitly believed all that his friends & my husband believed & which the after experience of many years confirmed. Yes, not only was he a great, but a truly good man!

The occasion of his present visit, was to make arrangements with Mr. Smith for the publication of his *Manuel* for *Congress*. Now called *Jefferson's manual*. The original was in his own neat, plain, but elegant hand writing. The manuscript was as legible as printing & its unadorned simplicity was emblematical of his character. It is still preserved by Mr. Smith & valued as a precious relique.

After the affair of business was settled, the conversation became general & Mr. Jefferson several times addressed himself to me; but although his manner was unchanged, my feelings were, & I could not recover sufficient ease to join in the conversation. He shook hands cordially with us both when he departed, & in a manner which said as plain as words could do, "I am your friend."

During part of the time that Mr. Jefferson was President of the Philosophical Society (in Philadelphia) Mr. Smith was its secretary. A prize offered by the society for the best system of national education, was gained by Mr. Smith. The merit of this essay, first attracted the notice of Mr. J. to its author; the personal acquaintance which then took place, led to a friendly intercourse which influenced the future destiny of my husband, as it was by Mr. Jefferson's advice, that he removed to Washington & established the *National Intelligencer*. Esteem for the talents & character of the editor first won Mr. Jefferson's regard, a regard which lasted to the end of his life & was a thousand times evinced by acts of personal kindness & confidence.

At this time Mr. Jefferson was vice-President & in nomination for the Presidency. Our infant city afforded scant accommodations for the members of Congress. There were few good boarding-houses, but Mr. Jefferson was fortunate enough to obtain one of the best. Thomas Law one of the wealthiest citizens & largest proprietors of city property, had just finished for his own use a commodious & handsome house on Capitol hill; this, on discovering the insufficiency of accommodation, he gave up to Conrad for a boarding house, & removed to a very inconvenient dwelling on Greenleaf's point, almost two miles distant from the Capitol.* And here while I think of it, though somewhat out of place, I will mention an incident that occurred which might have changed the whole aspect of the political world & have disappointed the long & deep laid plans of politicians, so much do great events depend on trivial accidents. This out-of-the-way-house to which Mr. Law removed, was separated from the most inhabited part of the city by old fields & waste grounds broken up by deep gulleys or ravines over which there was occasionally a passable road. The election of President by Congress was then pending, one vote

* Thomas Law, a brother of Lord Ellenborough, came to Washington in 1795 with the idea of making an enormous fortune by speculating in real estate. In 1796 he married Eliza Parke Custis, a descendant of Lord Baltimore and granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. They lived unhappily, separated in 1804 and were divorced a few years later. There were rumors that she loved the world and its admiration too much; but Mr. Law was himself an oddity. One of the stories about him is that going to the post-office for his letters one day he could not remember his name till an acquaintance addressed him.

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given or withheld would decide the question between Mr. Jefferson & Mr. Burr. Mr. Bayard from Delaware held that vote. He with other influential & leading members went to a ball given by Mr. Law. The night was dark & rainy, & on their attempt to return home, the coachman lost his way, & until day break was driving about this waste & broken ground & if not overturned into the deep gullies was momentarily in danger of being so, an accident which would most probably have cost some of the gentlemen their lives, & as it so happened that the company in the coach consisted of Mr. Bayard & three other members of Congress who had a leading & decisive influence in this difficult crisis of public affairs, the loss of either, might have turned the scales, then so nicely poised. Had it been so, & Mr. Burr been elected to the Presidency, what an awful conflict, what civil commotions would have ensued.

Mr. Jefferson.
Silhouette from life.

Conrad's boarding house was on the south side of Capitol hill & commanded an extensive & beautiful view. It was on the top of the hill, the precipitous sides of which were covered with grass, shrubs & trees in their wild uncultivated state. Between the foot of the hill & the broad Potomac extended a wide plain, through which the Tiber wound its way. The romantic beauty of this little stream was not then deformed by wharves or other works of art. Its banks were shaded with tall & umbrageous forest trees of every variety, among which the superb Tulep-Poplar rose conspicuous; The magnolia, the azalia, the hawthorn, the wild-rose & many other indigenous shrubs grew beneath their shade, while violets, anemonies & a thousand other sweet wood-flowers found shelter among their roots, from the winter's frost & greeted with the earliest bloom the return of spring. The wild grape-vine climbing from tree to tree hung in unpruned luxuriance among the branches of the trees & formed a fragrant & verdant canopy over the greensward, impervious to the noon-day sun. Beautiful banks of Tiber! delightful rambles! happy hours! How like a dream do ye now appear. Those trees, those shrubs, those flowers are gone. Man & his works have displaced the charms of nature. The poet, the botanist, the sportsman & the lover who once haunted those paths must seek far hence the shades in which they delight. Not only the banks of the Tiber, but those of the Potomack & Anacosta, were at this period adorned with native trees & shrubs & were distinguished by as romantic scenery as any rivers in our country. Indeed the whole plain was diversified with groves & clumps of forest trees which gave it the appearance of a fine park. Such as grew on the public grounds ought to have been preserved, but in a government such as ours, where the people are sovereign, this could not be done. *The people*, the poorer inhabitants cut down these noble & beautiful trees for fuel. In one single night seventy tulip-Poplars were *girdled*, by which process life is destroyed & afterwards cut up at their leisure by the people. Nothing afflicted Mr. Jefferson like this wanton destruction of the fine trees scattered over the city-grounds. I remember on one occasion (it was after he was President) his exclaiming "How I wish that I possessed the power of a despot." The company at table stared at a declaration so opposed to his disposition & principles. "Yes," continued he, in reply to their inquiring looks, "I wish I was a despot that I might save the noble, the beautiful trees that are daily falling sacrifices to the cupidity of their owners, or the necessity of the poor."

"And have you not authority to save those on the public grounds?" asked one of the company. "No," answered Mr. J., "only an armed guard could save them. The unnecessary felling of a tree, perhaps the growth of centuries seems to me a crime little short of murder, it pains me to an unspeakable degree." *

It was partly from this love of nature, that he selected Conrad's boarding house, being there able to enjoy the beautiful & extensive

*This anecdote is given in "A Winter in Washington," Vol. II, p. 40.

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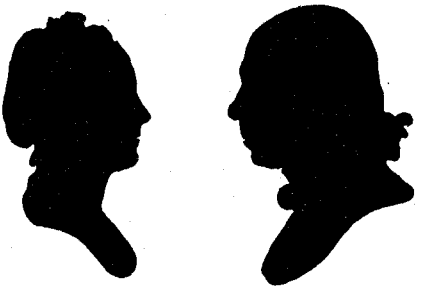
prospect described above. Here he had a separate drawing-room for the reception of his visitors; in all other respects he lived on a perfect equality with his fellow boarders, and eat at a common table. Even here, so far from taking precedence of the other members of Congress, he always placed himself at the lowest end of the table. Mrs. Brown, the wife of the senator from Kentucky, suggested that a seat should be offered him at the upper end, near the fire, if not on account of his rank as vice-President, at least as the oldest man in company. But the idea was rejected by his democratic friends, & he occupied during the whole winter the lowest & coldest seat at a long table at which a company of more than thirty sat down. Even on the day of his inauguration when he entered the dining hall no other seat was offered him by the gentlemen. Mrs. Brown from an impulse which she said she could not resist, offered him her seat, but he smilingly declined it, & took his usual place at the bottom of the table. She said she felt indignant & for a moment almost hated the levelling principle of democracy, though her husband was a zealous democrat. Certainly this was carrying equality rather too far; there is no incompatibility between politeness & republicanism; grace cannot weaken & rudeness cannot strengthen a good cause, but democracy is more jealous of power & privilege than even despotism.



Mrs. Madison. *Mr. Madison.*

Silhouettes from life.

REMINISCENCE*

Mr. Jefferson's Election

FEBRUARY, 1801.

It was a day, "big with our country's fate"—a fate not suspended on the triumph or defeat of two contending armies, drawn forth in battle array—but on two contending political Parties, who after years of conflict, were now brought to issue. The power, which had been originally vested in the Federal party, had been gradually diminished by the force of public opinion, & transferred to the Democratic Party. For a while equality of power was maintained—but the equipoise did not last long,—a great & preponderating majority in the Presidential election, decided the relative strength of parties, the Democrats prevailed & brought into office, on the full-tide of popularity, the man who had been long recognized as the head of their Party.

According to the constitutional form, two men were to be run, the one for President, the other for vice President, & he who had the greatest number of votes was to be President. Such was the form of the law of election, but in the execution of that law, the people knowingly designated the vice-President, & voted for him concurrently with the President, this produced an unlooked for result & a constitutional difficulty. In the minds or inclinations of the people, there had been no misapprehensions no dubiousness of choice. They as manifestly gave their votes for Mr. Jefferson as President & Mr. Burr as vice-President, as if each vote had been accompanied with such a designation. With this understanding the votes for one were as unanimous as the votes for the other, & the result, of course, an equality. In this unlooked for emergency what was to be done? The constitution decided. The choice of President was to be made by Congress.

There was not a shadow of doubt or uncertainty as to the object of the people's choice. It had been proclaimed too widely & too loudly for any individual to remain ignorant of the fact.

But this accidental & uncalculated result, gave the Federal party a chance of preventing the election of a man they politically abhorred—a man whose weight of influence had turned the scale in favour of the oppos-

* From the note book.

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ing Party. No means were left unattempted (perhaps I ought to say no *honest* means) to effect this measure.

It was an aweful crisis. The People who with such an overwhelming majority had declared their will would never peaceably have allowed the man of their choice to be set aside, & the individual they had chosen as vice-President, to be put in his place. A civil war must have taken place, to be terminated in all human probability by a rupture of the Union. Such consequences were at least calculated on, & excited a deep & inflamatory interest. Crowds of anxious spirits from the adjacent county & cities thronged to the seat of government & hung like a thunder cloud over the Capitol, their indignation ready to burst on any individual who might be designated as President in opposition to the people's known choice. The citizens of Baltimore who from their proximity, were the first apprised of this daring design, were with difficulty restrained from rushing on with an armed force, to prevent, —or if they could not prevent, to avenge this violation of the People's will & in their own vehement language, to hurl the usurper from his seat. Mr. Jefferson, then President of the Senate, sitting in the midst of these *conspirators*, as they were then called, unavoidably hearing their loudly whispered designs, witnessing their gloomy & restless machinations, aware of the dreadful consequences, which must follow their meditated designs, preserved through this trying period the most unclouded serenity the most perfect equanimity. A spectator who watched his countenance, would never have surmised, that he had any personal interest in the impending event. Calm & self possessed, he retained his seat in the midst of the angry & stormy, though half smothered passions that were struggling around him, & by this dignified tranquility repressed any open violence,—tho' insufficient to prevent whispered menaces & insults, to these however he turned a deaf ear, & resolutely maintained a placidity which baffled the designs of his enemies.

The crisis was at hand. The two bodies of Congress met, the Senators as witnesses the Representatives as electors. The question on which hung peace or war, nay, the Union of the States was to be decided. What an awful responsibility was attached to every vote given on that occasion. The sitting was held with closed doors. It lasted the whole day, the whole night. Not an individual left that solemn assembly, the necessary refreshment they required was taken in rooms adjoining the Hall. They were not like the Roman conclave legally & forcibly confined, the restriction was self-imposed from the deep-felt necessity of avoiding any extrinsic or external influence. Beds, as well as food were sent, for the accommodation of those whom age or debility disabled from enduring such a long protracted sitting—the balloting took place every hour—in the interval men ate, drank, slept or pondered over the result of the last ballot, compared ideas & persuasions to change votes, or gloomily anticipated the consequences, let the result be what it would.

With what an intense interest did every individual watch each successive examination of the Ballot-box, how breathlessly did they listen to the counting of the votes! Every hour a messenger brought to the Editor of the *N. I.** the result of the Ballot. That night I never lay down or closed my eyes. As the hour drew near its close, my heart would almost audibly beat & I was seized with a tremour that almost disabled me from opening the door for the expected messenger.

What then must have been the feelings of that Heroic woman, who had assented to her almost dying husband being carried in this cold inclement season, the distance of nearly two miles, from his lodgings to the capitol?

In a room adjacent to the Hall of R, he lay on a bed beside which she knelt supporting his head on her arm, while with her hand she guided his, in writing the name of the man of his choice. At the return of each hour the invalid was roused from his disturbed slumber, much to the injury of his health, to perform this important duty. What anxiety must this fond wife have endured, what a dread responsibility did she take on herself, knowing as she did & having been appealed to by his physicians, to resist his wish to go, that her husband's life was risked, by his removal from his chamber & the following scene.† But it was for her country! And the American equalled in courage & patriotism the Roman matron.

For more than thirty hours the struggle was maintained, but finding the republican

* *National Intelligencer.*

† Joseph Hopper Nicholson of Maryland was the member He was carried to the House through a snow-storm.

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phalanx impenetrable, not to be shaken in their purpose, every effort proving unavailing, the Senator from Delaware [James A. Bayard]* the withdrawal of whose vote would determine the issue, took his part, gave up his party, for his country, & threw into the box a blank ballot, thus leaving to the republicans a majority. Mr. Jefferson was declared duly elected. The assembled crowds, without the Capitol, rent the air with their acclamations & gratulations, & the Conspirators as they were called, hurried to their lodgings under strong apprehensions of suffering from the just indignation of their fellow citizens.

The dark & threatening cloud which had hung over the political horrison, rolled harmlessly away, & the sunshine of prosperity & gladness broke forth & ever since, with the exception of a few passing clouds has continued to shine on our happy country.

Miss Susan B. Smith

Saturday, March, 1809.

I have just returned from the solemn & affecting scenes of this day,—to many they were scenes of greatness, gaiety & exultation. To me they were melancholy. My heart is oppressed, my dearest Susan with a weight of sadness, & my eyes are so blinded with tears that I can scarcely trace these lines. It is some pleasure to me to write to you who participate in my sentiments of affectionate veneration for this best of men. For the last time I have seen him in his own house. He is happy, he has enjoyed all his country can bestow of greatness & honor, he could enjoy no more were he to remain in office his whole life time. He only lays down an irksome burden, but carries with him an increase of popularity, of esteem & love. He goes to be *happy* without ceasing to be *great*. I ought to rejoice, too, but when I think of what *we* are to *lose*, I forget what *he* is to *gain*. To-day after the inauguration, we all went to Mrs. Madison's. The street was full of carriages & people, & we had to wait near half an hour, before we could get in,—the house was completely filled, parlours, entry, drawing room & bed room. Near the door of the drawing room Mr. & Mrs. Madison stood to receive their company. She looked extremely beautiful, was drest in a plain cambrick dress with a very long train, plain round the neck without any handkerchief, & beautiful bonnet of purple velvet, & white satin with white plumes. She was all dignity, grace & affability. Mr. Madison shook my hand with all the cordiality of old acquaintance; but it was when I saw our dear & venerable Mr. Jefferson that my heart beat. When he saw me, he advanced from the crowd, took my hand affectionately & held it five or six minutes; one of the first things he said was "Remember the promise you have made me, to come to see us next summer, do not forget it," said he, pressing my hand, "for we shall certainly expect you." I assured him I would not, & told him I could now wish him joy with much more sincerity than this day 8 years ago. "You have now resigned a heavy burden," said I. "Yes indeed" he replied "& am much happier at this moment than my friend." The crowd was immense both at the Capitol & here, thousands & thousands of people thronged the avenue. The Capitol presented a gay scene. Every inch of space was crowded & there being as many ladies as gentlemen, all in full dress, it gave it rather a gay than a solemn appearance,—there was an attempt made to appropriate particular seats for the ladies of public characters, but it was found impossible to carry it into effect, for the sovereign people would not resign their privileges & the high & low were promiscuously blended on the floor & in the galleries.

Mr. Madison was extremely pale & trembled excessively when he first began to speak, but soon gained confidence & spoke audibly. From the Capitol we went to Mrs. M's, & from there to Mr. Jefferson's. I there again conversed a few minutes; Mr. Smith told him the ladies *would* follow him, "That is right," said he, "since I am too old to follow them. I remember in France when his friends were taking leave of Dr. Franklin, the ladies smothered him with embraces & on his introducing me to them as his successor, I told him I wished he would transfer these privileges to me, but he answered 'You are too young a man.'" Did not this imply, Susan, that now this objection was removed? I had a great inclination to tell him so.

Sunday morning. Well, my dear Susan, the chapter draws to a close. Last night concluded the important day, on which our

* Mrs. Smith's first cousin and adopted brother.

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country received a new magistrate. To a philosopher, who while he contemplated the scene, revolved past ages in his mind, it must have been a pleasing sight. A citizen, chosen from among his equals, & quietly & unanimously elevated to a power, which in other countries & in all ages of the world has cost so much blood to attain! Would the size of a letter allow of it, I would allow my pen to follow the current of thought, but to a reflecting mind, which can withdraw itself from the interests & desires of life, which can ascend for a little while to another life, & look down upon this, the differences of rank, grandeur, power, are inequalities of condition, as imperceptible as those the traveller discerns in the valley, when he looks down upon it from the summit of the Alps. The tallest tree of the valley, does not then appear higher than the little shrubs it shelters. The storms roll harmless beneath his feet, clouds which darken those below, obstruct not his view of the sun, & while the inhabitants of the valley are distressed & terrified by the strife of the elements, he enjoys perpetual sunshine.

Thus have I endeavored to raise my own mind, & to contemplate the scenes that are acted before me. Sometimes I can gain this abstraction, but oftener, all the weaknesses, the vanities, the hopes & fears of this vain show, level me with the lowest of earthly minds.

Last evening, I endeavored calmly to look on, & amidst the noise, bustle & crowd,* to spend an hour or two in sober reflection, but my eye was always fixed on our venerable friend, when he approached my ear listened to catch every word & when he spoke to me my heart beat with pleasure. Personal attachment produces this emotion, & I did not blame it. But I have not this regard for Mr. Madison, & I was displeased at feeling no emotion when he came up & conversed with me. He made some of his old kind of mischievous allusions, & I told him I found him still unchanged.† I tried in vain to feel merely as a spectator, the little vanities of my nature often conquered my better reason. The room was so terribly crowded that we had to stand on the benches; from this situation we had a view of the moving mass, for it was nothing else. It was scarcely possible to elbow your way from one side to another, & poor Mrs. Madison was almost pressed to death, for every one crowded round her, those behind pressing on those before, & peeping over their shoulders to have a peep of her, & those who were so fortunate as to get near enough to speak to her were happy indeed. As the upper sashes of the windows could not let down, the glass was broken, to ventilate the room, the air of which had become oppressive, but here I begin again at the end of the story. Well, to make up for it I will begin at the beginning. When we went there were not above 50 persons in the room, we were led to benches at the upper fire place. Not long afterwards, the musick struck up Jefferson's March, & he & Mr. Coles entered. He spoke to all whom he knew, & was quite the plain, unassuming citizen. Madison's March was then played & Mrs. Madison led in by one of the managers & Mrs. Cutts & Mr. Madison, she was led to the part of the room where we happened to be, so that I accidentally was placed next her. She looked a queen. She had on a pale buff colored velvet, made plain, with a very long train, but not the least trimming, & beautiful pearl necklace, earrings & bracelets. Her head dress was a turban of the same coloured velvet & white satin (from Paris) with two superb plumes, the bird of paradise feathers. It would be *absolutely impossible* for any one to behave with more perfect propriety than she did. Unassuming dignity, sweetness, grace. It seems to me that such manners would disarm envy itself, & conciliate even enemies. The managers presented her with the first number,—"But what shall I do with it?" said she, "I do not dance." "Give it to your neighbor," said Capt. Tingey. "Oh no," said she, "that would look like partiality." "Then I will" said the Capt. & he presented it to Mrs. Cutts. I really admired this in Mrs. M. Ah, why does she not in all things act with the same propriety? She would be too much beloved if she added all the virtues to all the graces. She was led to supper by the French Minister,* Mrs. Cutts by the English Minister,† she sat at the centre of the table, which was a crescent, the French & English min-

* This was the first Inauguration Ball. See for an account of it the *Century* for March, 1905.

† In public life and as a writer James Madison was the most solemn of men. In private life he was an incessant humorist, and at home at Montpelier used to set his table guests daily into roars of laughter over his stories and whimsical way of telling them.

* General Turreau de Garambonville.
† David M. Erskine.

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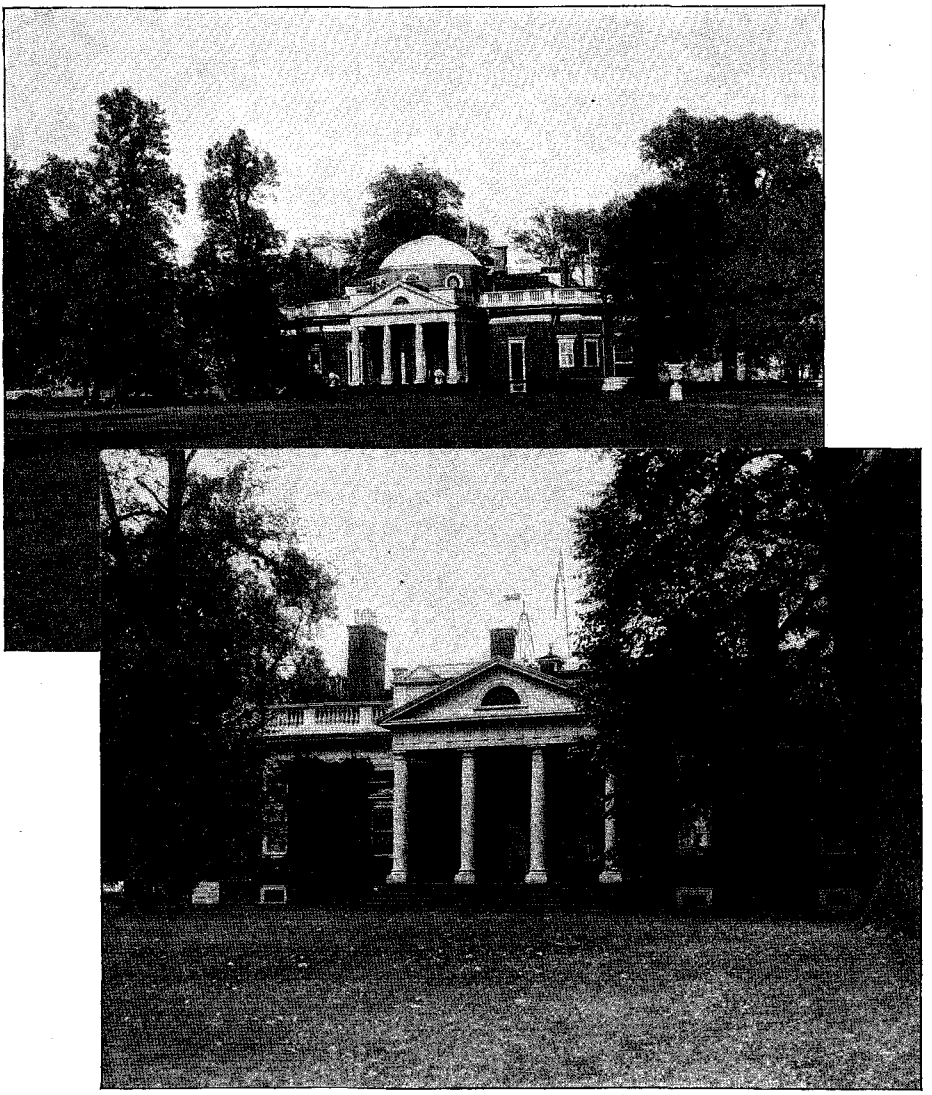
Monticello—South front.



Monticello—North front.

isters on each hand, Mrs. Cutts the next on the right hand, Mrs. Smith* the next on the left & Mr. Madison on the other side of the table opposite Mrs. M. I chose a place where I could see Mrs. M. to advantage. She really in manners & appearance, answered all my ideas of royalty. She was so equally gracious to both French & English, & so affable to all. I suspect Mrs. Smith could not like the superiority of Mrs. Cutts, & if I am not mistaken, Mrs. Madison's ——†

causes her some heart burnings. Mr. Jefferson did not stay above two hours; he seemed in high spirits & his countenance beamed with a benevolent joy. I do believe father never loved son more than he loves Mr. Madison, & I believe too that every demonstration of respect to Mr. M. gave Mr. J. more pleasure than if paid to himself. Oh he is a good man! And the day will come when all party spirit shall expire, that every citizen of the United States will join in saying "He is a good man." Mr. Madison, on the contrary, seemed spiritless & exhausted.

* Wife of Robert Smith, then Secretary of the Navy, but soon to be Secretary of State.

† The blank is in the orginal.

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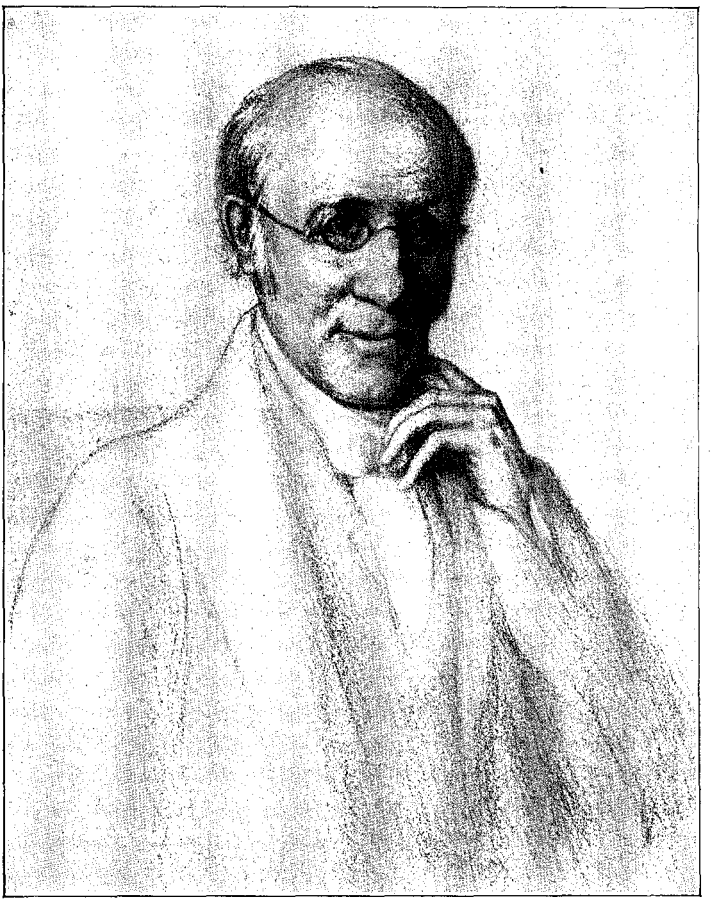

Samuel Harrison Smith, founder of *The National Intelligencer.*
After the portrait by Charles Bird King.

While he was standing by me I said, "I wish with all my heart I had a little bit of seat to offer you." "I wish so too," said he, with a most woe begone face, & looking as if he could scarcely stand,—the managers came up to ask him to stay to supper, he assented, & turning to me, "but I would much rather be in bed" said he. Immediately after supper Mr. & Mrs. M. withdrew, the rest of the company danced until 12, the moment the clock struck that hour, the musick stopped, & we all came home tired & sick. "And such," said I, as I threw myself on the bed, "such are the gaiety & pleasures of the world! Oh give me the solitude of our cottage, where after a day well spent, I lay down so tranquil & cheerful." Never do I recollect one night, retiring with such a vacuum, such a dissatisfied craving, such a restlessness of spirit, such undefined, vague desires, as I now do. No, the world is not the abode of happiness, for while we have the weakness of humanity about us, vanity, pride, ambition, in some form or other will invade & disturb the breast of the humblest individual. But when far away from such excitements, all within is peace in the performance of known duties; in the enjoyment of intellectual & social pleasures, the best part of our nature is satisfied, the ambition of having the first blown rose, or the sweetest strawberry, lead only to pleasing anxiety & activity, the object of our ambition being attainable, we are not tormented by unsatisfied desires. After enjoying all the pomp & grandeur of the greatest empire in the world, after conquering nations, & the most splendid triumphs, Diocletian, this proud master of the world,

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Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith (Margaret Bayard).

After the portrait by Charles Bird King, in the possession of her grandson, J. Henley Smith, Washington.

voluntarily forsook these delusive pleasures, & often said while tilling his own garden, I take more pleasure in cultivating my garden with my own hands, & in eating the cabbages I have planted & rear'd than in all, that Rome could ever give me. Like him, our good & great Jefferson will taste the sweets of seclusion. But far happier is our president than the Roman Emperor. His retirement is a home endeared by the truest friendship; the most ardent & devoted affection, where his children, his grandchildren & great grandchildren, will lavish on him all the peculiar joys of the heart. How I have rambled in this long letter, but I am sure all these details will be pleasing to you, so I make no apology. To you they will not appear extravagant, to Maria B. perhaps they will.

And now for a little of humbler themes. We propose this week removing to the country, I never felt more impatient to go, as I propose a number of little improvements,—such as having a little poultry yard enclosed with boards, where I intend raising a great many chickens. The well-diggers are to go out very soon, & we shall try to get to water. Mr. Madison last night enquired among other things about this matter. "Truth is at the bottom of a well, is the old saying, & I expect when you get to the bottom of yours, you will discover most important truths. But I hope you will at least find *water*," continued he, smiling. Indeed I hope we will, & I am sure you join in this wish, knowing how much we suffer from the want of it. . . .

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MONTICELLO, August 1st, 1809.*

In a visit Mr. J. made our little cottage last autumn, we were speaking of all the various charms of nature, storms of winter, "But," said he, "you can here form no idea of a snow storm. No, to see it in all its grandeur you should stand at my back door; there we see its progress—rising over the distant Allegany, come sweeping & roaring on, mountain after mountain, till it reaches us, and then when its blast is felt, to turn to our fire side, & while we hear it pelting against the window to enjoy the cheering blaze, & the comforts of a beloved family." Well, I have seen those distant mountains over which the winter storm has swept, now rearing their blue & misty heads to the clouds, & forming a sublime & beautiful horrison round one of the finest & most extended scenes the eye ever rested on, —I have seen that beloved family, whose virtues and affections are the best reward & the best treasure of their parent & their country's parent,—I have seen, I have listened to, one of the greatest & best of men. He has passed through the tempestuous sea of political life, has been enveloped in clouds of calumny, the storms of faction, assailed by foreign & domestic foes, & often threatened with a wreck, of happiness & fame. But these things are now all passed away, & like the mountain on which he stands, fogs & mists & storms, gather & rage below, while he enjoys unclouded sunshine. How simple & majestic is his character, my affection for him is weighed with much veneration, that, meek, humble, gentle & kind, as he is in his manners, I cannot converse with him, with ease. My mind is busied in thinking of what he is, rather than listening to what he says. After a very delightful journey of three days, we reached Monticello on the morning of the fourth. When I crossed the Ravanna, a wild & romantic little river, which flows at the foot of the mountain, my heart beat,—I thought I had entered, as it were, the threshold of his dwelling, & I looked around everywhere expecting to meet with some trace of his superintending care. In this I was disappointed, for no vestige of the labour of man appeared; nature seemed to hold an undisturbed dominion. We began to ascend this mountain, still as we rose I cast my eyes around, but could discern nothing but untamed woodland, after a mile's winding upwards, we saw a field of corn, but the road was still wild and uncultivated. I every moment expected to reach the summit, & felt as if it was an endless road; my impatience lengthened it, for it is not two miles from the outer gate on the river to the house. At last we reached the summit, & I shall never forget the emotion the first view of this sublime scenery excited. Below me extended for above 60 miles round, a country covered with woods, plantations & houses; beyond, arose the blue mountains, in all their grandeur. Monticello rising 500 feet above the river, of a conical form & standing by itself, commands on all sides an unobstructed & I suppose one of the most extensive views any spot the globe affords. The sides of the mountain covered with wood, with scarcely a speck of cultivation, present a fine contrast to its summit, crowned with a noble pile of buildings surrounded by an immense lawn, & shaded here & there with some fine trees. Before we reached the house, we met Mr. J. on horseback, he had just returned from his morning ride, & when, on approaching, he recognized us, he received us

Colonel John Bayard, father of Margaret Bayard.

A famous Revolutionary officer. Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and Member of the Continental Congress.

* From Mrs. Smith's note-book.

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Monticello—Entrance hall.

Monticello—Salon.

with one of those benignant smiles, & cordial tones of voice that convey an undoubted welcome to the heart. He dismounted & assisted me from the carriage, led us to the hall thro' a noble portico, where he again bade us welcome. I was so struck with the appearance of this Hall, that I lingered to look around, but he led me forward, smiling as he said, "You shall look bye & bye, but you must now rest." Leading me to a sopha in a drawing room as singular & beautiful as the Hall, he rang & sent word to Mrs. Randolph that we were there, & then ordered some refreshments. "We have quite a sick family," said he; "My daughter has been confined to the sick bed of her little son; my grand-daughter has lost her's & still keeps to her room & several of the younger children are indisposed. For a fortnight Mr. and Mrs. Randolph have sat up every night, until they are almost worn out." This information clouded my satisfaction & cast a gloom over our visit, but Mrs. R. soon entered, & with a smiling face, most affectionately welcomed us. Her kind & cheerful manners soon dispersed

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my gloom & after a little chat, I begged her not to let me detain her from her nursery, but to allow me to follow her to it; she assented & I sat with her until dinner time. Anne,* (Mrs. Bankhead) who had been confined 3 weeks before & had lost her child looked delicate & interesting; Ellen, my old favorite, I found improved as well as grown. At five o'clock the bell summoned us to dinner. Mr. Randolph, Mr. Bankhead, & Jefferson R. were there. They are 12 in family, & as Mr. J. sat in the midst of his children & grand-children, I looked on him with emotions of tenderness & respect. The table was plainly, but genteely & plentifully spread, & his immense & costly variety of French & Italian wines, gave place to Madeira & a sweet ladies' wine. We sat till near sun down at the table, where the desert was succeeded by agreeable & instructive conversation in which every one seemed to wish & expect Mr. J. to take the chief part. As it is his custom after breakfast to withdraw to his own apartments & pursuits & not to join the family again until dinner, he prolongs that meal, or rather the time after that meal, & seems to relish his wine the better for being accompanied with conversation, & during the 4 days I spent there these were the most social hours. When we rose from the table, a walk was proposed & he accompanied us. He took us first to the garden he has commenced since his retirement. It is on the south side of the mountain & commands a most noble view. Little is as yet done. A terrace of 70 or 80 feet long & about 40 wide is already made & in cultivation. A broad grass walk leads along the water edge; the inner part is laid off in beds for vegetables. This terrace is to be extended in length & another to be made below it. The view it commands, is at present its greatest beauty. We afterwards walked round the first circuit. There are 4 roads about 15 or 20 feet wide, cut round the mountain from 100 to 200 feet apart. These circuits are connected by a great many roads & paths & when completed will afford a beautiful shady ride or walk of seven miles. The first circuit is not quite a mile round, as it is very near the top. It is in general shady, with openings through the trees for distant views. We passed the outhouses for the slaves & workmen. They are all much better than I have seen on any other plantation, but to an eye unaccustomed to such sights, they appear poor & their cabins form a most unpleasant contrast with the palace that rises so near them. Mr. J. has carpenters, cabinet-makers, painters, & blacksmiths & several other trades all within himself, & finds these slaves excellent workmen. As we walked, he explained his future designs. "My long absence from this place, has left a wilderness around me." "But you have returned," said I, "& the wilderness shall blossom like the rose & you, I hope, will long sit beneath your own vine & your own fig-tree." It was near dark when we reached the house; he led us into a little tea room which opened on the terrace & as Mrs. R. was still in her nursery he sat with us & conversed till tea time. We never drank tea until near nine, afterwards there was fruit, which he seldom staid to partake of, as he always retired immediately after tea. I never sat above an hour afterwards, as I supposed Mrs. R. must wish to be in her nursery. I rose the morning after my arrival very early & went out on the terrace to contemplate scenery, which to me was so novel. The space between Monticello & the Allegany, from sixty to eighty miles, was covered with a thick fog, which had the appearance of the ocean & was unbroken except when wood covered hills rose above the plain & looked like islands. As the sun rose, the fog was broken & exhibited the most various & fantastic forms, lakes, rivers, bays, & as it ascended, it hung in white fleecy clouds on the sides of the mountains; an hour afterwards you would scarcely believe it was the same scene you looked on. In spite of the cold air from the mountains, I staid here until the first breakfast bell rang. Our breakfast table was as large as our dinner table; instead of a cloth, a folded napkin lay under each plate; we had tea, coffee, excellent muffins, hot wheat & corn bread, cold ham & butter. It was not exactly the Virginian breakfast I expected. Here indeed was the mode of living in general that of a Virginian planter. At breakfast the family all assembled, all Mrs. R.'s children eat at the family table, but are in such excellent order, that you would not know, if you did not see them, that a child was present. After breakfast, I soon learned that it was the habit of the family each separately to pursue their occupations. Mr. J. went to

* Jefferson's oldest grandchild.

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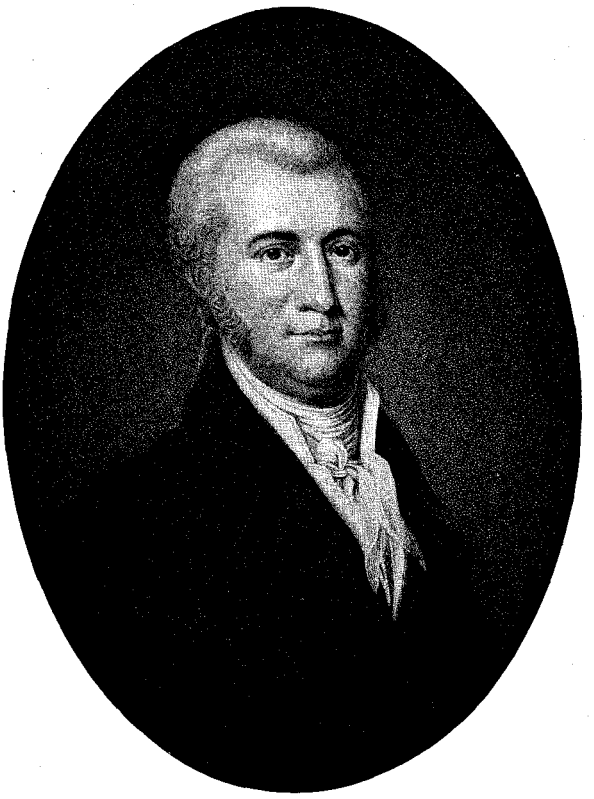
his apartments, the door of which is never opened but by himself & his retirement seems so sacred that I told him it was his sanctum sanctorum. Mr. Randolph rides over to his farm & seldom returns until night; Mr. Bankhead who is reading law to his study; a small building at the end of the east terrace, opposite to Mr. Randolph's which terminates the west terrace; these buildings are called pavilions. Jefferson R. went to survey a tract of woodland, afterwards make his report to his grand father. Mrs. Randolph withdrew to her nursery & excepting the hours housekeeping requires she devotes the rest to her children, whom she instructs. As for them, they seem never to leave her for an instant, but are always beside her or on her lap.

Visitors generally retire to their own rooms, or walk about the place; those who are fond of reading can never be at a loss, those who are not will some times feel wearied in the long interval between breakfast & dinner. The dinner bell rings twice, the first collects the family in time to enter the room by the time the second announces dinner to be on table, which while I was there was between 4 & 5 oclock. In summer the interval between rising from table & tea (9 oclock) may be agreeably passed in walking. But to return to my journal. After breakfast on Sunday morning, I asked Ellen to go with me on the top of the house; Mr. J. heard me & went along with us & pointed out those spots in the landscape most remarkable. The morning was show'ry, the clouds had a fine effect, throwing large masses of shade on the mountain sides, which finely contrasted with the sunshine of other spots. He afterwards took us to the drawing room, 26 or 7 feet diameter, in the dome. It is a noble & beautiful apartment, with 8 circular windows & a sky-light. It was not furnished & being in the attic story is not



James A. Bayard—Senator from Delaware.
From an engraving of the original painting by Wertmuller.

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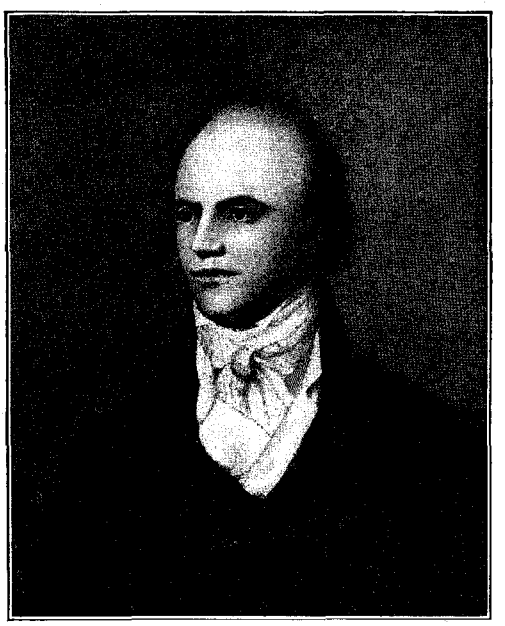
used, which I thought a great pity, as it might be made the most beautiful room in the house. The attic chambers are comfortable & neatly finished but no elegance. When we descended to the hall, he asked us to pass into the Library, or as I called it his sanctum sanctorum, where any other feet than his own seldom intrude. This suit of apartments opens from the Hall to the south. was Hebrew; & some Greek romances. He took pains to find one that was translated into French, as most of them were translated in Latin & Italian. More than two hours passed most charmingly away. The library consists of books in all languages, & contains about twenty thousand vols, but so disposed that they do not give the idea of a great library. I own I was much dis-



Aaron Burr.

From a portrait by John Vanderlyn, in the possession of Pierrepont Edwards, Elizabeth, N. J.

It consists of 3 rooms for the library, one for his cabinet, one for his chamber, & a green house divided from the other by glass compartments & doors; so that the view of the plants it contains, is unobstructed. He has not yet made his collection, having but just finished the room, which opens on one of the terraces. He showed us everything he thought would please or interest us. His most valuable & curious books—those which contained fine prints etc.—among these I thought the most curious were the original letters of Cortez to the King of Spain, a vol of fine views of ancient villas round Rome, with maps of the grounds, & minute descriptions of the buildings & grounds, an old poem written by Pierce Plowman & printed 250 years ago; he read near a page, which was almost as unintelligible as if it appointed in its appearance, & I do not think with its numerous divisions and arches it is as impressive as one large room would have been. His cabinet & chamber contained every convenience & comfort, but were plain. His bed is built in the wall which divides his chamber & cabinet. He opened a little closet which contains all his garden seeds. They are all in little phials, labeled & hung on little hooks. Seeds such as peas, beans, etc. were in tin cannisters, but everything labeled & in the neatest order. He bade us take whatever books we wished, which we did, & then retired to our own room. Here we amused ourselves until dinner time excepting an hour I sat with Mrs. R. by her sick baby, but as she was reading I did not sit long. After dinner Ellen & Mr. Bankhead accompanied

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us in a long ramble in the mountain walks. At dark when we returned, the tea room was still vacant; I called Virginia & Mary (the age of my Julia & Susan) amused myself with them until their grand papa entered, with whom I had a long & interesting conversation; in which he described with enthusiasm his retirement from public life & the pleasures he found in domestic.

Wednesday morning. Mrs. Randolph was not able to come down to breakfast, & I felt too sad to join in the conversation. I looked on every object around me, all was examined with that attention a last look inspires; the breakfast ended, our carriage was at the door, & I rose to bid farewell to this interesting family. Mrs. R. came down to spend the last minutes with us. As I stood for a moment in the Hall, Mr. J. approached & in the most cordial manner urged me to make another visit the ensuing summer I told him with a voice almost choked with tears, "that I had no hope of such a pleasure—this," said I, raising my eyes to him, "is the last time I fear in this world at least, that I shall ever again see you—But there is another world." I felt so affected by the idea of this last sight of this good & great man, that I turned away & hastily repeating my farewell to the family, gave him my hand, he pressed it affectionately as he put me in the carriage saying, "God bless you, dear madam, God bless you." "And God bless you," said I, from the very bottom of my heart.

Mr. Smith got in, the door shut & we drove from the habitation of philosophy & virtue. How rapidly did we seem to descend that mountain which had seemed so tedious in its ascent, and the quick pulsations I then felt were now changed to a heavy oppression.

Yes, he is truly a philosopher, & truly a good man, and eminently a great one. Then there is a tranquility about him, which an inward peace could alone bestow. As a ship long tossed by the storms of the ocean, casts anchor & lies at rest in a peaceful harbour, he is retired from an active & restless scene to this tranquil spot. Voluntarily & gladly has he resigned honors which he never sought, & unwillingly accepted. His actions, not his words, preach the emptiness & dissatisfaction attendant on a great office. His tall & slender figure is not impaired by age, tho' bent by care & labour. His white locks announce an age his activity, strength, health, enthusiasm, ardour & gaiety contradict. His face owes all its charm to its expression & intelligence; his features are not good & his complexion bad, but his countenance is so full of soul & beams with much benignity, that when the eye rests on his face, it is too busy in perusing its expression, to think of its features or complexion. His low & mild voice, harmonizes with his countenance rather than his figure. But his manners,—how gentle, how humble, how kind. His meanest slave must feel as if it were a father instead of a master who addressed him, when he speaks. To a disposition ardent, affectionate & communicative, he joins manners timid, even to bashfulness & reserved even to coldness. If his life had not proved to the contrary I should have pronounced him rather a man of imagination & taste, than a man of judgement, a literary rather than a scientific man, & least of all a politician, a character for which nature never seemed to have intended him, & for which the natural turn of mind, & his disposition, taste, & feeling equally unfit him. I should have been sure that this was the case, even had he not told me so. In an interesting conversation I had one evening—speaking of his past public & present domestic life—"The whole of my life," said he, "has been a war with my natural taste, feelings & wishes. Domestic life & literary pursuits, were my first & my latest inclinations, circumstances & not my desires lead me to the path I have trod. And like a bow tho long bent, which when unstrung flies back to its natural state, I resume with delight the character & pursuits for which nature designed me.

"The circumstances of our country," continued he, "at my entrance into life, were such that every honest man felt himself compelled to take a part, & to act up to the best of his abilities."

August 4th, MONTPELIER Wednesd even.

The sadness which all day hung on my spirits was instantly dispelled by the cheering smile of Mrs. Madison & the friendly greeting of our good President. It was near five oclock when we arrived, we were met at the door by Mr. M. who led us into the dining room where some gentlemen were still smoking segars & drinking wine. Mrs. M. enter'd the moment afterwards, &

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after embracing me, took my hand, saying with a smile, "I will take you out of this smoke to a pleasanter room." She took me thro' the tea room to her chamber which opens from it. Everything bespoke comfort, I was going to take my seat on the sopha, but she said I must lay down by her on her bed, & rest myself, she loosened my riding habit, took off my bonnet, & we threw ourselves on her bed. Wine, ice, punch & delightful pine-apples were immediately brought. No restraint, no ceremony. Hospitality is the presiding genius of this house, & Mrs. M. is kindness personified. She enquired why I had not brought the little girls; I told her the fear of incomoding my friends. "Oh," said she laughing, "I should not have known they were here, among all the rest, for at this moment we have only three & twenty in the house." "Three & twenty," exclaimed I! "Why where do you store them?" "Oh we have house room in plenty." This I could easily believe, for the house seemed immense. It is a large two story house of 80 or 90 feet in length, and above 40 deep. Mrs. Cutts soon came in with her sweet children, and afterwards Mr. Madison, Cutts, & Mr. Smith. The door opening into the tea room being open, they without ceremony joined their wives. They only peeked in on us; we then shut the door & after adjusting our dress, went out on the Piazza—(it is 60 feet long). Here we walked & talked until called to tea, or rather supper, for tho' tea hour, it was supper fare. The long dining table was spread, & besides tea & coffee, we had a variety of warm cakes, bread, cold meats & pastry. At table I was introduced to Mr. William Madison,* brother to the President, & his wife, & three or four other ladies & gentlemen all near relatives, all plain country people, but frank, kind, warm-hearted Virginians. At this house I realized being in Virginia, Mr. Madison, plain, friendly, communicative, & unceremonious as any Virginia Planter could be—Mrs. Madison, uniting to all the elegance & polish of fashion, the unadulterated simplicity, frankness, warmth, & friendliness of her native character & native state. Their mode of living, too, if it had more elegance than is found among the planters, was characterized by that abundance, that hospitality, & that freedom, we are taught to look for on a Virginian plantation. We did not sit long at this meal—the evening was warm & we were glad to leave the table. The gentlemen went to the piazza, the ladies, who all had children, to their chambers, & I sat with Mrs. M. till bed time talking of Washington. When the servant appeared with candles to show me my room, she insisted on going up stairs with me, assisted me to undress & chatted till I got into bed. How unassuming, how kind is this woman. How can any human being be her enemy. Truly, in her there is to be found no gall, but the pure milk of human kindness. If I may say so, the maid was like the mistress; she was very attentive all the time I was there, seeming as if she could not do enough, & was very talkative. As her mistress left the room, "You have a good mistress Nany," said I, "Yes," answered the affectionate creature with warmth, "the best I believe in the world,—I am sure I would not change her for any mistress in the whole country." The next morning Nany called me to a late breakfast, brought me ice & water, (this is universal here, even in taverns) & assisted me to dress. We sat down between 15 & 20 persons to breakfast—& to a most excellent Virginian breakfast—tea, coffee, hot wheat bread, light cakes, a pone, or corn loaf—cold ham, nice hashes, chickens, etc.

* Of Woodbury Forest, about six miles from Montpelier.

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THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

"TYPICAL baymen, those fellows."

You may hear that at the Pier when the trains halt and the through passengers, throwing up the car windows for a sniff of salty breeze, stare appreciatively out at the line of bronze-faced, clear-eyed bay captains who stand on the string-piece to receive the parties of city-freed fishermen lucky enough to get away for a day's sport on old Barnegat.

Typical baymen! As though they were all the same, like so many lead soldiers cast in one mould. True, they are all more or less tanned, and every man Jack of them can handle a thirty-foot catboat with beautiful precision and in exactly the same way. But aside from these points they differ as other men differ.

Especially did Captain Fred Applegard have an individuality of his own. Of Captain Hiram Garvey you might say the same. In proof of which there stands the fact that one of them went through the Needle's Eye while the other didn't.

Of course, if you would hear the tale at its best, you must come to Cedarton and loaf for a while in the back room of Ashton's general store, watching "Nipper" and "Sampson" whittle marvellously life-like duck decoys out of white cedar blocks. There, some stormy afternoon along in November, should "Windy Bill" Hanks happen to be on hand, you might listen to a picturesque setting forth of that incident at the Needle's Eye. Otherwise you must be content with this uninspired version.

"Reefing Fred" was the name by which Captain Applegard was best known on the bay, the same being applied with a certain shade of contempt. Nor was the nickname wholly unjust. When the wind hauled southerly, or came in fitful gusts from the west, "Reefing Fred" was sure to be the first to tie in a line or two of points. He had his reasons, perhaps, but he never explained them. Some said that he "lost his nerve" when his boat was struck by a squall off Double Creek one day when he had, as the baymen express it, "a full cargo of petticoats aboard." Anyway, the *Bobolink* lost her mast then, but Captain Fred, in spite of the hysterical antics of his men passengers and the fainting of two badly frightened women, landed every petticoat safely. After that, however, he shortened sail on the slightest provocation. So they called him "Reefing Fred," a sobriquet which he never resented. It was tacitly understood in Cedarton and elsewhere along the bay that Captain Fred Applegard was a coward.

His disappearance in the early spring of '98 merely indorsed this estimate. We were getting ready to do things to Spain then, if you remember. There was much talk of enlisting in the army. Two Cedarton boys actually did start out to liberate Cuba—and got as far as Tampa. But Fred Applegard, when the war talk grew hottest, suddenly laid up his oyster sloop and disappeared. He did not sail parties from the Pier that season, and it was late in the summer, after the glory of Santiago had given place to grumblings about canned beef, before he was seen again in Cedarton. It was considered rather a clever thing that fall to ask "Reefing Fred" how he liked Canada. But there was little spice to the joke, for he never retorted. He was a silent fellow, Captain Fred was; not one of the moody, grumpy sort, but diffident and extremely saving of his speech. He was not generally disliked, though, for all his want of courage. He had such a gentle way of shrugging his shoulders, such an inoffensive, conciliating look in his mild blue eyes, and such a low, soft voice when he did speak that the public contempt for him was passive, and tempered by toleration.

So the folks of Cedarton only chuckled amicably when it became known that "Reefing Fred" was taking an interest in Sallie, daughter of "Powder Joe" Weston, who was captain of the Cedarton life-saving station, Number Ten, on the beach. If

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there was one failing above another which "Powder Joe" detested it was a weak backbone.

"The good Lord hates a coward," he would declare. "It's into the Bible just that way. I knew a fellow that read it there."

But he did not, as he swore he would, throw Captain Fred Applegard into the middle of the street the first time he caught him sitting in his front parlor. Sallie Weston may have vetoed that programme. Sallie could do it. There was not a little of the parental "powder" in her make-up. It sometimes flashed from her snapping black eyes. She decreed that "Reefing Fred" should come to see her as often as she elected to permit him to come, and that seemed to be every Sunday night.

Saturday evening was reserved for Captain Hi Garvey, although he appropriated other nights as well. But then, Hi Garvey had a way with him. He was always the one the ladies picked out as a "typical bayman," for he was tall, and square-shouldered, and frank-eyed. He had a hearty laugh and a comforting air of self-confidence, which always soothed timid passengers, or cheered them when the fish refused to bite. He had something of a reputation on the bay. His parties were the jolliest, caught the most fish, and paid him most liberally. He was the last to reef, the first to "shake out." In short, Captain Hi was quite a personage. Do you wonder they chuckled in Cedarton when "Reefing Fred" became his rival for the elusive affections of "Powder Joe" Weston's sparkling Sallie?

Undoubtedly, Captain Fred owed the suffrance of his first Sunday night visits to Sallie's perversity. If someone said she shouldn't, then she would. But the continuance of them was not to be so explained. Yet she received him smilingly each Sunday night, teased him mercilessly for an hour or two, and occasionally allowed him to hold her hand for a moment as he said good-by.

His going away to Canada, or wherever it was, Sallie took keenly to heart. The first time Captain Hi Garvey was so tactless as to mention the departure she boxed his ears. When the offence was repeated she ordered him from the house, and held the door open until he went. You could not discourage Hi Garvey in that manner, however. Within a week he had palavered his way back into her favor and was taking her to the Red Men's annual ball. By mid-summer it was generally conceded that the match was as good as made; that pretty Sallie Weston and the dashing Captain Hi had at last come to an understanding.

When Captain Applegard finally did reappear, silent as ever, seemingly unashamed, Sallie bit her red lips in vexation and listened to the jeering witticisms which were aimed at him. Perhaps it was these jeers which moved her to greet him effusively on the post office steps and to ask him when he was coming around to see her. At any rate, they had a long talk that next Sunday evening, "Powder Joe" Weston sulking on the back porch and at intervals shaking a futile fist in the direction of the closed parlor door.

By the following spring the two captains seemed to be on an equal footing, a state of affairs which puzzled none more than Hi Garvey. The night before Memorial Day he demanded an accounting of Sallie. Was he engaged to her or was he not? He would like to know that. He wanted a straight answer. Well, he was answered. No one ever tried to drive Sallie Weston without getting one.

"Hi" said Sallie, "I haven't made up my mind just yet. I've about concluded, though, to be married this summer, but whether it will be you or Fred, I don't know."

"Fred Applegard!" said Captain Hi, as if some astounding revelation had been made.

"Yes, Fred Applegard," calmly repeated Sallie. "Anything to say about him?"

"Not a word." Hi, you see, had learned discretion.

"Now, that's good of you. I know what you think of him, but so long as you don't say it to me you may think what you please. There's things about Fred that I like, and I like you some, too. I guess neither of you are saints, but there's worse. As for you, Hi, I know you like a book. It's Fred I can't make out. To-morrow I'm going visiting up the beach for a week or so. When I come back I shall probably choose one of you, and just as likely as not it will be the one I see first. I've told Fred the the same thing. Good-night, Hi."

That was the way she left matters, and it was quite like Sallie to do it in precisely that manner. More than this, neither man

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doubted but that she meant every word. Not that such was the usual custom in Cedarton courtships. Ordinarily such affairs were as prosaic as they generally are the world over, matters of propinquity and uneventful circumstance.

But Sallie Weston was no ordinary young woman. The Huguenot blood of her dark-eyed mother and the sturdy characteristics of paternal Dutch ancestors were strangely mingled in her. Finding no response to her vague yearning for some flavor of romance, it is possible that she had hit upon this means to enliven the game; and then again, perhaps she really did not know her own mind.

Whatever its origin, the situation was real enough to these two men of the bay. Sallie was going away. She might be gone for a week, possibly for ten days. When she returned she would definitely promise to become the wife of one of them—and the man who saw her first stood the best chance of getting her.

Now it happened that the bluefish were running well that spring. News of their coming to the inlet had been spread in town, and every day brought to the Pier men with patent reels, split bamboo rods, and a desire to indulge in this royal sport. Neither captain could afford to idle around Cedarton while the blues were running. Neither thought of doing such a thing.

Evidently the same idea occurred to both, for each asked a favor of the ticket agent at the Cedarton railroad station. As a result the signal was agreed upon. When Sallie arrived the agent would telephone to the inlet and the light-keeper would run up on his flagpole a blue-barred code flag. That was all they asked. They would decide what to do when they saw the signal.

Seven days passed, eight. Perhaps Sallie meant to make her visit an even two weeks. The blues were rioting about the inlet. Parties were numerous and profitable. Still no signal appeared.

On the morning of the ninth day the south bound train brought, among others, a group of four men who seemed strangers to the bay and its ways. The conductor was seen directing them to the line of party-boat captains who lounged indifferently against the rail. "Reefing Fred" was the captain they engaged for the day. Yes, they thought they would like to try bluefishing.

"I trust you are a careful man with a boat," suggested the spokesman of the party as he eyed the tall mast of the *Bobolink*.

Half a dozen loungers on the Pier grinned at each other, and "Dory" Watkins, as usual, took it upon himself to enlighten the strangers.

"Ain't no carefuller cap'n on the bay, mister. That's 'Reefin' Fred,' you're goin' out with."

"Do they call you 'Reefing Fred'?" asked the man. He was a keen-eyed, erect person in an excellently tailored gray suit.

"Yes, sir." Applegard was standing by the painter, ready to cast off. He met the gaze of the keen eyes frankly.

"H'm-m!" said the other. "I guess you'll do."

With a single reef in her big white sail the *Bobolink* stood down the bay close hauled to the brisk easterly breeze that came, salty and cool, across the beach from the ocean. Slightly in the lead, but increasing the distance between them every minute, was the *Magic*, Hi Garvey at the wheel. The *Magic*, of course, carried "full dimity."

Once under way, Captain Fred paid little heed to his passengers. He just sat on the wheel-box and turned the spokes. His party was not of the usual kind. There was no passing of bottles, no noisy story telling or song singing. The four men smoked their cigars and chatted quietly, glancing with restrained interest now and then at the silent man who was known as "Reefing Fred." Two were stout, elderly men of rather disinguished appearance. A third, also elderly, but with round, fresh-colored cheeks, they addressed as "bishop." His clothes were of clerical cut. The keen-eyed man, who was younger, they all seemed to know very well. They called him Morley.

Although the four said little, they enjoyed that sail, for June was doing her prettiest in the way of weather—and perhaps you know how handsome old Barnegat can look under favorable conditions. And when the *Bobolink* got the lighthouse in range over Warner's and Captain Fred began pinching her down through Mud Channel, with the ebb tide helping her along; when they heard the surf roaring on the bar and saw the white ranks of breakers march rhythmically to their destruction on the outer shoals, then they grew quite as enthusiastic as the average person usually does

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when he first makes acquaintance with the inlet. They began to look for bluefish slicks and to rig squid lines.

It was high noon by the time the *Bobolink* had thrashed her way past the light and was sousing her nose into the gentle rollers that swayed the entrance buoy. Just ahead of her was the *Magic*, Hi Garvey having made a détour. There was a noon train down the beach, you see. As no signal flew from the lighthouse staff, however, both captains knew that Sallie had not yet arrived in Cedarton. No need to look again for three hours. So out they went, chasing slicks and occasionally striking a school of big fish.

On the *Bobolink* the bishop made the prize catch. He landed an eight-pounder squarely on the ample white waistcoat of the stoutest of his elderly friends, but that dignified gentleman, after one deep grunt, hugged the gamy big fellow manfully until the fish could be dragged inboard. This incident stirred the sporting blood of them all. They refused to stop fishing even for luncheon.

Meanwhile the *Bobolink* had been put under double reefs, for the easterly morning breeze had followed the sun to the south and was now piping freshly from that quarter. The flawless topaz of the forenoon sky had become flecked with feathery white mares'-tails, and through the inlet could be seen the furrowed surface of the bay.

Perhaps half a dozen big catboats, on each a party of elated fishermen, were in sight, most of them far outside the bar. As the hour of three approached the *Magic* and the *Bobolink* began hovering about the entrance buoy, their respective captains keeping the lighthouse staff ever in sight. For some four days they had been going through this very manœuvre, and no skipper of a cup defender ever jockeyed about a starting-line more skilfully than did these two when it came time for a train to be due in Cedarton.

It was nearly a quarter past the hour when Captain Fred, concluding that Sallie would not come down that day, eased his sheet and started for another run down to leeward before heading for the Pier. Hi Garvey was still hugging the south shore of the inlet. Suddenly a bit of bunting began crawling up to the truck of the pole in front of the lighthouse. Another moment and it stood out like a piece of cardboard—a blue-barred code flag. Sallie had come home.

Hi Garvey saw it, grimaced confidently over his shoulder to leeward at the distant *Bobolink*, paid out a dozen feet of sheet rope, ordered every squid line hauled in, and sent the *Magic* boiling into Main Channel. He had won the race from the start, of course; won it by shrewd tactics. It would take "Reefing Fred" a good half hour to beat back to the entrance buoy, which meant that he would be just so much behind the *Magic* in making Cedarton wharf. And Hi intended to make good use of that half hour.

A fraction of a minute later Fred Applegard spied the belated signal. Glancing back over the stern, he saw the windward vantage that the *Magic* had of him. Grimly he measured the distance to that bobbing channel buoy. Only a moment he hesitated, a bitter, heart-wringing moment. Then, spinning the wheel over, he threw the *Bobolink* around on her heel. As she came into the wind with a petulant shiver the big boom swung in. Snatching up his open bait knife, he jumped for the end of it. One slash, and the taut outhaul was severed. Another blow cut away a half dozen reef points. Slash, slash, went the knife, Captain Fred working nimbly forward. Almost before the released canvas could belly out he was at the halyards. Slack went the peak, up came the throat, and the peak was hauled up again.

Within two minutes the job was done, and the *Bobolink*, every inch of her great white racing sail as tight as a drum-head, her lee rail buried to the cabin windows, was off on a mad dash directly toward that white line of foaming breakers which ceaselessly beat upon the inlet shoal.

It was all done so quickly, and with so little fuss about the doing of it, that the two stout old gentlemen in the cabin did not cease their attack on the elaborate luncheon hamper which they had finally opened. The bishop was taking another admiring look at his big bluefish. The keen-eyed Morley, however, seemed to realize that something unusual had occurred.

"You have put on full sail, I see?" he observed.

"Yes," answered Captain Fred.

"But the wind is much fresher, isn't it?"

"Some."

"Are you sure it is quite safe to do this, captain?"

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To this "Reefing Fred" made no reply. His wide-set blue eyes were fixed with intent calmness on that line of breakers toward which the *Bobolink* was rushing. Morley saw the breakers, also.

"See here, captain," he continued, speaking as one who expects attention and obedience, "how much nearer to those breakers do you intend to sail?"

"Clean through 'em, sir."

"Through them! You're not going to try that—that——"

"I'm going to take the *Bobolink* through the Needle's Eye."

It was no fanciful name, as are some of the designations used about the bay. It was singularly apt. Years before, when the charts were made, this narrow little secondary channel was called Number One Slue, because there were two others. In time the shifting sands had filled Number Two and Number Three, but Number One Slue remained open until the luckless *Shining Star* was driven broadside into it.

She was a Maine-built three-master, and her stout hull resisted the storms of two winters before it went to pieces. Even then some of her great oak frame timbers, stripped of planking but firmly bedded in the sand-buried keel, lifted fang-like through the surf. One by one these huge ribs were torn away, all save two, which at low tide stood up like dark sentinels on either side of the Slue, disputing the right of way. Venturesome pound fishermen discovered that the gap between the two timbers measured about fifteen feet, and when the tide was out far enough for the snags to be clearly seen, sometimes risked making the passage in bank skiffs, thus saving a row of several miles on their way out to the nets. Hence Number One had been rechristened the Needle's Eye.

Some of these facts Morley had learned, for, as the *Bobolink* had come out at low tide, he had noted the two ribs jutting through the waves, and he had asked questions of Captain Fred. He knew that if a boat could pass between them she could make the Winter Channel, behind North Point o'Beach. That one could pick a way from there into Haybottom, and so on past Great Sedge to the best water in the bay he did not know, nor would he have been interested to learn at that moment.

The imminent fact to his mind just then was that this steady-eyed, silent captain of the *Bobolink*, who had seemed so cautious, who was called "Reefing Fred," had suddenly clapped on full sail in a two-reef breeze, and now calmly proposed to undertake a piece of sheer dare-deviltry; intended, in short, to sail a boat of twelve-foot beam through a fifteen-foot gap; or, to use his own words, through the Needle's Eye.

"Applegard," he said sharply, "I order you to take this boat back into the bay by the way you brought her out."

"Excuse me, sir, but I don't take orders from anyone while I'm on the *Bobolink*." The words were quietly spoken, but they were quite convincing.

Morley choked down a hasty retort with an effort. Then, when the quick flush had passed from his cheeks: "You are quite right, captain. I beg your pardon. But allow me to say this: The lives of those gentlemen in the cabin there should not be lightly risked. It may interest you to know who they are. One of them is vice-president of the biggest railroad system in the country, another is a bishop of the Episcopal Church, and the third is the First Assistant Secretary of the Navy. They are friends of mine. I persuaded them to come down here with me to-day. I feel responsible for their safety. Now do you understand why I beg of you to take no risk while they are your passengers?'

Captain Fred threw him an apologetic glance. Then, as he tugged at the wheel to meet a sharp flaw, he replied: "I'm sorry, but when they come aboard my boat they must take their chances with me. That's the rule of the bay, sir."

"But why do you take chances, man?"

"Can't tell you now, sir. I'm too busy."

"But suppose you should strike one of those ribs?"

"I don't lay for to strike 'em; I'm going between."

The keen-eyed man made a gesture of impatience. He glanced from the nearing surf line to the three personages who were eating club sandwiches and drinking Apollinaris in the cabin. Then he turned to Captain Fred.

"Applegard, if it's a matter of money ——"

"It isn't. Shut those cabin doors and pull the slide, will you?"

Morley obeyed. Further argument was useless. Already the *Bobolink's* sharp stem

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was within a dozen feet of that seemingly unbroken line of surf. Bracing himself with a grip on the windward combing, Morley fixed a fascinated glance over the bows. Yes, there was the gap, half smothered in the side break of the big combers that grounded on either side. But where were those grim guardians of the Slue? Their wave-worn tops were a foot or two under water. Then to pass between them, in the exact centre, would be a matter of guesswork! And a wrong guess meant—well, if the *Bobolink* hit either of those oaken ribs squarely, at the pace she was now going, it would rip a hole in her from stem to stern. Should she strike the shoal the result would be no less disastrous. A strong swimmer might win his way through that line of breakers—but the three distinguished old gentlemen in the cabin, what chance would they have?

He turned appealingly to the man at the wheel. "Reefing Fred" did not see him. His steady eyes were fastened eagerly on that bit of water almost under the *Bobolink's* fore-foot. Morley had thought him a singularly unimpressive figure, attired as he was with a bayman's disregard for sailor-like toggery. He wore a blue flannel shirt with white suspenders crossed over his rounded shoulders, trousers of faded blue serge, and on his head a cheap linen cap.

But at this crucial moment Morley took no note of these inharmonious details. He saw revealed the man who could take such a tremendous chance with so little concern. Cool, unruffled self-confidence clothed the stooped shoulders, glowed in those quiet eyes, steeled the sinews of those rigid arms. And Morley, catching the undaunted spirit of him, let his gaze follow that of Captain Fred.

"Ah!" The exclamation broke from his lips unnoticed. Just ahead and to port he had a glimpse of a black square down under the green of a wave. In another instant it had raced dizzily astern, and the *Bobolink*, her big boom smashing through the grounding breakers to leeward, had surged unscathed through the Needle's Eye.

"Guess you can open up the cabin now, sir," observed "Reefing Fred."

The elderly personages, having lighted their after-luncheon cigars, came out into the cockpit and proceeded to become somewhat alarmed, for as the *Bobolink* hurled herself out past the protection of Nipfiddle shoal she caught the full benefit of the bay swells, which the piping souther had stirred up. Now and then, as one slapped her squarely on the weather quarter, the spray flew half-way to the masthead.

"Why, dear me!" exclaimed the bishop, "I had no idea the bay could be so rough. And what a large sail you have, captain! Really, I had not noticed its size before. Ouch!" A quart of so of bay water wilted the bishop's collar and interrupted his comments.

"You'll find slickers in the seat locker," suggested Captain Applegard. He seemed to be watching a white sail off to the south, the only unreefed sail, save the *Bobolink's*, to be seen anywhere on the bay. There was no anxiety in his calm eyes, however. He could readily estimate that when he made the edge of deep water and squared away for the run to Cedarton he would have the *Magic* a good three miles astern.

Somehow news of the race had spread through the town. Perhaps the ticket agent told it. At any rate, the word was passed that Hi Garvey and "Reefing Fred" Applegard were coming up the bay, each bent on being the first to welcome Sallie Weston home. Just why they should be so anxious about it was something of a mystery until Sallie herself was asked:

"I expect it's because they think I'll marry the one who gets here first," said Sallie promptly. Her brilliant eyes were aglow; also she had acquired, during her stay "up the beach," a becoming new dress and a natty straw sailor hat. She was very good to look upon, was Sallie that June day.

Cedarton gasped a little at her audacity, and then, yielding to a controlling impulse of curiosity, rushed to the wharf.

"It's sure to be Hi," was the general verdict. "Fred'll never dare carry full sail in this breeze, and Hi will crack on every stitch."

Someone telephoned to the lighthouse and learned that the *Magic* had gone through Main Channel while the *Bobolink* was still outside the entrance buoy. A half-grown youth on a bicycle carried the news to the Weston house. He found Sallie unpacking a suit-case.

"Your best feller's goin' to win, Miss Weston," he called through the screen door. "He's got half an hour's start."

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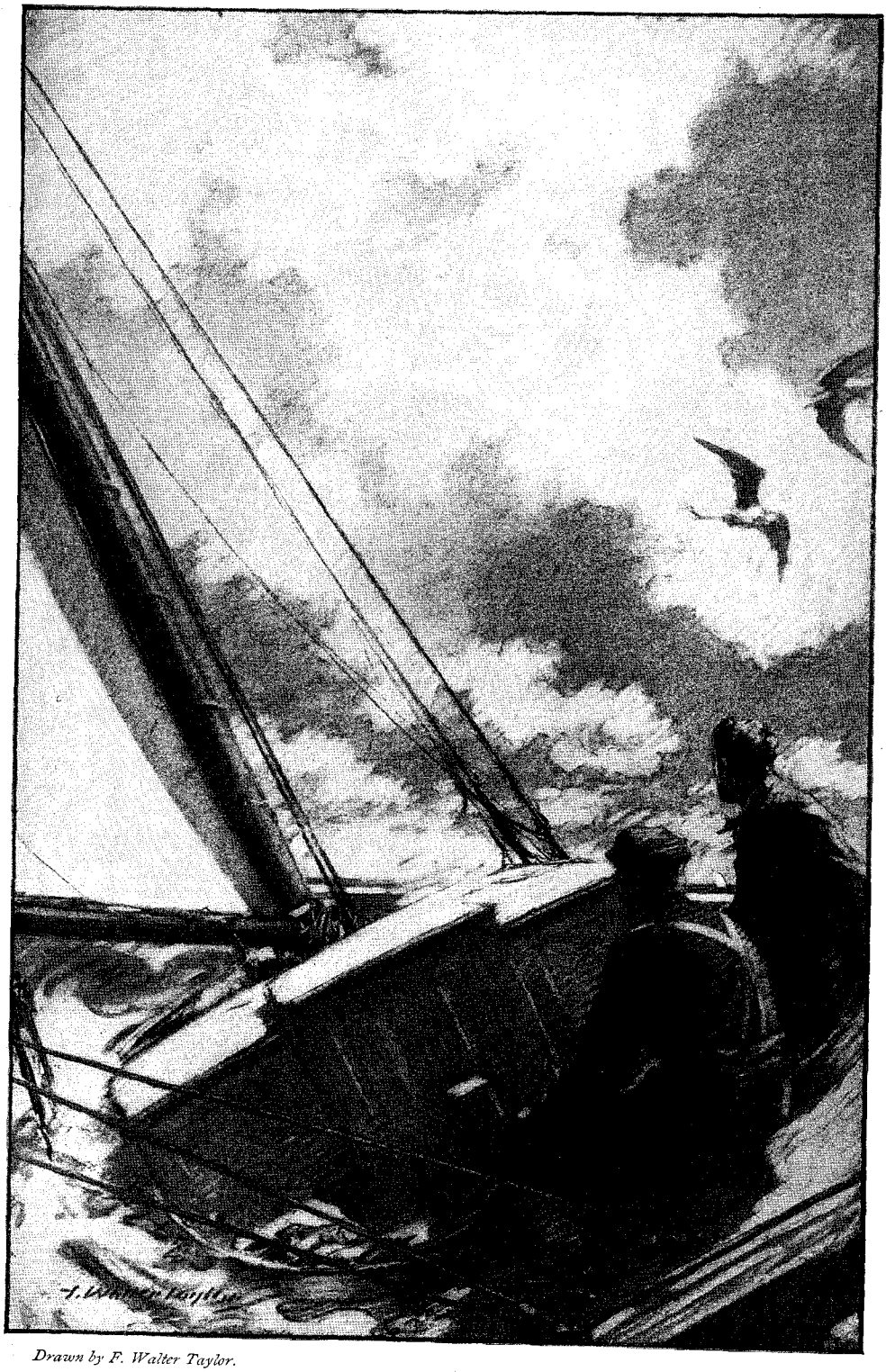

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Morley let his gaze follow that of Captain Fred.—Page 316.

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"Who has? Who's got half an hour's start?" she demanded.

"Why, Hi Garvey has. Do I get an invite to the weddin'?"

He did not get it then. Sallie slammed the door in his face and locked herself in her room. A few minutes later, when the next self-appointed messenger arrived, her cheeks were flushed.

"'Taint Hi Garvey at all that's first," reported the second youth. "The lightkeeper says Cap'n Fred jammed the *Bobolink* through the Needle's Eye and beat Hi all holler. Fred'll be to the wharf before Hi rounds Long Point."

"Honest?" cried Sallie.

"They just 'phoned up from the inlet," declared the youth.

Whereupon Sallie grabbed her new sailor hat and sped down Water Street to the landing wharf, where the party boats tie up. She was in the forefront of the crowd when the *Bobolink*, heeling grandly, swept into the cove.

The big sail came down on the run, the board was dropped into the mud, and the *Bobolink's* nose touched the string-piece with a gentle bump. "Reefing Fred" scanned the silent crowd with a diffident glance, and then, ignoring them all, held out his hand to Sallie Weston.

"Mighty glad to see you back, Sallie," was his greeting.

"Then there's two of us, Fred, for I'm glad to see you," and Sallie, with a defiant look at those about her, took the proffered hand.

"I beg your pardon, captain." Morley had followed him ashore, and now stood waiting at his elbow. The bishop and the other two distinguished personages were close behind. "Can you spare me a moment?" he continued.

"Reefing Fred" seemed mildly annoyed. "I told you there wouldn't be any charge for this trip, on account of my not landing you at the Pier."

"But that isn't what I wish of you," insisted Morley. "As a matter of fact, I come on Government business, the kind of business which can be transacted better in public than in private. Am I right, bishop?"

"Quite right, Morley. Never allow a crowd to get away until you've made a speech to them," assented the bishop laughingly.

Morley laughed, too. "While speechmaking is not my strong point," he continued, "I think I shall take your advice this time. Will you permit me?" and he appealed to the crowd. Someone shouted to him to "blaze away," and he did.

"Perhaps you remember," began Morley, "an incident in the early part of our war with Spain. It occurred in a bay down in Cuba. There was an ocean cable running out of that bay and connecting with Spain. It had to be cut. A gunboat was sent around to do the cutting. As it was necessary to go very near shore to fish up the cable, and as the Spaniards had established several inconvenient batteries just about there, the task was somewhat hazardous. The captain of the gunboat assigned a lieutenant and called for volunteers. Eight sailors and four marines were chosen. The sailors rowed. The marines handled the grapples and used an axe on the cable.

"It was hot work. The shore batteries peppered those volunteers with machine guns and rifles. They shot scrap-iron at them from cannon. But the sailors sat at their oars while the marines finished the cable. The man who swung the axe had to stand on a seat. He was rather a good mark for the rifles, and the Spaniards did their best to hit him. But they were poor shots, you know, and the man with the axe kept on chopping away at that cable just as calmly as if he were at home splitting kindling in the woodshed. Good folks of Cedarton, I wish to say right here that was the coolest piece of bravery I ever witnessed—and I may as well confess that I was there. I was the lieutenant in command, and I didn't feel half so comfortable then as I do now.

"Well, as you may have read, Congress voted to give each one of those volunteers a medal of honor. I have one of the medals here," and from a plush case he held up the more or less artistic bauble with which a great republic had tardily sought to express its gratitude. "This doesn't belong to me. I was not a volunteer. They made me a captain for my share, which was really more than I deserved. This medal goes to the man who swung the axe, and I begged a certain good friend of mine, who happens to be able to grant such favors, for the privilege of presenting it in person. Applegard, do you remember me now?"

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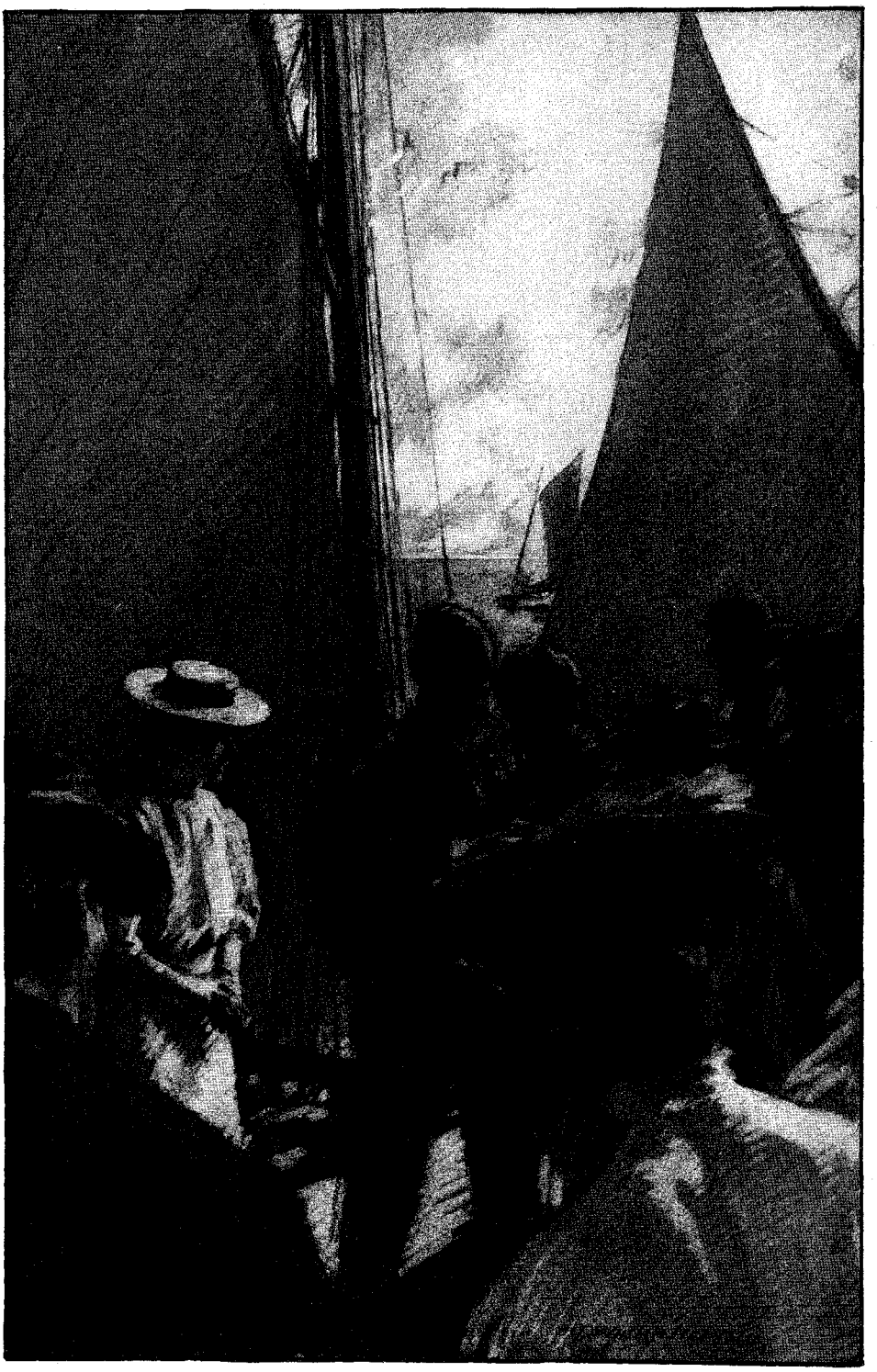

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Reefing Fred" allowed the medal to be pinned to his blue shirt.—Page 320.

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The rounded shoulders of "Reefing Fred" squared themselves. His mild blue eyes no longer studied his shoe-toes.

"Yes, sir. I knew you right away," and his arm swept up in the regulation naval salute.

"The deuce you did! And took me through the Needle's Eye, eh? Well, Applegard, step up here and receive the only reward which the United States Government has seen fit to bestow on a brave man."

With a school-girl blush reddening his tanned cheeks "Reefing Fred" allowed the medal to be pinned to his blue shirt. Bashfully his eyes sought those of Sallie Weston.

"Humph!" said Sallie, tossing her pretty head; "all that isn't as new to me as you think, Fred. I got the whole story from your Aunt Caroline Webb day before yesterday. If you'll bring your friends up to the house, though, I'll make them a strawberry short-cake that'll maybe be worth eating, if I have luck."

And Captain Morley, U. S. N., and the bishop with a wilted collar, and the two other stout old gentlemen, one of whom was vice-president of a big railroad, the other being Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy, said it was the best short-cake they had eaten since they were boys.

As for the Needle's Eye, it no longer menaces navigation. Dynamite, judiciously applied by a sometimes watchfully paternal Government, long ago cleared the Slue.

A SONG OF TWILIGHT

OH, to come home once more, when the dusk is falling,
To see the nursery lighted and the children's table spread;
"Mother, mother, mother!" the eager voices calling,
"The baby was so sleepy that he had to go to bed!"

Oh, to come home once more, and see the smiling faces,
Dark head, bright head, clustered at the pane;
Much the years have taken, when the heart its path retraces,
But until time is not for me, that image will remain.

Men and women now they are, standing straight and steady,
Grave heart, gay heart, fit for life's emprise;
Shoulder set to shoulder, how should they be but ready!
The future shines before them with the light of their own eyes.

Still each answers to my call; no good has been denied me,
My burdens have been fitted to the little strength that's mine,
Beauty, pride and peace have walked by day beside me,
The evening closes gently in, and how can I repine?

But oh, to see once more, when the early dusk is falling,
The nursery windows glowing and the children's table spread;
"Mother, mother, mother!" the high child-voices calling,
"He couldn't *stay awake for you, he* had *to go to bed*!"

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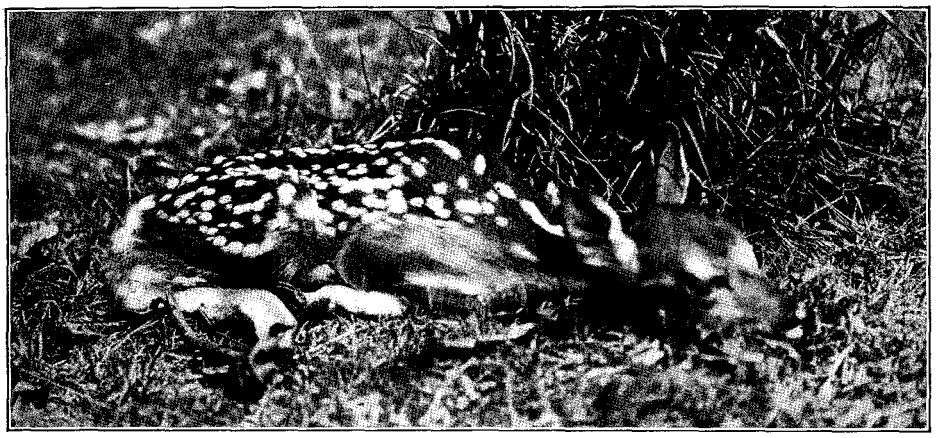

By permission of the New York Zoological Park.

Crouching Whitetail Fawn.

From a photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn.

THE WHITETAILED (VIRGINIA) DEER AND ITS KIN

ODOCOILEUS AMERICANUS (ERXLEBEN, 1777)

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

ONE Thomas Hariot, an English mathematician in the service of Sir Walter Raleigh, visited Virginia in 1584, and in his account of the Colony (pub. 1588) he says: "Of Beastes"—"Deare, in some places there are great store; neere into the sea-coast, they are of the ordinairie bignes as ours in England, & some less; but further up in the countrey where there is better feed, they are greater. They differ from ours only in this, their tailes are longer, and the snags of their hornes look backwards."

There is no doubt that Cartier saw the Whitetail in 1535, but Master Hariot, the mathematician, has given us the first identifiable description of the species, and it is by good right called Virginia Deer.

In speaking of it the early travellers use expressions that tell of astounding numbers. Thus Cartier's "great stores of Stags, Deere," etc., Hariot's "great store." Morton, writing of New England and its Deer (1637) says: "There are in the countrey three kindes of Deare, of which there are great plenty, and those are very useful."

Just what writers meant by "great plenty," I have endeavored to ascertain.

In the season of 1895 the official returns showed that 4,900 deer were killed in the Adirondacks. It is notorious that official returns are far below the actual slaughter, for we must add those killed illegally during or out of season, as well as those that were killed and not found. There is also a proportion destroyed by natural enemies, so that we need not hesitate to accept the Chief Protector's estimate that 10,000 deer were killed in the Adirondacks during the season of 1895.

But this must have been far less than half their numbers, otherwise they could not stand the drain, as they evidently do. I have heard hunters estimate that under the most favorable circumstances, the Deer do not add more than a third each year by actual

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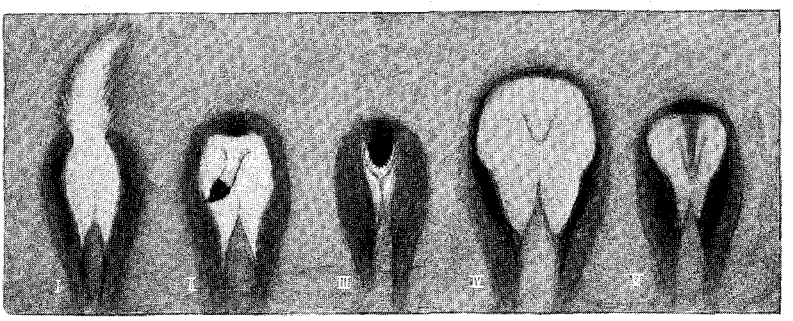
increase. If, therefore, more than a quarter are killed in a season, it means a falling off. But the Adirondack Deer are holding their own, and I should therefore estimate their numbers at 40,000, or, roughly, three to a square mile.

The official report for Maine gives 7,579 Deer killed in 1899, which we are to believe means a destruction of at least 12,000 Deer. But they have ample room and are steadily increasing, so that I put those in Maine at not less than 60,000, or about two to the square mile in 1900. Mr. W. T. Hornaday* gives the estimate of Deer in Maine at 100,000, or three to the square mile in 1904.

But the accounts of the hunters put the Whitetail far in advance of all other small Deer in point of numbers. Therefore I feel satisfied that ten to the square mile is a safe estimate of Whitetailed population in its true region, the immediate Mississippi Valley and the country to the east of it. This area was roughly 2,000,000 square miles—that is, it was the home of not less than 20,000,000 Whitetailed Deer.

Even ignoring the other 100,000 square miles of Whitetail range to the westward, as it certainly was much less thickly stocked, we still see that the Whitetail was probably the most abundant large game of temperate



The tails and discs of: 1. New England Whitetail. 2. Colorado Mule Deer. 3. Oregon Coast Deer. 4. Wyoming Wapiti. 5. British Red Deer.

All records agree, however, that the Deer in the Adirondacks and Maine now are as nothing to those of days gone by; thus Morton says of those in New England (1637): "There is such abundance that 100 have been found at the spring of the year, within the compass of a mile." But even this we are told was far surpassed by the "incredible hosts" of the Middle States east of the Mississippi and of Texas. In the last State about 1850, I am credibly assured by many old hunters, "500 in one bunch" were commonly met with in the half-open country. Thousands could sometimes be seen in a day; they were there in tens of thousands.

The numbers in Kentucky were so great that it was believed impossible to exterminate them.

In the mountains of Colorado I have seen Mule Deer so plentiful that ten to the square mile would have been a very low estimate, indeed, and twenty would be safe for the region.

*"Am. Nat. Hist.," 1904, p. 131.

North America, excepting the Buffalo, and possibly ranking after that and the Caribou among all the big game of the continent.

Although the map of to-day shows a wide distribution, it is on a very different basis from that of two hundred years ago. The Adirondacks, northern New England, northern Michigan, northeastern Texas, and the dry parts of Florida, aggregating 100,000 square miles, may yet show an average of three Deer to the square mile. But we must consider the species absent from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Kentucky, the northern half of Missouri, and the southern halves of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, and Ontario, a total area of about 600,000 square miles of their best country. And the rest of the region marked for Whitetail in present times is so nearly without them that one Deer to five square miles would be a liberal estimate. These figures would make the entire Whitetail population north of the Rio Grande somewhere about 500,000. The State of Maine, therefore, has now one-fifth

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Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Whitetailed Deer.

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of the Deer in the country, because she has learned that they are worth keeping.

The map illustrates an interesting fact in Whitetail distribution—while the species has lost much territory in the east and center of its range, it has also gained a great deal in the north and west. The reason for this will be seen in its habits, especially in its adaptability to agricultural conditions.

Had the map been made in 1890 instead of 1900, it would have given a still smaller range; 1890 seems to have been the low-ebb year for much of our wild game east of the Mississippi. Twenty years ago the Deer were exterminated in New England, except in the remote north woods. Now they have repossessed the whole country, even to the gates of New York City. Within the last year wild Deer have been seen about Greenwich, and even in Yonkers.

On the map I have not attempted to show the limits of different races or species of Whitetail now recognized by naturalists. There are some twelve of these, graded from very small in Florida and Mexico to very large in Maine and Manitoba, and from very dark in the Southeast to very pale, with greatly enlarged white areas, in the Northwest.

Bucks of the Florida Deer (*O. osceola*), rarely weigh over "110 pounds" (Cory), and ordinarily as low as 80 pounds (*C. A. Brambly*); the does are proportionately less. This represents the Southeastern extreme of size.

In the north we have a very different animal (*O. A. borealis*).

This is commonly said to attain a maximum weight of 350 pounds, but I find good testimony for much higher weights. Mr. John W. Titcomb, of the Bureau of Fisheries, says that two bucks weighing respectively 370 pounds and 420 pounds were killed in Vermont in 1899.

The most remarkable Adirondack buck that I can find authenticated is described by Mr. James M. Patterson in Colonel Fox's Forestry Report. It was killed by Mr. Henry Ordway in 1890. "Weight before being dressed 388 pounds [bleeding must have robbed it of 8 or 10 pounds, so that its live weight was about 400 pounds], height over withers 4 feet, 3 inches. There are 9 prongs on one antler and 10 on the other. Length of antlers, 32 inches; distance between antlers, 26½ inches; length from tip of nose to tip of tail, 9 feet 7 inches."

To this Mr. A. N. Cheney adds: "I have talked with Mr. Patterson, who is a brother of ex-District-Attorney Patterson, of Warren County, since his letter was printed, and he added to the figures given that the Deer measured 37 inches around the neck, back of the head, and that the longest spike on one beam was 13 inches. The buck had been seen on several occasions during two or more years before it was killed, and a number of sportsmen had made special efforts to kill it. It appeared to have no fear of dogs that were put on its track, and on one occasion attacked and drove off two."

But these are the giants of their kind. The average dressed weight of 562 Deer shipped out of the Adirondacks by the Express Company in 1895 was* only 109½ pounds—a live weight of 136¼ pounds—each; but this included many small Deer and August specimens of all ages and sexes. An average full-grown buck of the region is about 200 pounds live weight, and the average doe 150 pounds.

The other extreme is found in a Mexican species of which Caton says: "The smallest of the North American Deer which I have studied is the Acapulco Deer. Some of the specimens which I have had weighed only about 30 or 40 pounds."

There is another interesting dwarf, or myth, to be considered. A curious battle has raged for long between two parties—the hunters in the West and the scientists in the East—over the Gazelle, Cottontail or Fantailed Deer. Every old hunter that I have asked assures me that in the early days of the West there existed a dwarf Whitetail in the thickets along the mountain streams of the upper Missouri.

It resembled the Texan Fantail (*O. texensis*, Mearns), which is found in the high mountains of the Texas and Mexican country. The scientists deny that any such creature ever existed, excepting in the far Southwest, and pointedly demand the production of hair, hide, skull or foot—anything, in fact, except a lot of gauzy camp-fire tales.

I could give some interesting extracts from the trappers' stories, but will content myself for the present by stating that all

*According to Colonel Fox's report.

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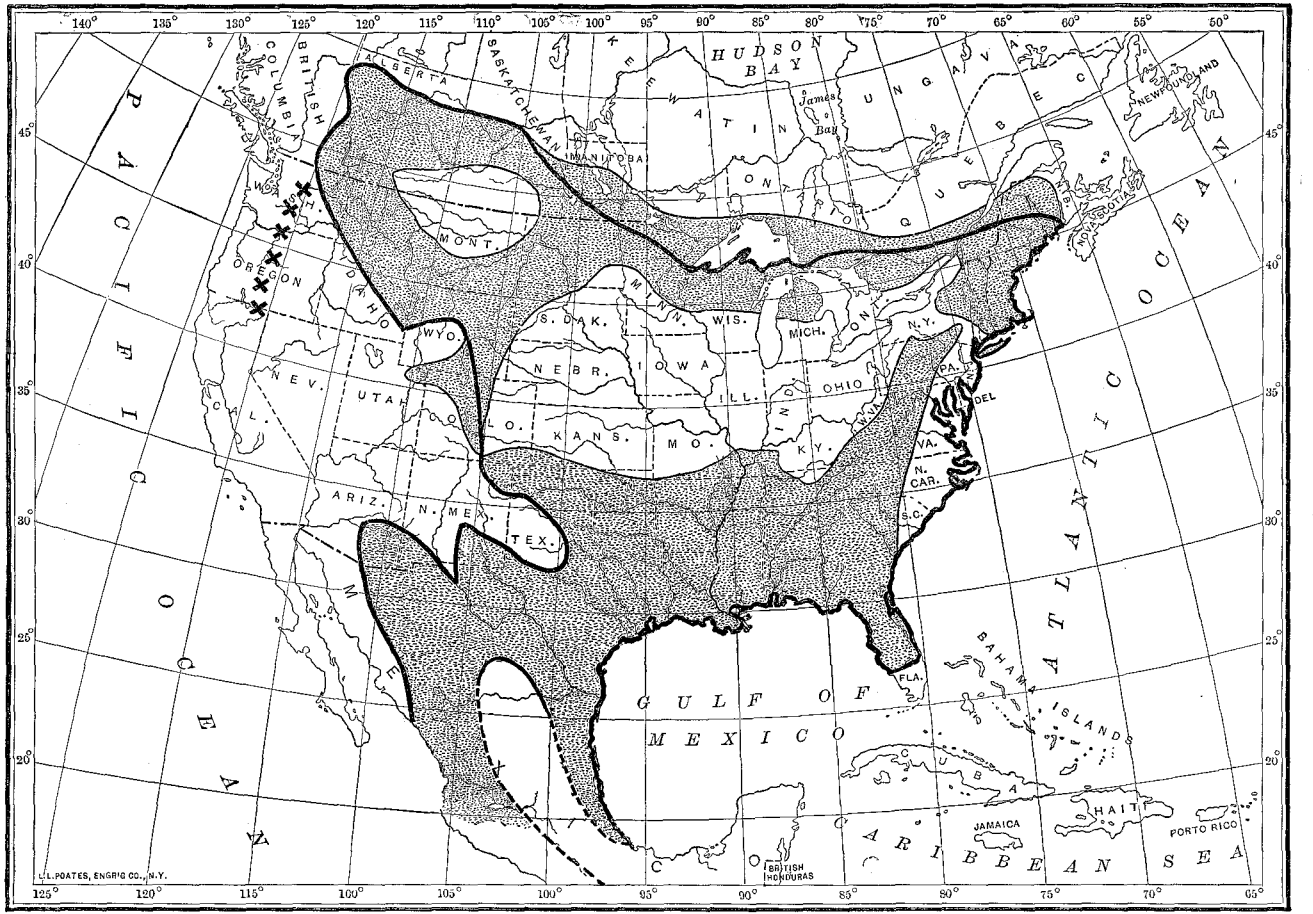

Range of Whitetail in primitive times and in 1900, by Ernest Thompson Seton.

The heavy line shows the original range—not fully worked out in Mexico. The tint shows the range in 1900. In the three large white areas, comprising the Atlantic coast, the Middle States and the far Northwest, the species has been exterminated, but in northern Canada and New England it has followed the settler and gained much territory. The recent extension into Utah is due to irrigation making more country possible for the species. No attempt is here made to demark the various species or races. Outlying or doubtful records are marked with a cross (x). In compiling this map I have used all available data in the records of several hundred ancient and modern travellers.

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the old hunters believe in it. They say it looks like a Deer, is a little bigger than a Jack Rabbit, and has the habits of a Cottontail, bounding through the brush and squatting as soon as out of sight; they have shot them and found that adults with five tines on their horns weigh only 50 or 60 pounds and are in all respects a miniature and graceful Whitetailed Deer.

The scientists say that these are fawns of common Whitetail.

The hunters reply that they wear many-tined horns and do not grow bigger; they never were abundant and have disappeared from most localities in the last fifteen or twenty years.

If anyone reading this can forward a skin or skull for examination, he may do good service to science.

Many careful observations have given scientific exactness to the old-established hunter belief that the Deer has two distinct coats each year: a long thick coat, put on in September and worn till May; this is known as the *blue coat.* And a short rusty coat, appearing in spring as the winter coat is shed, worn all summer, and molted in September; this is known as the *red coat.*

The protective value of their blended tints and the way in which many animals turn it to account raises the question, Are they

Whitetail Buck with remarkable palmations.

Killed at North Lake Reservoir, town of Wilmurt, Herkimer County, N. Y., fall of 1891.
Drawn from photographs by Mr. Egbert Bagg, of Utica, N. Y.

conscious of their adaptation to surroundings?

Mr. D. Wheeler writes me: "Deer seem to realize their color, they come to the water to drink and commonly pause to reconnoitre among dead brush that matches their coat. I am sure that the Northern hare does so, for in the spring of the year, when they are still in white and when the snow is in patches, they *invariably* squat or rest on the snow."

Mr. R. Nicholas of Portland, Ore., maintains that "ptarmigan in white always squat on the snow if the ground be bare in

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places." I have frequently watched Snowshoe rabbits and white-jacks which were in full winter livery, though there was no snow at the time; twice I saw a white-jack crouch on a white rock, but I many times saw them crouch in brownish grassy places where they were ridiculously conspicuous.

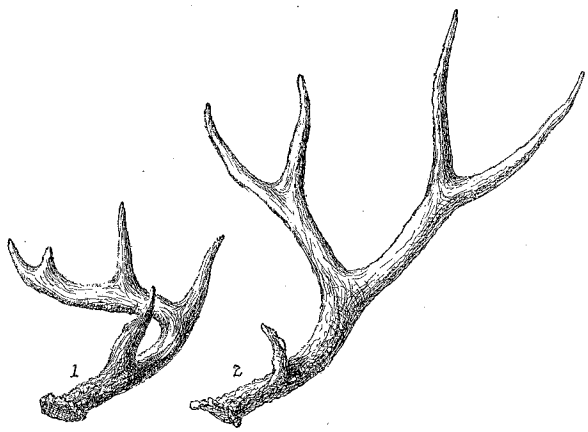
On the bare ground they are of course more visible, and here they were very shy; though this might be explained by the absence of cover. I am not yet satisfied that these animals realize their color.

The sportsman hunter, however, pays little heed to the colors and fine distinctions on which the scientist founds his races. He usually lumps the twenty odd species and races of small American Deer as Deer, and carries a general impression of a deer-colored animal, paler on the under parts. This is a true impression as far as it goes, and I do not know of any color feature on the animal's trunk that will distinguish the species. But nature has added a label to each, and as though by kindly plan, this is the last part of the animal that the hunter sees as it disappears in the woods, saying in effect: "Well, good-by; I am so-and-so that you did not hit." If every sportsman would bring the tail of his Deer, or failing that, make a sketch of it, with a note of its length and the locality, we could tell with fair certainty the species he had got. The tail and disc of Deer show characteristics as distinctive as those of the skull.

There is a tendency to albinism among the Deer in some parts of the country, usually islands and isolated corners where it seems to be a consequence of inbreeding. Albinism is a freak or disease by which the coloring matter is left out of the hair on those parts of the body that are affected, and the hair there comes white. Sometimes it covers the entire animal, in which case usually the hoofs are white and its eyes pink. It is not by any means certain that the albino of this year will be an albino next year also. The affection is sometimes associated with internal worms.

There is one other very important detail of anatomy that should be noted, and that is the glands on the outside of the hind leg. These are diagnostic of the species. They are sufficiently set forth in the illustration.

But the sportsman is quite sure to devote chief attention to the head and antlers. Here are two marked types. These represent average horns of full-grown bucks. In general style the Coast Deer horns resemble those of the Mule Deer, but are more slender. A Whitetail buck has spikes the first year, and afterwards adds snags in proportion to his vigor, *when normal*, but antlers are usually abnormal. Mr. J. W. Titcomb states that a tame Deer which he knew, grew on its second autumn antlers (its first pair) that were a foot long and had three points on each. A pair with many snags *probably* belonged to an old buck, and yet again an old buck may have mere spikes. Thus it will be seen that anyone pretending to tell the age, by the horns alone, is sure to err. Some of the most remarkable variations are here shown.



Typical antlers of Whitetail (1) and of Mule Deer (2).

The record for points still rests with the pair owned by Mr. Albert Friedrich, of San Antonio, Texas. These are of such superabundant vigor that 78 points appear. The 42-pointer from the Adirondacks and the 35-pointer from Minnesota claim second and third places.

Hariot calls attention to the unique fact that the snags of the horns "look backwards." Caton adds, "thus enabling the animal by bowing his head in battle, as is his habit, to present the tines to the adversary in front. When two meet in the shock of bat-

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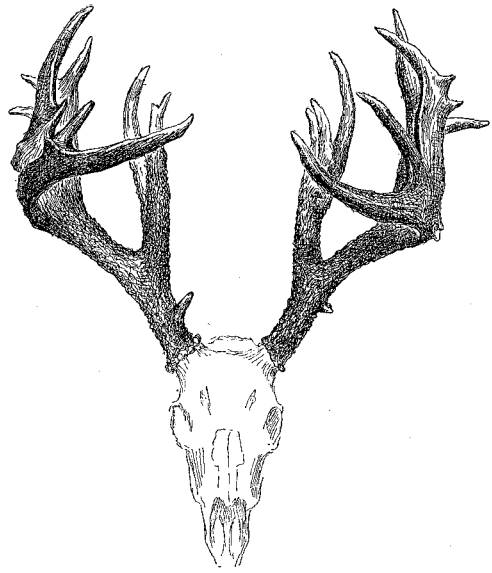
tle thus armed, these antlers form such a complete shield that I have never known a point to reach an adversary." (P. 224.)

But they have an off-setting disadvantage. More in this than in any other American species do we find fatally interlocked antlers. Two bucks struggling for the mastery have in some way sprung their antlers apart, or forced them together, so that they are inextricably intertangled, and death to both combatants is the inevitable finish. It often comes by starvation, and those antler-bound bucks may think themselves lucky if found by their natural enemies and put to a merciful death.



The Bonnechere Head.

From a Topley Studio photograph supplied by Mr. Norman H. H. Lett.

Mr. Stanley Waterloo writes: "In November, 1895, Mr. F. F. Strong, a well-known Chicago business man, and an ardent sportsman, was, with a small party of friends, hunting near Indian River, in Schoolcraft County, Michigan. One day when the party was out, ravens were noticed hovering noisily over a certain spot, and, attracted by curiosity, the hunters sought the cause. Emerging into a comparatively open space in the wood, they made a discovery. For the space of nearly an acre the ground was torn and furrowed by the hoofs of two bucks, and near the centre of the open space lay the bucks themselves, with their horns inextricably locked. One of the Deer was dead and the hungry ravens had eaten both his eyes, though deterred from further feasting by the occasional spasmodic movements of the surviving combatant, whose eyes were already glazing." (*Recreation*, Sept., 1897.)

I remember reading an account of a hunter finding two bucks thus locked, one dead, the other nearly dead. He was a humane man, so went home for a saw and cut the living one free. The moment it felt at liberty it turned its feeble remaining strength on its deliverer and he had much ado to save his own life before he could regain his rifle and lay the ingrate low. I am unable to find the record and give due credit for the story.

Audubon and Bachman tell of *three pairs* of antlers that were interlocked, and a singular case is reported from Antigo, Wis., where Mr. Matt. J. Wahleitner found two pairs of antlers locked together around a five-inch sapling. The photograph shows the horns to be in each case above average size.

An accident of kindred nature is illustrated in the drawing made for the specimen in New York State Museum. It shows the antler of a Deer driven through a tree. (Page 339.)

The feet are much less subject to aberration than the horns, but Dr. E. Coues (Bul. U. S. Geo. Surv.) has described a solid-hoofed Virginia Deer that was sent him by Mr. Geo. A. Boardman, of Calais, Me. In this freak the two central or main hoofs were consolidated as one. A somewhat similar peculiarity has often been seen in pigs, but never before recorded for the Whitetailed Deer.

The hearing and scent of Deer are marvellously acute, but their eyesight is not of the best.

Audubon and Bachman actually considered it imperfect.

"As we have often, when standing still, perceived the Deer passing within a few yards without observing us, but we have often noticed the affrighted start when we moved our position or when they scented us by the wind. On one occasion we had tied our horse for some time at a stand;

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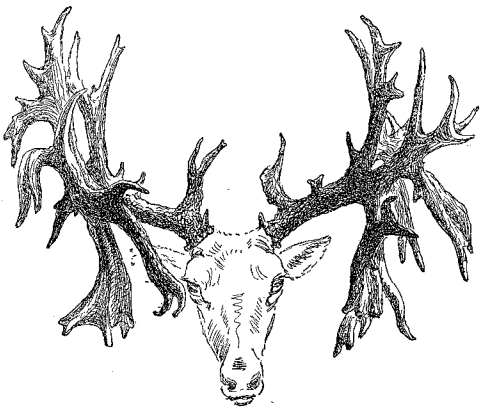

Seventy-eight-point Whitetail killed in Texas.

Spread, 26½ inches.
From photograph by their owner, Mr. Albert Friedrich, of San Antonio, Texas.

on his becoming restless we removed him to a distance. A Deer pursued by dogs ran near the spot where we were standing, without having observed us."

It seems to class all motionless objects down-wind as mere features of the landscape. The hunters take advantage of this weakness to stalk the animal when it is in the open. They run toward it without concealment as long as it is grazing, but the moment it shows by shaking its tail that it is about to raise its head they "freeze"—crouching low and still. The Deer takes its customary look around and lowers its head to feed again, whereupon they repeat the open approach, and thus continue until within easy shot.

I have heard of this trick often and have several times proved it a failure with Antelope. I never tried it on Whitetail Deer, but did it with complete success on a pair of Red Deer in Europe some years ago.

"The Deer is the most silent of animals and scarcely possesses any notes of recognition. The fawn has a gentle bleat that might be heard by the keen ears of its mother at the distance, probably, of a hundred yards. We have never heard the voice of the female beyond a mere murmur when calling her young, except when shot, when she often bleats like a calf in pain. The buck when suddenly started sometimes utters a snort, and we have at night heard him *emitting* a shrill whistling sound, not unlike that of a Chamois of the Alps, that could be heard the distance of half a mile."

In riding through the woods at night in the vicinity of Deer we have often heard them stamp their feet, the bucks on such occasions giving a loud snort, then bounding off for a few yards and again repeating the stamping and snorting, which appear to be nocturnal habits. (Aud. and Bach.)

They have also a louder, coarser snort or challenge, as noted later. Mr. Franklin T. Payne describes some Park bucks that he shipped as "bawling with rage when captured." (*Rec.*, May, 1898.)

"In all our experience, extending over about forty years, we have never but once heard a Deer make use of the voice when seeking a lost mate. This occurred when upon one occasion, having shot at and scattered a band of stags, one of the number, not having seen or scented us, turned back, evidently seeking his leader, and passed close by, making a low, muttering noise like that sometimes uttered by the domestic ram." (A. Y. Walton, *F. & S.*, June 15, 1895.)

The enemies of the Whitetail are, first, the buckshot gun with its unholy confederates, the jacklight and canoe. We hope and believe that two or three years will see them totally done away with—in Deer sport; classed and scorned with the dynamite of the shameless fish-hog. Next is the repeating-rifle of the poacher and pot-hunter. Third, deep snow. It is deep

Thirty-five-point Whitetail from Minnesota.
From photograph by K. H. C., *Recreation*, June, 1897.

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snow that hides their food, that robs them of their speed, that brings them easily within the power of the cougar on his snowshoes; and the human cougar, who, similarly equipped for skimming over the drifts, is mentally as sanguinary and improvident.

The wolves rank high in the list of foes. They have long played seesaw havoc with the Deer in the north. The Deer came in with the settlers on the upper Ottawa. The wolves followed because in the Deer they found their winter support. In the summer the Deer were safe among the countless lakes, and the wolves subsisted on what small stuff they could pick up in the woods. But winter robbed the Deer of the water safe-havens, and then the wolves could run them down by the trick of relay chasing; thus they wintered well.

Forty-two-point Adirondack Buck.
Redrawn from photograph in New York State Fish and Game Report, 1896.

But wintering well meant increasing; the wolves became so numerous that they destroyed their own support, and starvation, followed by extinction, was their lot. Again the Deer recovered locally or drifted in from other regions, and again the wolves increased to repeat their own destruction. This has been the history of the Deer population along most of our frontier where winter is accompanied by deep snow. If we could exterminate the grey wolf we should solve half the question of Deer supply; but there is no evidence that we shall ever succeed in doing so. I find that Mr. E. T. Merrill, after much experience in Deer and wolf country, discredits the stories of wolves running down Deer. He says:*

"I have not yet seen the race between wolves and a Deer that lasted over ten minutes. Either the Deer gets to water or some clearing or road where the wolves will not follow, or else he is killed at once. Very often they drag a Deer down within a few jumps of where he starts. Deer in Michigan and Wisconsin during the winter generally feed along the edge of a swamp under thick hemlocks where there is plenty of ground hemlock, and the wolves generally come in on them from two ways and drive them towards the swamp, and they will nearly always kill them within 40 rods of where they start." This is readily understood in country where Deer and other game animals abound. The wolf knows very well that the Deer is far fleeter than himself and if he fails in that first dash, it is easier for him to go elsewhere and try to surprise or trap another Deer. But when desperately hungry in regions where Deer are not so plentiful the wolves will stick to the one they start and follow to a finish, be it never so far. I have heard the accounts of many old Ontario hunters that entirely support this belief. These views, it will be seen, do not oppose those of Mr. Merrill.

In my own journal I find an instance in point, related to me by Mr. Gordon Wright, of Carberry, Manitoba. During the winter of 1865 he was shantying at Sturgeon Lake, Ontario. One Sunday he and some companions strolled out on the ice of the lake to look at the logs there. They heard the hunting cry of wolves, then a Deer (a female) darted from the woods to the open ice. Her sides were heaving, her tongue out and her legs cut with the slight crust on the snow. Evidently she was hard-pressed and had run for some time. She was coming toward them, but one of the men gave a shout which caused her to sheer off. A minute later six timber wolves appeared, galloping on her trail, heads low, tails horizontal, and howling continuously. They were uttering their hunting cry, but as soon as they saw her they broke into a louder, different note, left the trail and made straight for their prey. Five of the wolves were abreast and one that seemed

* *Sports Afield*, March, 1900, p. 299.

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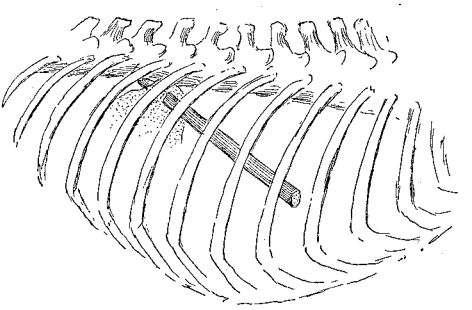
much darker was behind. Within half a mile they overtook the Deer and pulled her down; all seemed to seize her at once. For a few moments she bleated like a sheep in distress; after that the only sound was the snarling and crunching of the wolves as they feasted. Within fifteen minutes nothing was left of the victim but hair and some of the larger bones, the wolves fighting among themselves for even these. Then they scattered, each going a mile or so, no two in the same direction, and those that remained in sight, curled up there on the open lake to sleep. This happened about ten in the morning within three hundred yards of several witnesses.

Mosquitoes, ticks and deerflies are to be listed among the foes of the Deer. The mosquitoes bother them just as they do us. At times they avoid these plagues by sinking themselves in the mud and water. Blue ticks of the Ixodes species are a well-known pest. Mr. G. M. Martin tells me that in the Adirondacks during June and July, he has often seen such hanging on the Deer's leg, sucking their blood. They do not torment them much, but must be a great drain when present in numbers. The deerflies (*Œstrus*), however, are the most annoying of their small enemies.

Catesby says (1731): "Near the sea the Deer are always lean and ill-tasted, and subject to botts breeding in the head and throat." The hunters assure me that this same complaint is found in the north. The worm is known to be the larva of the gad-fly, or deerfly.

Many a man on first seeing Deer dash through the dangerous mazy wreck of a storm-track has wondered how they could escape with their lives. As a matter of fact, they suffer many accidents in their haste. I suppose that not one adult Deer in ten but will show by the scars on legs and belly that it has been snagged many times. One of the strangest cases of the sort is recorded from Montana by Mr. R. C. Fisk.* He shot a doe Whitetail that had driven into her body a "fir branch over a foot long and over half an inch thickness." It had entered between the fourth and fifth ribs on the right side, missed the right lung, pierced the top of the diaphragm and the point of the liver and rested against the under side of the back bone. "That the animal met with this accident while it was yet young," says Mr. Fisk, "I am thoroughly convinced, for the end at the ribs had been entirely drawn into the opening of the heart and lungs and had thoroughly healed on the outside. The skin which I now have shows only the faintest trace of a scar.



The Snag.

Redrawn from Mr. F. C. Fisk's sketch.

"There was not a particle of pus or inflammatory matter of any kind; in fact, the limb, covered as it was with the white skin, exactly resembled one of the long bones of the leg. The animal was healthy and fat and the meat was fine."

The ordinary gait of the Deer is a low smooth bounding, with an occasional high jump. This low bounding is, at its best, I should estimate, according to our scale of speed as set forth in the Antelope, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight miles an hour. The ease with which they cover great spaces is marvellous. I have known a buck clear a four-foot log and fifteen feet of ground in one leap. The high jump taken occasionally is like the spy-hop of jack-rabbits and springbok, for purpose of observation.

In the water the Whitetail are very much at home. They can go so fast that a canoeman must race to overtake them, which means that they go for the time being at over four miles an hour. They are so confident of their power that they invariably make for the water when hunted to extremity. There are many cases on record of Deer so pushed, boldly striking out into the open sea, trusting to luck for finding another shore.

There is a record* of a Deer captured at

**Outdoor Life*, December, 1898.

**F. & S.*, Dec. 6, 1883.

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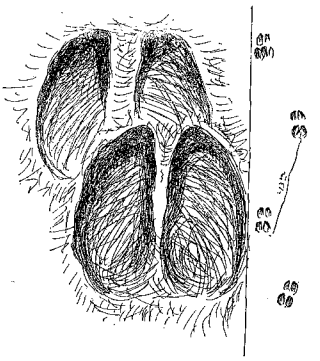
sea near Portland, Me., five miles from shore, and another * of one taken a mile and a half from Sachuest Point, R.I., as it was swimming at full speed away from land. In regions where there is plenty of open water the Deer have little to fear from wolves and nothing at all from unaided dogs. A Deer in summer swims low, little more than the head showing, and when shot usually sinks. In late fall it swims much higher, the back showing. This is due partly to the recently acquired fat which has added more to its bulk than to its weight, but chiefly to the growth of the coat, each hair of which is a little barrel of air adding its flotation to the Deer. As Merriam says: "When the blue coat, which grows very rapidly, is an inch in length, it will, as a rule, float the Deer that carries it and this length is generally obtained about the first of October."†



Right feet of Pig. August 6, 1903.
No clouts. Mud one-half inch deep.

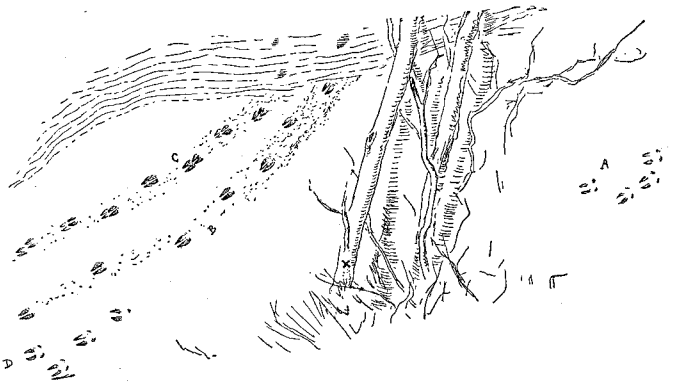
The tracks that are here figured were drawn on the sandy shore of Big Dam Lake, forty miles from Kippewa, Quebec, September 15, 1905, and show the buck, doe, and fawn. The tracks of pig and sheep also are shown in contradiction of the statement that their tracks may often be mistaken for Deer tracks even by the expert.

In the mating season the Red Deer of Europe makes what is known as a "*soiling pit.*" In some open glade he digs a hole in which the rain collects. This he paws and messes till it is what our backwoodsmen would call a regular "dope." With this he plentifully besmears himself, rolling and grovelling in it like a hog that has only partly learned how to wallow. This habit we have seen repeated in our Moose and Wapiti, but it finds an even better development in the Whitetailed Deer.

All our ruminants have a great fondness for salt. They doubtless need it for a tonic and eagerly seek out anything of a salty nature that they can find in their native range. A great variety of soluble minerals seem to satisfy this craving. Merriam calls attention to a place in the Adirondacks where "the Deer had licked the clay, possibly obtaining a trifle of potash, alumina and iron derived from sulphates, decomposing pyrites."

Why they need it, or how often, or whether any individuals form a "habit" and so injure themselves, has not yet been ascertained.

* *F. & S.*, April 4, 1896.
† "Mam. of Adir.," p. 130.



Tracks of Whitetail. Quebec, September 15, 1905.

A. Buck running after Doe. From A to D he cleared, at one bound, 15 feet, and passed over the log X where it is 4½ feet from the ground. B. Doe, coming dripping out of water, steps here about 18 inches, farther on she trotted and the steps are 2½ feet long. Her tracks register well; that is, the hind foot falls in the mark of the front foot. C. A half-grown fawn with the Doe. For some reason its tracks do not register at all. Registering is better walking and especially lends silence to the tread.

How large is the home locality of a Whitetail? Smaller probably than that of any other of the family in America. A Moose or Mule Blacktail may pass all summer on a square mile, but a doe Whitetail "is usually found in the same range, or drive, as it is called, and often not fifty yards from the place where it was started before." (Aud. and Bach.) These same

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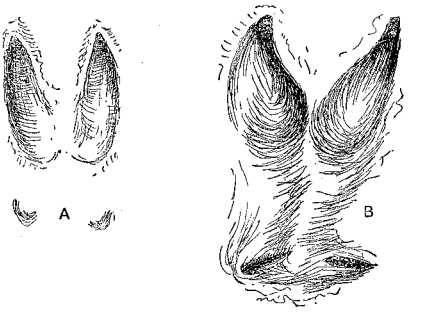
naturalists remark with surprise on their finding a band of Deer that bedded at one place and fed nightly at another "nearly two miles off," and a third case of Deer that daily covered four or five miles between bed and board. These, however, are very exceptional.

All the Ottawa guides that I have consulted agree with me in giving to the individual Whitetail a very limited range. In the Rockies I know that two or three hundred acres will often provide a sufficient homeland for a whole family of them the year around, for the Whitetail, unlike the Wapiti or the Mule Deer, seems to be entirely non-migratory.

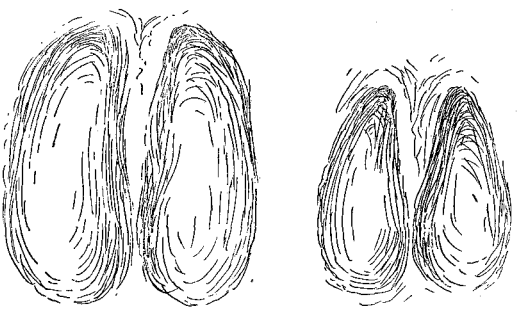


A. Hind foot of Whitetail at full speed. B. Track of right fore foot—Whitetail Buck at full speed; 5½ inches in length.

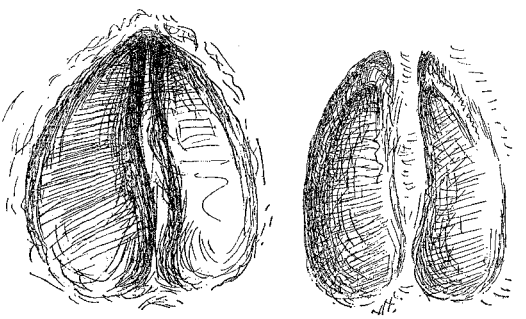
If we begin in the early spring to follow the life of the Whitetail on its Northern range, we shall find that in the month of January the does and bucks are still in company, although according to Audubon and Bachman, it is only during the mating season that the sexes herd together. Many exceptions indeed will be found to their general statement. I think that both males and females are found in the Deer yards throughout the winter and the young bucks may follow their mothers all the year round.

But the melting snow sets all free again. The older bucks go off in twos or threes; the does go their own way in small groups, accompanied by their young of the year before.

All winter they have fed on twigs, moss, evergreens, and dry grass; now the new vegetation affords many changes of nutritious diet, they begin to grow fatter, and the unborn young develop fast. The winter coat begins to drop out and a general sleekness comes on young and old. May sees the doe a renovated being, and usually also sees her alone, for now her six months' gestation is nearing its end. Some day about the middle of the month she slinks quietly into a thick cover, perhaps a fallen tree-top, and there the young are born. They vary in number, according to the age and vigor of the mother. "The first time she has one fawn. If in good order, she has two the following year. A very large and healthy doe often produces three, and we were present at Goose Creek when an immense one, killed by J. W. Audubon, was ascertained on being opened, to contain four large and well-formed fawns. The average number of fawns in Carolina is two, and the cases where three are produced are nearly as numerous as those in which young does have only one at the birth." (Aud. & Bach., "Quad. N. Am.," p. 226.) I have never heard of anyone seeing a doe actually accompanied by *four* fawns, or even *three*. And this recalls a fact that I have often noted. The average number of embryonic young found in



Sheep tracks, front and hind, different sized sheep.



Buck and Doe.

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mammals is greater than the average found in the nest even at an early date.

The Deer Family do not make any pretence at a nest. The home of the young is the *neighborhood* where they are born. They may consider the old fallen tree-top their head-quarters, but they will lie in a different part of it every day. Moreover, in Texas, "we have never known them to lie at this stage of their life as the young of sheep and goats do, almost touching one another, but they lie with more or less distance separating them, never very far apart and never very close together." (A. Y. Walton, *F. & S.*, June 15, 1895.) Their weight at birth is about 4½ pounds (Hornaday). Mr. J. W. Titcomb gives the weight of one at 3¾ pounds (*F. & S.*, March 18, 1899).

The mother visits them perhaps half a dozen times a day to suckle them; I think that at night she lies next them to warm them, although the available testimony shows that in the daytime she frequents a solitary bed several hundred yards away. I suppose that it is only in search of water that she really goes out of hearing of their squeak. If found and handled at this time they play dead, are limp, silent, and unresisting. This is purely instinctive behavior.

Their natural enemies now are numerous. Bears, wolves, panthers, lynxes, fishers, dogs, foxes, eagles, are the most dangerous of the large kinds. But their spotted coats and their death-like stillness are wonderful safeguards. Many hunters maintain that now the fawns give out no scent. Doubtless this means that their body scent is reduced to a minimum, and since they do not travel they leave no foot scent at all. There is one more large creature that some would put on the fawns' list of enemies, so far as I can learn without good reason, and that is—*their own father.* I can believe that another doe coming near, might resent with a blow the attempted liberties of a fawn clearly not her own, but I know of no reason for supposing that in a wild state the buck would injure his offspring, and I do know of several reasons to the contrary; although I have not been able to secure the best evidence of all, namely, proof of a buck going out of his way to defend a fawn.

The mother is ready at all times to render what help she can; and, unless hopelessly overmatched, she is wonderfully efficient. Her readiness to run to the young at their call of distress is, or was, often turned to unfair account by the hunters in the Southwest. They manufactured a reed that imitated the fawn's bleat, and thus brought not only the anxious mother, but sometimes also the prowling cougar and lynx within gunshot.

Natural questions that arise are: Does the mother never forget where she hid her young; can she come back to the very spot in the unvaried woods, even when driven a mile or two away by some dreaded enemy?

In the vast majority of cases the mother's memory of the place enables her to come back to the very spot. Sometimes it happens that an enemy forces the little one to run and hide elsewhere while the mother is away. In such cases she sets to work to ransack the neighborhood, to search the ground and the wind for a helpful scent, listening intently for every sound; a rustle or a squeak is enough to make her dash excitedly to the quarter whence it came. It is probable, though I have no proof of it, that now she *calls* for the fawn, as does a cow or a sheep whose young are missing.

In most cases her hearty endeavors succeed. But there is evidence that sometimes they end in a tragedy,—the fawns, like the children of the story, are lost in the woods.

The Moose and the Wapiti may hide their young two or three days, the Antelope for a week, but the Whitetail fawn is usually left in its first covert for a month or more.

At this age their rich brown coats are set off by rows of pure white spots, like a brown log sprinkled with snow-drops or flecked with sun-spots. This makes a color scheme that is protective as they crouch in the leaves and exquisitely beautiful when displayed on their graceful forms, later on, as they bound or glide by mother's side to the appreciative mirror furnished by their daily drinking-pool.

At four or five weeks of age they begin to follow the mother; this is about the beginning of July, but I examined a fawn that Mr. H. G. Nead found hidden in the grass near Dauphin Lake, Manitoba, on the 22d of August.

Analogy would prove that they begin to eat solid food at this time. They develop rapidly, and become very swift-footed. Some hunters assure one that the young are even swifter than the parents, but this, I

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think, is not so. As already noted, it is a rule that of two animals going at the same rate, the smaller always *appears faster*.

Their daily lives now are as unvaried as the Deer can make them. They rest in some cool shelter during the heat of the morning; about noon they go to their drinking-place. This daily drink is essential, and yet the map shows the Whitetail to be a dweller of the arid plains where no water is. Here, like the Antelope, they find their water-supply in the leaves and shoots of the provident cactus, which is among plants what the camel is among beasts, a living tank and able to store up in times of rain enough for thirsty days to come.

After a copious draught, sufficient to last her all day long, the mother Whitetail, with her family, retires again to chew the cud in their old retreat, where they escape the deer-flies and heat, but suffer the mosquitoes and ticks. As the sun lowers, they get up and go forth stealthily to feed, perhaps by the margin of the forest, where grow their favorite foods, or to the nearest pond where the lily-pads abound, and root, stem, or leaf provides a feast that will tempt the Deer from afar. They munch away till the night grows black, then sneak back to some other part of the home covert—rarely the same bed—where they doze or chew the cud till dawn comes on, when again they take advantage of the half-light that they love and go foraging, till warned by the sunrise that they must once more away.

This is a skeleton of their daily programme in the wilderness, but they modify it considerably for life around the settlement. The noonday visit to the watering-place is dispensed with. Instead they come by night. Foraging in daylight hours is given up. Secret and silent as the coon, the Whitetail family lurk in their coppice all day, and at night go not to the lily-padded shore, but to the fields of grain or clover, turnips or garden truck. Lightly the alert and shadow-like mother approaches the five-foot fence; behind in her track are the two fawns, not even shadowy, for *they are invisible* in their broken coats. A moment she listens, then with a bound she clears the fence, and, followed by the young, she lands in the banquet spread.

Quebec Whitetail.
From photograph by Norman H. H. Lett.

These visits are never during the day, nor are they during the hours of black darkness, for even the Deer require some light to see by. Their favorite time, then, for such a frontier foray is in the moonlight.

The rising of the moon is in all much-hunted regions a signal for the Deer to go forth, and many supposed irregularities in their habits will be found explained on reference to the lunar calendar.

As September wanes there are two important changes in the fawns: first they are weaned, second they shed their spotted—their milk-spotted—coat; they are now fawns of the year. As Caton says, they "are weaned about four months of age, but continue to follow the dam—the males for one year, the females for two years." (P. 308.) The exception to this rule is during that interesting first month of the little ones' lives. Then the older sisters or brothers may be lurking in the neighborhood; they may join the mother at the drinking-place, but during the nursing hours she does not want them near, and if need be takes rude means to prevent their coming.

In September, too, there is a disposition to reunite.

The bucks shed their antlers in January—even earlier, if very vigorous; weeks

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later, if puny. Mr. J. W. Titcomb's tame buck in Vermont shed one antler on the 26th of February, and the second on the 1st of March. When the melting snow leaves the sexes free to seek or shun each other at their will, these turn their unantlered heads from the social herd, and wander off, usually two together, as with most of our horned ruminants.

Bare ground with its sprouting grass and shoots now supplies bountiful food. The surplus energies of the does go to the unborn young, of the bucks to their budding antlers. These appear two to six weeks after the old ones are dropped.

Their growth goes on with the marvellous rapidity already noted for antlers. During the early stages they are so soft as to be almost plastic and every accident is recorded in their shape. By August they are complete, though still in velvet, and by the middle of September the buck has scraped and polished them clean. Until the last two or three weeks the horns have blood-vessels throbbing with blood, have nerves, and are sensitive integral parts of the animal's body. They are of course doomed to die and drop, but in that three months when really dead they are to discharge the office for which they were created. This is well known, but Judge Caton, our great Deer authority, makes a surprising additional statement: "The evidence, derived from a very great multitude of observations, made through a course of years, is conclusive that nature prompts the animal to denude its antlers of the covering at a certain period of its growth, while yet the blood has as free access to the covering as it ever had." That is, while yet the horn is living and sensitive the deer voluntarily subjects itself to the painful operation of skinning them.

Why? There must be a good reason. I can only suppose that the earlier his antlers are cleaned, the sooner he can enter the arena in which wives go to the winner, with obvious advantage to his strain.

All summer he has been living as quietly as the doe, sometimes frequenting the same places, but not seeing her if they chance there together. The margins of the forest and of the lake have powerful charms for him now, not only for their food supply, but because there he knows he can protect himself at once from the torment of the flies and the fiercest summer heat. In Audubon and Bachman we find a most interesting case which shows his method of doing this, as well as the cunning of the old buck. "To avoid the persecution of mosquitoes and ticks, it occasionally, like the Moose in Maine, resorts to some stream or pond and lies for a time immersed in the water, from which the nose and a part of the head only project. We recollect an occasion, when on sitting down to rest on the margin of the Santee River, we observed a pair of antlers on the surface of the water near an old tree, not ten steps from us; we were without a gun, and he was therefore safe from any injury we could inflict on him. Anxious to observe the cunning he would display, we turned our eyes another way, and commenced a careless whistle, as if for our own amusement, walking gradually toward him in a circuitous route until we arrived within a few feet of him. He had now sunk so deep in the water that an inch only of his nose and slight portions of his prongs were seen above the surface. We again sat down on the bank for some minutes, pretending to read a book. At length we suddenly directed our eyes toward him, and raised our hand, when he rushed to the shore, and dashed through the rattling canebrake, in rapid style."

Late September is the season of nuts, and nuts are to the Deer what honey is to the bear. Acorns in particular are its delight and the groves of oaks a daily haunt of the reunited family. The effect of such rich food in quantity is quickly seen. "Indeed," says Caton, "it is astonishing to me how rapidly the buck and the doe will improve as soon as the acorns begin to fall. Ten days are sufficient to change a thin Deer to a fat one, at the time when the summer coat is discarded and the glossy winter dress appears." (P. 308.)

In view of their fondness for acorns it is interesting to note that Sargent's map of the distribution of oaks in America east of the Rockies practically coincides with the range of the Whitetailed Deer.

If the Whitetail had any games or places of meeting we should find them used at this season, when all are fat and free from care. But so far as I have been able to learn they do not slide, play "tag," or "king of the castle," plash or chase each other in circles, or in any way show that they have taken the first steps in the evolution of amusement.

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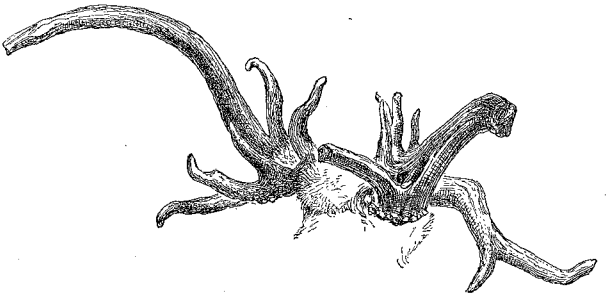
As October comes on, another change sets in with the bucks; their necks begin to swell to extraordinary size and their mating instincts to rouse. Hitherto they have been indifferent to the does when they met by chance, but now they set out to seek them, and of this I saw some signs on the Ottawa as early as the 15th of September.

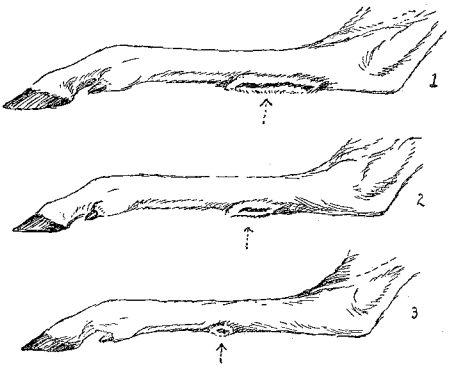


Abnormal antlers of Whitetail.
Redrawn from Caton's figure.

The buck does not gather around him a band of does like the successful bull Wapiti, and it is sometimes said that he does not issue any sort of a challenge. But the following curious paragraph by "Bachelor" shows that he has both the disposition and the voice to challenge at times. "Some years since . . . I was still-hunting in Arkansas. . . . I had been standing several minutes when I heard three successive sounds or noises that were much louder and coarser than the whistle or snort of any Deer I had previously heard. At first I thought it some other animal, but presently he was in sight, and when within about 200 yards of me he ran into a flock of turkeys. He would single one out and chase it away, then another, until he had chased off nine or ten, likely all of the flock, when he returned to the line or track he was following and came on, part of the time trotting and part of the time walking, but all the time travelling as if he were tracking something. When within eighty yards of me he came on my track and stopped, turning half around, giving me a fine shot. He was only a three-point buck, and rather small for a three-pointer, but he seemed to be on the war-path, judging by the way he chased the turkeys, and he seemed to care very little for me. Now I have frequently heard Deer whistle when frightened, and have heard them snort from the same cause, but this Deer made altogether a louder and different noise from either." (*F. & S.*, Oct. 5, 1895.)

George Crawford and Linklater, guides of Mattawa, assure me that at this season the bucks utter a peculiar call like a sheep bleating or like the creaking of two trees rubbing together. As November, the true rutting time, draws near, "the necks of the bucks become enormously enlarged. As early as the last week in October, I measured the neck of a buck that was thirty inches in circumference, only ten inches behind the ear [ordinarily it would have been about twenty around]. The maximum development is attained about the middle of November." (Merriam, p. 116.) Col. Fox speaks of a buck whose neck was thirty-seven inches around.

Their whole nature seems to undergo a corresponding change, and by November they are ready to fight one of their own or



Left hind leg of Mule Deer (1), Coast Deer (2), and Whitetail (3), to show the size of the metatarsal glands, respectively 5, 3, and 1 inch long.

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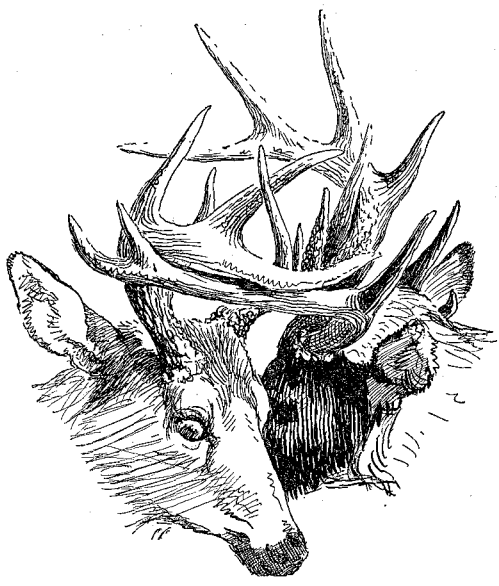
any other kind that seems likely to hinder their search for a mate.

"At this season the bucks not only fight among themselves, but occasionally attack man, and more than one unfortunate person has been gored to death by them. In battle they make use of their horns, and also of their fore feet, whose sharp hoofs are capable of inflicting terrible wounds. I was once sitting quietly on a log in a Deer park when a buck approached, and, making a sudden spring, dealt me such a powerful blow on the head, with the hoofs of his fore feet, as to render me unconscious. No sooner was I thrown upon the ground than the vicious beast sprang upon me, and would doubtless have killed me outright had it not been for the intervention of a man, who rushed at him with a club and finally drove him off." (Merriam, "Mam. Adir.," p. 117.)



Two Whitetail Bucks with locked horns.

Redrawn from Mr. Stanley Waterloo's photograph in *Recreation* for August, 1899.

Mr. J. Parker Whitney relates a similar experience in Maine:

"It is very rare," he says, "that a buck, however large and savage, will charge a stalker without provocation, but occasionally in the mating season when wounded they will charge. I had an encounter of this kind in 1859 on my second visit to this region, from which I escaped with scarcely a scratch, killing a buck which dressed up 230 pounds, with a single heart thrust of my hunting-knife. It was before the day of repeating-rifles. I had barely time to drop my rifle and step aside and draw my hunting-knife when I was borne down into the snow by the weight of the descending buck, which I caught about the neck, and as he rose, drove my knife to the hilt in his chest at the junction of the throat, severing his windpipe and splitting his heart. Death was instantaneous. I had difficulty in withdrawing myself quickly enough to escape the red torrent of life-blood which gushed forth." (*F. & S.*, Dec. 26, 1898.) If, however, the Deer is the conqueror, he never ceases to batter, spear, and trample his victim as long as it shows signs of life.

Several hunters have related to me how, when downed in the snow by some furious buck, they have saved their lives by feigning death.

Their stillness convinced the stag that his revenge was complete, and he slowly withdrew, casting, nevertheless, many a backward glance to satisfy himself that truly his foe was done for.

But it is for the rival of his own race that his weapons are sharpened and his deadliest animosity poured out, and Mr. Whitney's picture of a battle-ground is almost as telling as an account of the veritable fray. "The Deer, timid as supposed, is possessed of an indomitable and persistent courage in conflict with its own kind, and will fight to the extremity of weakness and even death before yielding. I have witnessed a number of scenes this season, where the trampled ground and broken shrubs indicated desperate encounters. One spot, a few miles from the lake, and as lately observed as December 11th, indicated a meeting of particular ferocity. I had tracked a large buck through eight inches of snow. The buck had evidently found several others in conflict, and being a free lance, had a free fight, and had immediately engaged. The snow was completely crushed and tumbled over an area somewhat larger than an ordinary circus ring, and it was decidedly apparent that a stag circus of unusual magnitude had occurred without the supervision of a ring master or the encouraging plaudits

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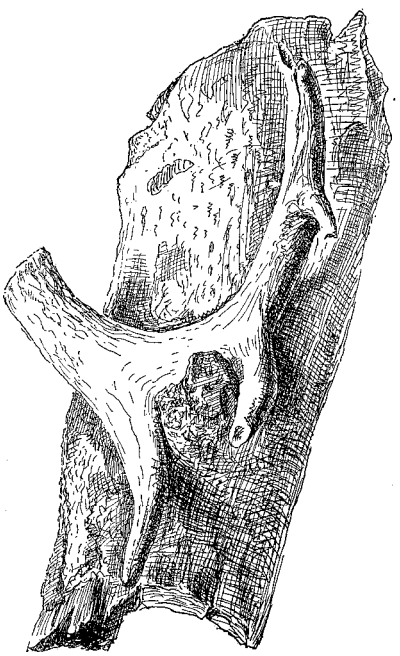
of spectators. I counted five departing trails, and the performance had probably terminated several hours in advance of my arrival. Probably one by one the vanquished had departed, until the acknowledged champion held the field. Such seems to have been the case, as the trails were diverging. One champion exhibited the hasty and ludicrous method of his exit by leaping over a broken tree six feet in height, when a projecting fracture had creased his body the whole length in passing, leaving a bountiful handful of hair and fragmentary cuticle in evidence. This might be accounted a feeling instance of the P. P. C. order of etiquette with the *Cervus* family. The trampled area was flecked with enough hirsute scrapings to fill a good-sized pillow, with occasional spatterings of scarlet coloring." (J. P. Whitney.)

Judge Caton's description of a battle is, I think, fairly representative. There is much effort but little slaughter; still the affair is a success because it decides what they set out to learn, namely, which is the better buck:

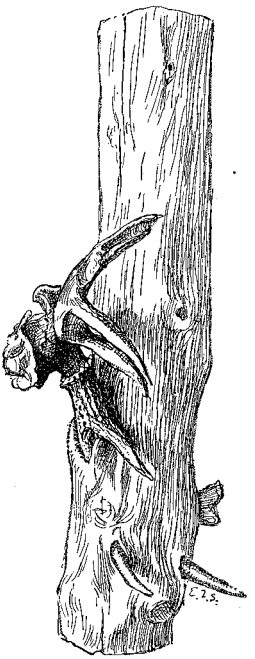
"The battle was joined by a rush together like rams, their faces bowed nearly to a level with the ground, when the clash of horns could have been heard at a great distance; but they did not again fall back to repeat the shock, as is usual with rams, but the battle was continued by pushing, guarding, and attempting to break each other's guard, and goading whenever a chance could be got, which was very rare. It was a trial of strength and endurance, assisted by skill in fencing and activity. The contest lasted for two hours without the animals being once separated, during which they fought over perhaps half an acre of ground. Almost from the beginning both fought with their mouths open, for they do not protrude the tongue prominently, like the ox, when breathing through the mouth. So evenly matched were they that both were nearly exhausted, when one at last suddenly turned tail to and fled; his adversary pursued him but a little way. I could not detect a scratch upon either sufficient to scrape off the hair, and the only punishment suffered was fatigue and a conciousness of defeat by the vanquished."



Antler of Virginia Deer embedded in tree trunk.

Locality New York State.

From photograph of specimen in New York State Museum, by courtesy of Director John M. Clarke.



Deer horn embedded in oak.

Specimen in New York State Museum. Drawn from photograph supplied by the Director of the Museum.

Inscribed: "This portion of an oak tree with a Deer's head and horns was taken from a forest in the State of Michigan. It is believed that the tree was between 40 and 50 years old. Presented to the Museum by the Hon. William Kelly, of Rhinebeck, Nov. 24, 1859."

Many observations and inquiries lead me to conclude that the buck Whitetail is usually seen with one doe, sometimes with two, rarely with three, never with more; so that, though far from monogamous and very flagrantly bigamous, he is still the least polygamous of our Deer.

In this connection I note with interest that often the buck is seen leading the band, whereas in the polygamous Wapiti and Red Deer, the leader is usually an old doe. One naturally asks the question, Is female lead-

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ership a penalty of polygamy? It would seem an inevitable outcome of the approved doctrine—that the majority must be right.

In mid December, after this the climax of their lives is over, the jealousies, the animosities, the aspirations of the males, the timidities and anxieties of the females are gradually forgotten.

The Mad Moon has waned, a saner good fellowship persists, and now the Whitetails, male, female, and young, roam in bands that are larger than at any other time of year. Food is plentiful, and they fatten quickly, storing up, even as do squirrel and beaver, for the starvation time ahead, only the Deer store it up in their persons where it is available as soon as needed, where it helps to cover them from the cold, and whence it cannot be stolen except over their dead bodies and by a burglar stronger than the householder himself.

Thus they wander in their own little corner of the wilderness till deepening snows cut down their daily roaming to a smaller reach, and still deeper till their countless tracks and trails, crossing and recrossing, make many safe footways where the food is best. Though round about them twenty feet away is the untrodden and deep-lying snow, that walls them in and holds them prisoners fast, until its melting sets them free to live these many chapters over again.

Experience shows that young Whitetails taken after they have begun to run with the mother are so fully possessed of the feral nature that in spite of all efforts, they remain wild and distrustful for the rest of their days. But caught during the hiding period of infancy, they are as easy to tame as puppies. Nevertheless, those who are tempted by opportunity should be warned that a Deer is the most treacherous of pets. The only change that domestication makes in them is to rob them of their fear of man. Their fierce combative disposition is there and ever ready to break out. Not only children and women, but many strong men have met with tragic ends from some tame Deer—doe as often as buck—that was supposed to be the gentlest, loveliest creature on earth.

Merriam says: "Both my father and myself have been knocked flat on the ground by being struck in the abdomen by the fore feet of a very harmless looking doe." (P. 117.)

I recollect a case that happened during my early life near Lindsay, Ontario. A tame Deer was confined in a certain orchard. The grandmother from the next farm was paying a call and chanced to take a short cut through that orchard. Hours afterward they found the shapeless remains of her body, cut and trampled to rags by the feet of the pet Deer that she had fed a hundred times.

One might easily collect scores of instances to show that our American species, not only the bucks in autumn, but bucks, or does, in spring, summer, autumn or winter, after the second year may become dangerous animals, and are almost sure to do so if not fully inspired with fear of man.

It is the opinion of all who have studied them that a tame Deer is more dangerous than a tame bear; a bear one knows is to be watched, and he has some respect for his friends; a Deer is always unsafe for everyone, and no man in his senses will ever expose himself or his family to the possible treachery of such a pet.

There is no probability that the Whitetail will ever serve man in any domestic capacity, but it may in a different way. By reason of its singular adaptability and gifts, it is the only one of our Deer that can live contentedly and unsuspectedly in a hundred acres of thicket. It is the only one that can sit unconcernedly all the day long while factory whistles and bells are sounding around it, and yet distinguish at once the sinister twig snap that tells of some prowling foe as far away, perhaps, as the other noises. It is the only one that, hearing a hostile footfall, will sneak around to wind the cause, study its trail, and then glide, catlike, through the brush to a farther haven, without even trying to see the foe or give him a chance for a shot. It is the least migratory, the least polygamous, the least roving as well as the swiftest, keenest, shyest, wisest, most prolific, and most successful of our Deer. It is the only one that has added to its range; that in the North and West has actually accompanied the settler into the woods, has followed afar into newly opened parts of New England and Canada, that has fitted its map to his, that can hold its own on the frontier. I shall always remember a scene at a mining camp in Gilpin County, Colorado, some

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years ago. The Whitetail Deer was known to have come into the region quite recently and the Mule Blacktail was growing scarce. A man came in and said as he stamped off the snow, "I just scared up a couple of Deer on the ridge." An old hunter there became interested at once; he was minded to go, and reached for his gun. But stopping, he said, "Whitetail or Blacktail?" "Whitetail," was the reply. "That settles it, a Blacktail I could get, but a scared Whitetail knows too much for me."

He sat down again and resumed his pipe.

The Whitetail is the American Deer of the past, and the American Deer of the future. I have no doubt that whatever other species drop out of the hard fight, the Whitetail will flourish in all the region of the plough, as long as there are sentiments and laws to give it a season of respite each year.

In some ways it is no better game than others that could be named, but its habits fit it in an unusual degree to continue in all parts of the country.

As a domestic animal it is a failure; but it may have another mission. The hunter makes the highest type of soldier, and the Whitetail makes the highest type of hunter that is widely possible to-day. The Whitetail trained the armies of the Revolution—even as the Antelope of the Veldt trained the Boers, and may supply the vital training of the country's armies in the future. When this people no longer has need of armies, when the nations learn war no more, and men cease to take pleasure in beautiful wild life—then only can we afford to lose the Whitetail Deer.

THE CAMP-FIRE

By William Lucius Graves

I

FLAMES!
Out of the throbbing, crimson heart o' the fire,
Flickering tongues a-leap to the pallid moon!
Flare of sudden scarlet against the leaves
Fluttering overhead; and splashes of light
On the wind-blown, wavering smoke
Starred in its misty gray with scintillant sparks
That whirl aloft in a riot of scattering gold
And vanish against the night.

II

Swiftly the soft-winged hours flee, and the moon,
Shrunken and yellow, into the west dies down,—
And the fire sinks with the moon.
Lambent currents of blue play o'er the crumbling logs
That suddenly fall apart with a tingle of crisping coals
Rose-red in the silvery ash.
Then, but glimmering embers; and close in the wood
A whip-poor-will's eerie crying, shrill and sweet.
Dying moon, and fainting, murmurous breeze,
And fire smouldering low in the fragrant dark,—
Good-night, good-night. At the breathless edge of dream
The world hangs tremulous, under the steady stars.

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THE HOAR-FROST

By Helen Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

TO the Crimson Rambler, there was a tremendous satisfaction in convincing Mr. Puddleston that his retreat from Turkey had been a financial benefit to the Puddleston Iron Company.

Carthwaite's Anabasis had compelled the old man's attention in its disciplined readiness to shoulder responsibility, and its surprising command of business resources.

As commanding general, Mr. Puddleston recognized that here his young lieutenant had displayed more ability than in the guerilla methods of warfare he had adopted in selling pig-iron.

For the man who, apparently defeated and forced to retreat, could, on the return march, capture a larger order for rails than the one he went out to do battle for, was a man after Mr. Puddleston's own heart.

Billy immediately received orders to report daily to Mr. Puddleston, and recognized in the summons the old man's tacit approval. But he also saw that he must postpone the visit he had hoped to make at once to his fiancée, Catharine Mittigan.

Catharine, however, always understood the proportions of a business proposition; and Billy, more than ever dependent upon her letters, stopped at the Puddleston post-office every morning, on his way to the works to see whether his lock-box contained any personal mail.

Catharine, too, had an attractive way of exhibiting her wares; presenting for his impartial selection, suggestions useful to Carthwaite, as the Crimson Rambler—the red-headed representative of the Puddleston Iron Company—but deftly concealing at the bottom of her show-case any information which might be detrimental to the great Marpen Works, of which her father was president.

In the letter Billy had just finished reading, she mentioned a rumor that the Liberty Car Spring Company—also located at Marpen—was making experiments preparatory to the manufacture of its own steel.

As the Liberty Company bought weekly from Puddleston five hundred tons of spring steel—its making a jealously guarded trade secret—Billy gladly pocketed the information, and, as he entered Mr. Puddleston's office, wondered when he would find a use for it.

Mr. Puddleston removed his spectacles, clasped his hands under his head and leaned back in his desk chair. He was in high good-humor; a big order from Wadleigh, the company's foreign sales agent, having just come in.

"I'd be willin' to bet," he said, "Wadleigh made that sale with a Pamphagonian." Then, noting Billy's puzzled face, he asked, "Never taste one of Wadleigh's cocktails, son?"

Carthwaite shook his head negatively. "Where did he get such a name?" he asked.

"Oh, Wadleigh's a queer duck, always 'readin' some ol' book o' rother. Pamphagonia, in a satire written two or three centuries ago, was the lan' of gluttons; 'n the drink itself has twenty-seven ingredien's—sister can make 'em—I'll have her give you one some day."

"Wadleigh only gave me *tea*," murmured Billy ruefully.

"Tea! *Tea!*" ejaculated Mr. Puddleston, in derisive mirth at this admission. "Of course I know tea's well 'nuff when you can't help yourself—when you're sick 'r in 'n Englishman's office; but f'r two able-bodied Americans t' drink tea ev'ry aft'noon jus' because they're in London, is both interruptious an' demoralizin' to business."

Carthwaite laughed. "I should think the Pamphagonian might be more so."

"The Pamphagonian's a seller," was his chief's decisive answer; "there's its value. I'm only an ol' stage-man'jer anyhow, Carthwaite," Mr. Puddleston went on more seriously; "I jus' stop behin' in the wings; you younger fellows 'r the ones we're all lookin' to. 'N if you choose t' 'nsert any '*business*' between your lines to make the play go, it's all one to me. The Pamphagonian's Wadleigh's '*business*'; at the las'

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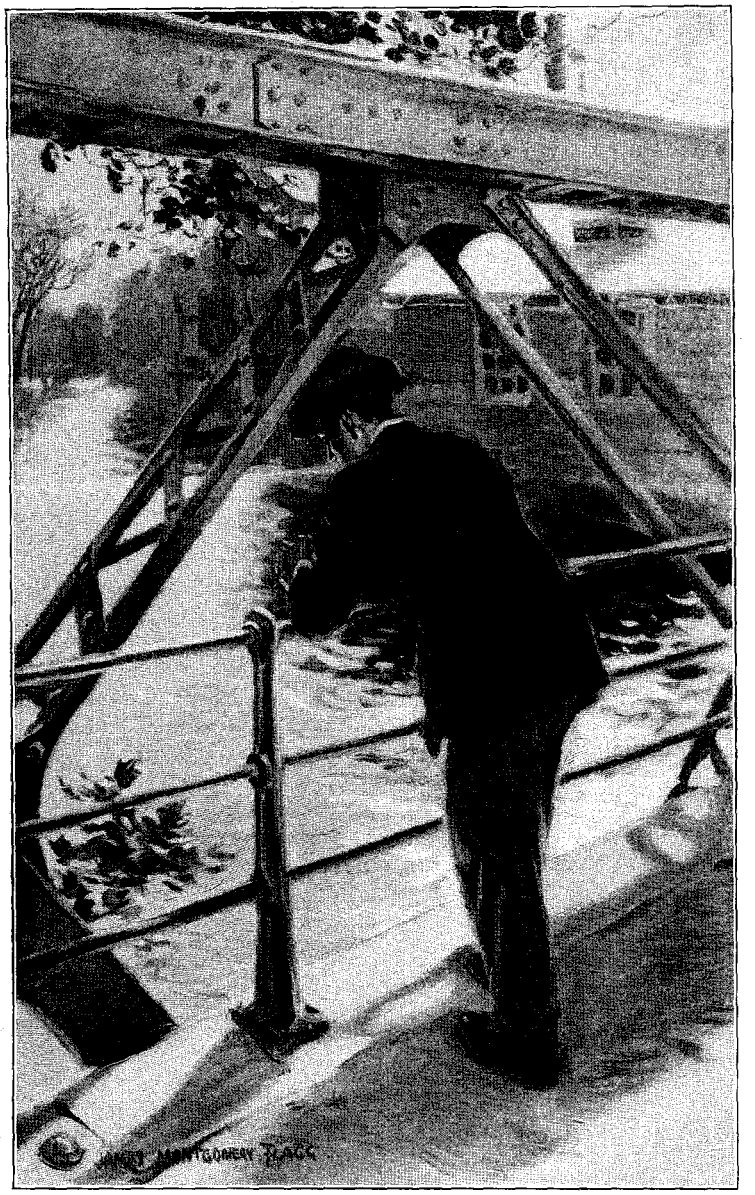

He paused to look over the railing.—Page 344.

worl's fair, it sol' more steel 'n Wadleigh could ever'v sol' 'thout it. People'd a heap sight rather deal with The Crimson Rambler th'n with 'our' Mr. Carthwaite."

"It seems rather hard that my only claim to attention should be the color of my hair," returned Billy.

"Titles, 'n princ'pal'ties, 'n pow'rs may come later," said Mr. Puddleston briefly. "This is a big Russian order Wadleigh's sent in; but what I want to talk to you 'bout now"—Mr. Puddleston settled to business—"is somethin' at the en' of his letter. D'ju happen to meet any Englishman named Whitford when you were in London? Seems he's comin' over, 'n Wadleigh asks me, as a personal favor, to show him how we make our spring steel."

"You don't usually admit visitors to your spring-steel exhibit," Billy reminded him.

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Mr. Puddleston yawned and stretched his arms. "Only fools 'n women," was the laconic admission.

"Yes, I met Mr. Whitford," said Carthwaite, "for a few moments one day in Wadleigh's office."

"Well?"

"He's the Liberty Car Spring Company's foreign agent."

"Humph!" said the old man. "I didn't know that."

Then Billy carefully unfolded Catharine's tidbit. "Have you heard," he asked, "that they are trying to manufacture their own steel?"

Mr. Puddleston let his chair fall to its normal position. His keen eyes searched Carthwaite's impassive features. "Like to 'blige Wadleigh," he mused aloud, "p'rticularly after 'n order like this, but if that's the Liberty Company's little racket, don't see how I c'n. I'm goin' to Washin'ton at noon to-day for the res' of this week, 'n he ought to get here day after to-morrow. Comin' so direc' from Wadleigh, I can't sen' him to the hotel." Mr. Puddleston turned toward the younger man as he awakened to Whitford's possible importance. "I'll 'phone sister, 'n Carthwaite ,you step over t' the house 'n see t' helpin' Jane out—she'll be flustered a bit, but she'll make him comf't'ble—'n then you c'n spen' the res' of your time pr'tectin' that process."

"How would it do to shut down for repairs?" asked Billy, somewhat appalled at his new duties.

"Not much. I'm a believer in pr'tection. What 'r we employin' a Crimson Rambler for, if he can't thrus' out a thorn or two in a 'mergency?" and Mr. Puddleston closed the interview with a benevolent grin.

Nature had given to Puddleston that fall a week's reprieve in the matter of weather. The smoky old town was enfolded in the mellow radiance of Indian summer.

Carthwaite, preferring to walk to Mr. Puddleston's home, rustled on through a carpet of leaves, the soft breeze blowing about him showers of gold and crimson.

For the problem Mr. Puddleston had given him there was no published manual of answers. On the surface, this proposal, which Wadleigh had made innocently enough, was legitimate—the foreign agent of one of Puddleston's best customers asking to see the process by which the steel his company used was made. But Catharine's intimation of Liberty's plan was like a gentle trade-wind which no cautious mariner could disregard.

Billy pulled his soft felt hat down over his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets, and strode on, until he reached the centre of the river bridge, where he paused to look over the railing. On the surface of the swift waters beneath him a branch of gorgeous maple leaves was whirled along, like some pleasure barge with painted sails and pennons fluttering in the sun. At the dam it was submerged in the rush of waters, to reappear a little further down-stream, its sails now furled, its colors drenched and draggled.

As he watched the trifling incident, Carthwaite sighed aloud, "There's always the danger; one's ideas and achievements, no matter how brilliant, may be as suddenly engulfed by any adverse tide," and he began studying how far, in the struggle before him, business shrewdness was in itself justifiable. If the process were to be stolen and utilized, any practical steel worker, such as Whitford undoubtedly was, could, on sight, readily secure the cue he wanted.

Carthwaite stood ready to protect spring steel, but the question was, *how* to do it?

By the time he had reached his destination he had so many times revolved the subject in his mind without reaching any conclusion that his ideas had become congested. He determined to side-track his train of thought; to devote himself, for the present, to Miss Jane's assistance, trusting to some latent motive power suddenly to appear and clear the right of way.

The Puddleston house was a great red brick mansion set in a fine lawn, sloping gently to a surrounding wall of brick, which at regular intervals formed square pillars supporting urns. The furnishings, like the house, were on a generous scale: deep-seated chairs, wide poster beds, great chests of drawers, and massive tables.

But now its serene and stately quiet was disturbed; and as he entered the front gate Billy viewed with true masculine consternation the evident signs of a domestic upheaval.

Miss Jane was cleaning house.

From the outside street no new-fangled machine thrust snake-like coils inside her

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"It takes manœuv'rin' these days to keep clean."—Page 346.

closed windows, to raise the frightened nap of her carpets while seeking the hiding-places of hoarded dust.

Miss Jane's methods, if old-fashioned, were effective.

From every open window hung some signal of distress; from every open door came sounds of conflict.

Pressed on every side by her well-ordered cohorts, the Puddleston Lares and Penates

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Proceeded to cover them carefully with a coating of whitewash.—Page 349.

had retreated into the open. On the wide front porch, and in the great halls they gathered, making a last gallant stand.

But Miss Jane was merciless.

No range-finder seeking a distant enemy was ever more accurate than her keen eyes in penetrating the most remote particles of dust. She pursued her advantage until her step-ladders scaled the walls and the last bit of drapery fell at her feet.

From an upper window she espied Carthwaite coming up the brick walk, and, her face flushed with the heat of battle, steamed to the front door to meet him

She was in full house-cleaning panoply. About her ample waist she had pinned, as far as it would encircle, the gingham apron of one of her trim housemaids; on her plump white hands she wore a pair of her brother's gloves, much too large of finger and unbuttoned at the wrist; while her soft gray hair was covered by a pink sweeping-cap.

"I just whirled in," she volunteered by way of greeting, as they both sat down on the front piazza steps, "as soon's I got rid of brother this mornin', and, beginnin' with his buggy, we're goin' to clean from the ground up It takes manœuv'rin' these

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days to keep clean, with feather-dusters and automobiles raisin' dust inside and out. The Lord don't often send John to Washington and give me a week of such weather beside; and, now 't all the company rooms are torn up, here's this Englishman comin'! I don't mean to be inhospitable, but it's enough to 'xasperate a saint."

"But not the spirit of hospitality," said Billy adroitly when Miss Puddleston paused for breath, "that dwells in you, Miss Jane, and is ineradicable."

"I don't know about *that*. When a body's gettin' ready for a God-blessèd lonesome and can't have it, it's rilin'. I've always spoiled Brother John, and then I'm always s'prised when I reap the consequences."

"Never mind," was Carthwaite's soothing rejoinder; "this man, Whitford, won't be here long, and I'll take him off of your hands as much as possible. Why can't he occupy Mr. Puddleston's room, if you haven't disturbed it?"

To Miss Jane this suggestion was little less than sacrilege, and, as a means of extrication from her present difficulty, had not even occurred to her. Had anyone less of a favorite with her than Carthwaite proposed it she would have ruthlessly turned it down.

After a wavering pause she consented with a "Well, I suppose he could. He'll have to," she added briskly, "or go 'round to the hotel."

"You'd never permit that alternative, I know. Mr. Puddleston would consider it a poor sort of welcome to offer Mr. Wadleigh's friend."

"Well, now 't that's off my mind," Miss Jane continued, "you come right along upstairs and give me your advice about somethin' else."

She led the way through the hall, puffing slowly up the staircase to the floor above, where she knelt before that household shrine —the linen closet.

Contrasting it with the surrounding confusion, Billy gazed into its immaculate recesses in awed silence.

Miss Jane removed her gloves. "How do you s'pose," she asked tremulously, "the creature likes his bed-linen scented—with lavender or citronalis?"

Whitford.

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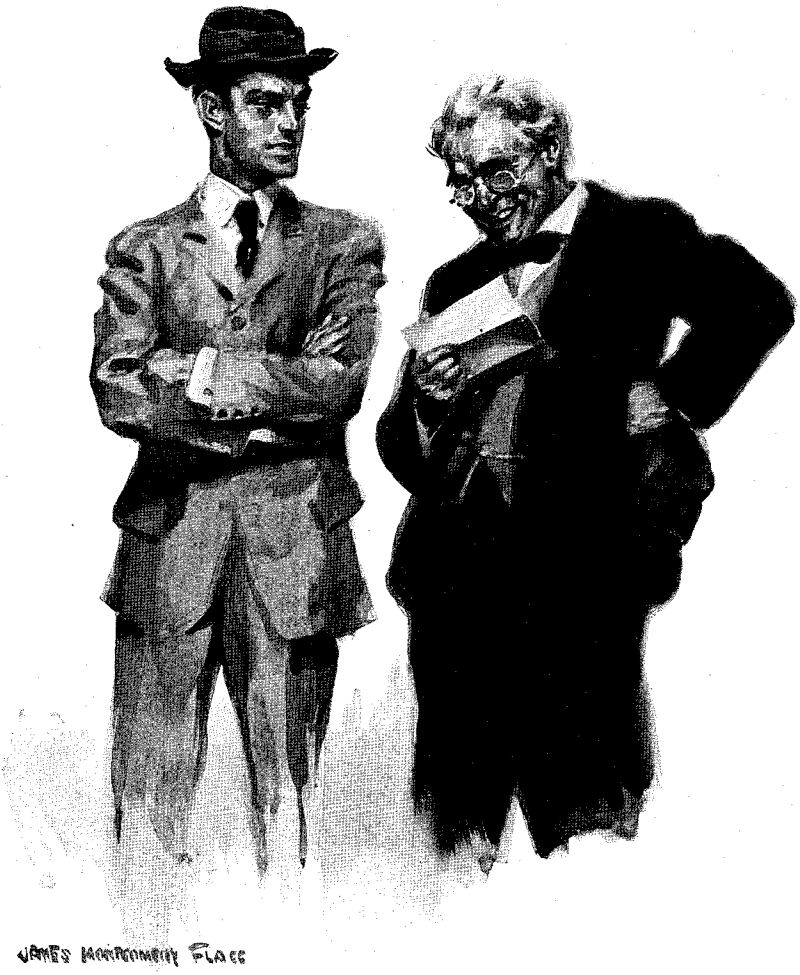

Carthwaite was quietly enjoying the old man's mirth.—Page 350.

Billy recognized the importance of the inquiry, and cautiously fenced.

"Which," he asked, "does Mr. Puddleston like?"

"Citronalis; there's somethin' about the smell of the lemon verbena," Miss Jane said, as she lovingly handled it, sifting over the linen some of the drying leaves, "that brother says reminds him of an old Southern garden he saw after the war."

Billy weighed his words judiciously. "I think, if I were you, Miss Jane, I'd use lavender for Mr. Whitford."

Miss Jane smiled up at him gratefully and, selecting a snowy pile, she nodded to Carthwaite to follow, while she led the way to Mr. Puddleston's room to deposit it.

Billy, preparing to give his best critical attention to further demands on his advice, leaned against the mantel, but as he did so his elbow struck something which slipped out of place. Turning quickly, he saw that he had overturned an old daguerreotype. As the light fell upon it he was startled to see Catharine Mittigan's face smiling sweetly back at him. Then, recognizing the absurd anachronism of Catharine in a daguerreotype, he saw only that it was a truly remarkable resemblance—a Catharine in old-fashioned costume with a somewhat archaic arrangement of hair.

Miss Jane was, however, too quick for him to linger over the fading features. Swooping down upon it, she carefully closed

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the case and turned the small hook with which it was fastened. She then gathered it into her apron, where she had been busily collecting, for removal, all of Mr. Puddleston's more personal belongings.

Billy saw that he had unwittingly strayed across the threshold of a silent past, and withdrew as gracefully as possible by making some teasing comment on the uselessness of housecleaning.

Miss Jane was up in arms. "You men are all alike—so long's your stomachs are full, it's all you care for." She laughed good-humoredly. "Come, tell me what to give you to eat, for I expect you to eat with him, and then go 'long back to the Works, for I've got no time now to waste talkin'."

Billy took his dismissal gayly. "I'll come fast enough, Miss Jane; I was only hanging around hoping you would ask me. Give us all the good things I like best," he said from the stairs; "the hotel feed has been rather poor lately."

"You poor boy!" cried Miss Jane, her ready sympathy enlisted; then the pressure of her duties falling again upon her, she called over the baluster: "If you don't mind goin' out the back way, I wish you'd tell some of 'em out by the stables to put fresh whitewash on all the stones edgin' the carriage drive."

The word "whitewash" lingered portentously in Carthwaite's mind as he went to do her bidding. He could not rid himself of it. By the time he had reached the street-car, he was thinking hard on the uses of whitewash; it would protect trees from certain kinds of insects; it would make paths plain on a dark night; and it would—what would it do to ferromanganese? *That* he would experiment with in the privacy of his room at the old Puddleston Hotel.

That night, behind locked doors, Billy, in his shirt sleeves, spread a newspaper across his table, placed thereon some samples of ferromanganese—whose use Mr. Puddleston wished to protect in his manufacture of spring steel—and then proceeded to cover them carefully with a coating of whitewash.

In the morning, when he leaped out of bed, he found on his table several fine specimens of limestone.

A twentieth-century Midas; for, if his touch were not golden, at least the transformation meant gold to the Puddleston Iron Company.

Billy grinned contentedly as he splashed about in his cold tub, grinned contentedly as he watched the men at the Works carrying out his idea.

House cleaning had served its purpose. Come Whitford! Come any representative of the Liberty Car Spring Company—he was ready!

So indeed also, in spite of her protestations, was Miss Jane Puddleston, who, on the night of the Englishman's arrival, gave the two men a dinner which disarmed criticism. All the dishes Billy liked best; all the dishes Whitford couldn't help liking—with a Pamphagonian cocktail—Wadleigh's own recipe—to start with.

"I'm in your hands, then," said Whitford, as the two men drove early to the Works the following day, and Carthwaite had again been regretting Mr. Puddleston's unavoidable absence. "I have come to see everything—everything," he repeated, affably general. "You do it all so well over here, with your remarkable short-cut processes, and that sort of thing. It will be the English parent, you know, learning again from the American child."

"The American child," Carthwaite replied with cool civility, "has always been precocious; our American parent occupies an attitude of deferential obedience, and only learns what it's proper for him to know."

"Ah?" returned his guest. "But the American of any age is always courteous to the foreigner."

"Company manners," warned Billy laughingly. "This is where we make our spring steel," he explained, as he and his companion entered one of the buildings. "As that is the steel your company buys from us, I suppose you'll be interested in seeing how we make it."

"It is especially that I came to see."

"Mr. Puddleston doesn't usually admit visitors here, but with you, Mr. Whitford, it's a case of 'all in the family.'"

"Parent and child again?"

"Exactly."

Whitford watched the workmen in absorbed silence, interrupting it occasionally to ask an earnest question.

Billy watched his visitor and replied guardedly.

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"I say," cried Whitford suddenly as he saw the great ladle being filled. "How extraordinary! I had no idea you made use of limestone."

"No?" Carthwaite asked gravely. "It *is* a rather surprising feature."

Evidently the Englishman was impressed. "Fancy, limestone!" he repeated. "Only an American could have puzzled that out."

Carthwaite, thinking of the American child, repressed a smile.

At the railway station, after a busy day, throughout which Billy never left his guest's side, Whitford again expressed his gratitude for being allowed to enter Mr. Puddleston's *sanctum sanctorum*.

"You're willing, then," asked Billy, "to have passed in under the usual category?"

"How is that?"

"Mr. Puddleston says he only allows fools and women in there."

"Ha! ha! Clever that, very clever! I am willing to call myself anything—anything! But, although I may have entered a fool, the mantle of Mr. Puddleston's wisdom has covered my deficiencies," and Whitford waved a genial hand in farewell as the train bore him away.

Almost immediately after Whitford's departure Carthwaite was called away from Puddleston on business, so that for some days he and the old man did not meet. As together they walked through the works one morning, toward the structural steel plant, Billy steered him past a pile of his "limestone" still unused.

"What is that rock over there, Mr. Puddleston?" he asked, waving an indicating thumb in its direction.

Mr. Puddleston looked at the rock and then at Carthwaite to see if his question was made in good faith. Carthwaite was serious.

Then he turned on the young man and asked somewhat huffily: "Have you been in the steel business half a dozen years, 'n don't know plain common or garden limestone when you see it? If so, 'tis time you learned it," walking toward it.

Billy followed meekly. "We had a sudden drop in temperature, when Mr. Whitford was here," he began.

But Mr. Puddleston wouldn't have it. "What's that got to do with your question, young man? I've found the weather uncommonly pleas—— Look here, Carthwaite," Mr. Puddleston said severely, suddenly interrupting himself, "what the deuce you been up to now?"

"Frosting cake for company," Billy answered. "I am new at it," he apologized, "and prepared a little too much."

"Own up," said Mr. Puddleston, beginning to recognize the ferromanganese where he had scraped off a bit of its covering.

And Billy did.

In one of the sparse intervals of the old man's boisterous merriment, as Billy told his story, he pulled from his pocket a letter written over the signature of the president of the Liberty Car Spring Company.

"I guess," said Mr. Puddleston, breaking out afresh, "they've given up tryin' to make spring steel out 'v limestone. Listen," and he quoted, "Beginning with the first of January next, please double our order for spring steel'—d'ju understan' that, eh?" giving Billy a playful dig in the ribs. "That's one thousan' tons a week 'stead of five hundred."

Carthwaite was quietly enjoying the old man's mirth.

"The Crimson Rambler's found a use for its thorns, too," pursued the old man. "After all's said and done, it's as useful a plant as we've got on the premises."

"Everything," said Billy, after a pause, "depends upon the gardener."

Mr. Puddleston laughed.

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Chaucer's Roundel.

I

Your two eyn will sle me sodenly
I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

And but your words will helen hastely
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

Upon my trouthe I sey you faithfully
That ye ben of my life & deth the queene;
For which my deth the crouth shal be
sene.
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

II

So hath youre beautee fro youre herte chased
Pitee that me n'availeth nat
to pleyn;
For daunger halt youre
mercy in his cheyne.

Giltles my deth thus ye have purchased;
I sey you sooth, me needeth not to feyn:
So hath youre beautee fro youre herte
chased.

Alas, that nature hath in you compassed
So grete beaute, that no man may
atteyn
To mercy, though he sterve forthe peyn.
So hath youre beautee fro youre
herte chased.

III

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
I wot wel thinke ther I am in his prison lene
Syn I am fre I counte him not a bene

He may answer, and sey this and
that,
I do no fors, I speak right as I mene;
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
And he is strike out of my bokes clene;
Forever mo there is no other mene,
Syn I fro love escaped, am so fat.

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HENRIK IBSEN

By James Huneker

I

HENRIK IBSEN was the best hated artist of the nineteenth century. The reason is simple: He was, himself, the arch-hater of his age. Yet, granting this, the Norwegian dramatist aroused in his contemporaries a wrath that would have been remarkable even if emanating from the fiery pit of politics; in the comparatively serene field of æsthetics such overwhelming attacks from the critics of nearly every European nation testified to the singular power displayed by this poet. Richard Wagner was not so abused; the theatre of his early operations was confined to Germany, the Tannhäuser fiasco in Paris being a unique exception. Wagner, too, did everything that was possible to provoke antagonism. He scored his critics in speech and pamphlet. He gave back as hard names as he received. Ibsen never answered, either in print or by the mouth of friends, the outrageous allegations brought against him. Indeed, his disciples often clouded the issue by their unsolicited, uncritical championship. In Edouard Manet, the revolutionary Parisian painter and head of the so-called impressionist movement—himself not altogether deserving the appellation—we have an analogous case to Wagner's. Ridicule, calumny, vituperation, pursued him for many years. But Paris was the principal scene of his struggles; Paris mocked him, not all Europe. Even the indignation aroused by Nietzsche was a comparatively local affair. Wagner was the only man who approaches Ibsen in what may be called the massiveness of his martyrdom. Yet Wagner had his consolations. His music-drama, so rich in color and rhythmic beauty, his romantic themes, his appeal to the eye, his friendship with Ludwig of Bavaria, at times placated his fiercest detractors. Manet painted one or two successes for the official Salon; Nietzsche's brilliant style and faculty of coining poetic images were acclaimed, his philosophy declared detestable. Robert Browning never felt the heavy hand of public opinion as did Ibsen. We must go back to the days of Byron and Shelley for an example of such uncontrollable and unanimous condemnation. But, again, Ibsen tops them all as victim of storms that blew from every quarter; from Norway to Austria, from England to Italy, from Russia to America. There were no mitigating circumstances in his *lèse-majesté* against popular taste. No musical rhyme, scenic splendor, or rhythmic prose, acted as emotional buffers between him and his audiences. His social dramas were condemned as the sordid, heartless productions of a mediocre poet, who wittingly debased our moral currency. And as they did not offer as bribes the amatory intrigue, the witty dialogue, the sensual arabesques of the French stage, or the stilted rhetoric and heroic postures of the German, they were assailed from every critical watch-tower in Europe. Ibsen was a stranger, Ibsen was disdainfully silent, therefore Ibsen must be annihilated. Possibly if he had, like Wagner, explained his dramas, we should have had confusion thrice confounded.

The day after his death the entire civilized world wrote of him as the great man he was: great man, great artist, great moralist. Yet "A Doll's House" only saw the light in 1879—so potent a creator of critical perspective is Death. There were, naturally, many dissonant opinions in this symphony of praise. Nevertheless, how different it all read from the opinions of a decade ago. The adverse criticism, especially in America, was vitiated by the fact that Ibsen the dramatist is hardly known here. Ibsen is eagerly read, but seldom played. And rarely played as he should be. He is first the dramatist. His are not closet dramas to be leisurely digested by lamp-light; conceived for the theatre, actuality their key-note, his characters are pale abstractions on the printed page—not to mention the inevitable distortions to be found in the closest translation. We are all eager to tell what we think of him. But do we know him? Do we know him as do the playgoers of Berlin, or

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St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Vienna, or Munich? And do we realize his technical prowess? In almost every city of Europe Ibsen is in the regular repertory. He is given at intervals with Shakespeare, Schiller, Dumas, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Grillparzer, Hervieu, Sudermann, and with the younger dramatists. That is the true test. Not the isolated divinity of a handful of worshippers, with an esoteric message, his plays are interpreted by skilled actors and not for the untrained if enthusiastic amateur. There is no longer Ibsenism on the Continent. Ibsen is recognized as the greatest dramatist since Racine and Molière. Cults claim him no more, and therefore the critical point of view at the time of his death had entirely shifted. His works are played in every European language and have been partly translated into the Japanese.

The mixed blood in the veins of Ibsen may account for his temperament; he was more Danish than Norwegian, and there were German and Scotch strains in his ancestry. The obscure forces of heredity doubtless played a rôle in his career. Norwegian in his love of freedom, Danish in his artistic bent, his philosophic cast of mind was wholly Teutonic. Add to these a possible theologic prepossession derived from the Scotch, a dramatic technique entirely French, and we have to deal with a disquieting problem. Ibsen was a mystery to his friends and foes. Hence the avidity with which he is claimed by idealists, realists, socialists, anarchists, symbolists, by evangelical folk, and by agnostics. There were in him many contradictory elements. Denounced as a pessimist, all his great plays have, notwithstanding, an unmistakable message of hope, from "Brand" to "When We Dead Awake." An idealist he is, but one who has realized the futility of dreams; like all world satirists he castigates to purify. His realism is largely a matter of surfaces, and if we care to look we may find the symbol lodged in the most prosaic of his pieces. His anarchy consists in a firm adherence to the doctrine of individualism. Emerson and Thoreau are of his spiritual kin. In both there is the contempt for mob-rule, mob-opinion; for both the minority is the true rational unit; and with both there is a certain aloofness from mankind. Yet we do not denounce Emerson or Thoreau as enemies of the people. To be candid, Ibsen's belief in the rights of the individual is rather naïve and antiquated, belonging as it does to the tempestuous period of '48. Max Stirner was far in advance of the playwright in his political and menacing egoism; while Nietzsche, who loathed democracy, makes Ibsen's aristocracy timid by comparison.

Ibsen can be hardly called a philosophic anarch, for the body of doctrine, either political or moral, deducible from his plays is so perplexing by reason of its continual affirmation and negation, so blurred by the kaleidoscopic clash of character, that one can only fuse these mutually exclusive qualities by realizing him as a dramatist who has created a microcosmic world; in a word, we must look upon the man as a creator of character not as a theorist. And his characters have all the logical illogicality of life.

Several traits emerge from this welter of cross-purposes and action. Individualism is a leading motive from the first to the last play; a strong sense of moral responsibility —an oppressive sense, one is tempted to add—is blended with a curious flavor of Calvinism, in which free-will and predestination are in evidence. A more singular equipment for a modern dramatist is barely conceivable. Soon we discover that Ibsen is playing with the antique dramatic counters under another name. Free-will and determinism—what are these but the very breath of classic tragedy! In one of his rare moments of expansion he said: "Many things and much upon which my later work has turned—the contradiction between endowment and desire, between capacity and will, at once the entire tragedy and comedy of mankind—may here be dimly discerned." Moral responsibility evaded is a favorite theme of his. No Furies of the Greek drama pursued their victims with such relentless vengeance as are pursued the unhappy wretches of Ibsen. In "Ghosts," the old scriptural wisdom concerning the sins of parents is vividly handdled. As in other plays of his, there were false meanings "read" into the interpretation; the realism of "Ghosts" is negligible; the symbol looms large in every scene. Search Ibsen throughout and it will be found that his subject-matter is fundamentally the same as that of all great masters of tragedy. It is his novel manner of presentation, his

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transposition of themes hitherto treated epically, to the narrow, unheroic scale of middle-class family life that blinded his critics to his true significance. This tuning down of the heroic, this reversal of the old æsthetic, extorted bitter remonstrances. If we kill the ideal in art and life, what have we left? was the cry. But Ibsen attacks false as well as true ideals and does not always desert us after stripping us of our self-respect. A poet of doubt he is, who seldom attempts a solution; but he is also a puritan—a positivist puritan—and his scourgings are an equivalent for that *katharsis*, in the absence of which Aristotle denied the title of tragedy.

Consider, then, how Ibsen was misunderstood. Setting aside the historical and poetic works, we are confronted in the social plays by the average man and woman of every-day life. They live, as a rule, in mediocre circumstances; they are harried by the necessities of quotidian existence. Has this undistinguished *bourgeoisie* the potentialities of romance, of tragedy, of beauty? Wait, says Ibsen, and you will see your own soul, the souls of the man and woman who jostle you in the street, the same soul in palace or hovel, that orchestra of cerebral sensations, the human soul. And it is the truth he speaks. We follow with growing uneasiness the exposition of a soul. The spectacle is not pleasing. In his own magical and charmless way the souls of his people are turned inside out during an evening. No monologues, no long speeches, no familiar machinery of the drama, are employed. But the miracle is there. You face yourself. Is it any wonder that public and critic alike waged war against this showman of souls, this new psychologist of the unflattering, this past master of disillusionment? For centuries poets, tragic and comic, satiric and lyric, have been exalting, teazing, mocking, and lulling mankind. When Aristophanes flayed his victims he sang a merry tune; Shakespeare, with Olympian amiability, portrayed saint and sinner alike to the accompaniment of a divine music. But Ibsen does not cajole, amuse, or bribe with either just or specious illusions. He is determined to tell the truth of our microcosmic baseness. The truth is his shibboleth. And when enounced its sound is not unlike the chanting of the "Dies Græ." Ibsen's epigraph might be, "La vérité tout nu." He lifted the ugly to heroic heights; the ignoble he analyzed with the cold ardor of a moral biologist—the ignoble, that "sublime of the lower slopes," as Flaubert has it.

This psychological method was another rock of offence. Why transform the playhouse into a school of metaphysics? Ibsen is not a metaphysician and his characters are never abstractions; instead they are very lively humans. They offend those who believe the theatre to be a place of sentimentality or clowning; these same Ibsen men and women offend the lover of Shakespeare and the lover of the classics. We know they are real, yet we dislike them as we dislike animals trained to imitate humanity too closely. The simian gestures cause a feeling of repulsion in both cases; surely *we* are not of such stock! And we turn away. So do we sometimes turn from the Ibsen stage when human souls are made to go through a series of sorrowful evolutions by their stern trainer. To what purpose such revelations? Is it art? Is not our ideal of a nobler humanity shaken?

Ibsen's report of the human soul as he sees it is his right, the immemorial right of priest, prophet, or artist. All our life is a huge lie if this right be denied; from the Preacher to Schopenhauer, from Æschylus to Molière, the man who reveals, in parable or as in a mirror, the soul of his fellow-being is a man who is a benefactor of his kind, when he be not a cynical spirit that denies. Ibsen is a satirist of a superior degree; he has the gift of creating a *Weltspiegel* in which we see the shape of our souls. He is never the cynic, though he has portrayed the cynic in his plays. He has too much moral earnestness to view the world merely as a vile jest. That he is an artist was always acknowledged. And for the ideals dear to us which he so savagely attacks, he either substitutes nobler ones or else so clears the air about some old familiar, mist-haunted ideal of duty, that we wonder if we have hitherto mistaken its meaning.

The general critical feeling in America about Ibsen to-day has been voiced by a conservative, fair-minded New York critic, Mr. Towse, who declares that Ibsen is one of the master dramatists of the century; yet his plays are for the library, not for stage performance. They enforce the deepest lessons of morality; their author's "integrity of purpose, his true patriotism, his

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dauntless courage, his intuitive insight into the fundamental impulses of human nature in the bulk, his gift of characterization, his zeal in the pursuit of a high ideal, . . . his faith in the possibilities of the latent energy in the individual will, were optimistic, but his impatience of existing evils . . . made his immediate view pessimistic." You rub your eyes at reading this, not because Mr. Towse—who is always an honest adversary—wrote it, but that Ibsen is created with such admirable qualities. He is all these things, yet he is dangerous for youth! He might be misinterpreted by a commonplace audience! True, but so might Shakespeare; so might the Bible; while one shudders to think of *hoi polloi* tramping through the academic groves of Greek literature and winnowing naught but evil. The truth is that Ibsen can be no longer denied—we exclude the wilfully blind—by critic or public. He is too big a man to be locked up in a library as if he were full of vague forbidden wickedness. When competently interpreted he is never suggestive; the scenes to which the critics refer as smacking of sex are mildness itself compared to the doings of Sardou's lascivious marionettes. In the theatrical sense his are not sex plays, as are those of Dumas the younger. He did not discuss woman except as a psychical problem; if he had done so the theatre would have discovered him long ago. Any picture of love is tolerated so it be frankly sentimental; but let Ibsen mention the word and there is a call to arms by the moral policemen of the drama. Thus, by some critical hocus-pocus the world was led for years to believe that the lofty thinker, moralist, and satirist concealed an immoral teacher. It is an old trick of the enemy to place upon an author's shoulders the doings and sayings of his mimic people. Ibsen was fathered with all the sins of his characters. Instead of being studied from life, they were, so we averred, the result of a morbid brain, the brain of a pessimist and a hater of his kind.

We have seen now that Ibsen offended by his disregard of academic dramatic attitudes. His personages are ordinary, yet like Browning's meanest soul they have a human side to show us. The inherent stuff of his plays is tragic; but the hero and heroine do not stamp, stalk, or speak blank verse; it is the tragedy of life without the sop of sentiment usually administered by second-rate poets. Missing the color and decoration, the pretty music, and the eternal simper of the sensual, we naturally turn our back on such a writer. If he knows souls he certainly does not understand the box-office. This for the negative side. On the positive, the apparent baldness of the narrative, the ugliness of his men and women, their utterance of ideas foreign to cramped, convention-ridden lives, mortify us immeasurably. The tale always ends badly or sadly. The women—and here is the shock to our masculine vanity—the women assert themselves too much, telling men that they are not what they believe themselves to be. Lastly, the form of the Ibsen play is compact with ideas and emotion. We usually don't go to the theatre to think or to feel. With Ibsen we must think, and think closely; we must feel—worse still, be thrilled to our marrow by the spectacle of our own spiritual skeletons. No marvellous music is there to heal the wounded nerves as in "Tristan and Isolde"; no prophylactic for the merciless acid of the dissector. We breathe either a rarefied atmosphere in his "Brand" and in "When We Dead Awaken," or else, in the social drama, the air is so dense with the intensity of the closely wrought moods that we gasp as if in the chamber of a diving-bell. Human, all too human!

Protean in his mental and spiritual activities, a hater of shams—religious, political, and social shams—more symbolist than realist, in assent with Goethe that no material is unfit for poetic treatment, the substance of Ibsen's morality consists in his declaration that men to be free must first free themselves. Once in addressing a group of Norwegian workmen he told them that man must ennoble himself, he must *will* himself free; "to will is to have to will," as he says in "Emperor and Galilean." Yet in "Peer Gynt" he declares "to be oneself is to slay oneself." Surely all this is not very radical. He wrote to the distinguished critic, Georg Brandes, that the State was the foe of the individual; therefore the state must go. But the revolution must be one of the spirit. Ibsen ever despised socialism, and after his mortification over the fiasco of the Paris Commune he had never a good word for that vain legend: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Brandes relates that while Ibsen wished—in one of his poems—to place a torpedo under the social ark, there was

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also a time when he longed to use the knout on the willing slaves of a despised social system.

Perhaps the main cause of Ibsen's offending is his irony. The world forgives much, irony never, for irony is the ivory tower of the intellectual, the last refuge of the original. It is not the intellectual irony of Meredith, nor the playful irony of Anatole France, but a veiled corrosive irony that causes you to tread suspiciously every yard of Ibsen's dramatic domain. The "second intention," the secondary dialogue, spoken of by Maeterlinck, in the Ibsen plays is very disconcerting to those who prefer their drama free from enigma. Otherwise his dialogue is a model for future dramatists. It is clarity itself and, closely woven, it has the characteristic accents of nature. Read, we feel its gripping logic; spoken by an actor, it tingles with vitality.

For the student there is a fascination in the cohesiveness of these dramas. In a fluid state the ideas that crystallized in his prose series are to be found in his earliest work; there is a remorseless fastening of link to link in the march-like movement of his plays. Their author seems to delight in battering down in "Ghosts" what he had preached in "A Doll's House"; "The Enemy of the People" exalted the individual man, though "Ghosts" taught that a certain kind of personal liberty is deadly; "The Wild Duck," which follows, is another puzzle, for in it the misguided idealist is pilloried for destroying homes by his truth-telling, dangerous tongue; "Rosmersholm" follows with its portrayal of lonely souls; and the danger of filling old bottles with the fermenting wines of new ideas is set forth; in "The Lady from the Sea" free-will, the will to love, is lauded, though Rebekka West and Rosmersholm perished because of their exercise of this same will; "Hedda Gabler," the most perfect Ibsen drama, shows the converse of Ellida Wangel's will to power. Hedda is a creature wholly alive and shocking. Ibsen stuns us again, for if it is healthy to be individual and to lead your own life, in Hedda's case it leads to a catastrophe which wrecks a household. With malice, her creator could have said: "Here is Hedda Gabler, here is your free woman, your super-woman, who lives out her life to the fullest. Behold her logical end!" This game of contradiction is continued in "The Master-Builder," a most potent exposition of human motives. This Solness is sick-brained because of his loveless egoism. Hilda Wangel, the "younger generation," a Hedda Gabler, *à rebours*, that he so feared would come knocking at his door, awakens in him his dead dreams, arouses his slumbering self; curiously enough, if the ordinary standards of success be adduced, he goes to his destruction when he again climbs the dizzy spire. In "John Gabriel Borkman" the allegory is clearer. Sacrificing love to a base ambition, to "commercialism," Borkman at the close of his great and miserable life discovers that he has committed the one unpardonable offence; he has slain the love-life in the woman he loved, and for the sake of gold. So he is a failure, and, like "Peer Gynt," he is ready for the Button-Moulder and his refuse heap, who lies in wait for all cowardly and incomplete souls. The Epilogue returns to the mountains, the Ibsen symbol of freedom, and there we learn for the last time that love is greater than art, that love is life. And the dead of life awake.

The immorality of all these plays is so well concealed that only abnormal moralists may detect it. It may be admitted that Ibsen, like Shakespeare, manifests a preference for the man who fails. What is new is the astounding art with which this idea is developed. The Ibsen play begins where other plays end. The form is the "amplified catastrophe" of Sophocles. After marriage the curtain is rung up on the true drama of life, so marriage is a theme that constantly preoccupies the modern poet. He regards it from all sides, asking whether "by self-surrender, self-realization may be achieved." His speech delivered once before a ladies' club at Christiania proves that he is not a champion of latter-day woman's rights. "The women will solve the question of mankind, but they must do so as mothers." Yet Nora Helmer, when she slammed the door of her doll's home, caused an echo in the heart of every intelligent woman in Christendom. It is not necessary now to ask whether a woman would, or should, desert her children; Nora's departure was only the symbol of her liberty, the gesture of a newly awakened individuality. Ibsen did not preach—as innocent persons of both sexes and all anti-Ibsenites believe—that woman must throw overboard her

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duties; this is an absurd construction. As well argue that the example of Othello must set jealous husbands smothering their wives. "A Doll's House" enacted has caused no more evil than "Othello." It was the plea for woman as a human being, neither more nor less than man, which the dramatist made. Our withers must have been well wrung, for it aroused a whirlwind of wrath, and henceforth the house-key became the symbol of feminine supremacy. Yet in his lovely drama of pity and resignation, "Little Eyolf," the tenderest from his pen, the poet set up a counter-figure to Nora, demonstrating the duties parents owe their children.

Without exaggeration, he may be said to have discovered for the stage the modern woman. No longer the sleek cat of the drawing-room, or the bayadere of luxury, or the wild outlaw of society, the "emancipated" Ibsen woman is the sensible woman, the womanly woman, bearing a not remote resemblance to the old-fashioned woman, who calmly accepts her share of the burdens and responsibilities of life, single or wedded, though she insists on her rights as a human being, and without a touch of the heroic or the supra-sentimental. Ibsen should not be held responsible for the caricatures of womanhood evolved by his disciples. When a woman evades her responsibilities, when she is frivolous or evil, an exponent of the "life lie" in matrimony, then Ibsen grimly paints her portrait, and we denounce him as cynical for telling the truth. And truth is seldom a welcome guest. But he knows that a fiddle can be mended and a bell not; and in placing his surgeon-like finger on the sorest spot of our social life, he sounds this bell, and when it rings cracked he coldly announces the fact. But his attitude toward marriage is not without its mystery. In "Love's Comedy" his hero and heroine part, fearing the inevitable shipwreck in the union of two poetic hearts without the necessary means of a prosaic subsistence. In the later plays, marriage for gain, for home, for anything but love, brings upon its victims the severest consequences; John Gabriel Borkman, Hedda, Dora, Mrs. Alving, Allmers, Rubek, are examples. The idea of man's cruelty to man or woman; or woman's cruelty to woman or man, lashes him into a fury. Then he becomes Ibsen the Berserker.

Therefore let us beware the pitfalls dug by some Ibsen exegetists; the genius of the dramatist is too vast and versatile to be pinned down to a single formula. If you believe that he is dangerous to young people, let it be admitted—but so are Thackeray, Balzac, and Hugo. So is any strong thinker. Ibsen is a powerful dissolvent for an imagination clogged by false theories of life, low ideals, and the facile materialism that exalts the letter but slays the spirit. He is a foe to compromise, a hater of the halfway, the roundabout, the weak-willed, above all, a hater of the truckling politician—he is a very Torquemada to politicians. At the best there is ethical grandeur in his conceptions, and if the moral stress is unduly felt, if he tears asunder the veil of our beloved illusions and shows us as we are, it is because of his righteous indignation against the platitudinous hypocrisy of modern life. His unvarying code is: "So to conduct one's life as to realize oneself." Withal an artist, not the evangelist of a new gospel, not the social reformer, not the exponent of science in the drama. These titles have been thrust upon him by his overheated admirers. He never posed as a prophet. He is poet, psychologist, skald, dramatist, not a soothsayer. The artist in him preserved him from the fate of the didactic Tolstoy. With the Russian he shares the faculty of emptying souls. Tolstoy learned this side of his art from Stendhal; Ibsen, who vaguely recalls Stendhal in his clear-eyed vision and dry irony, is profounder than the French psychologue and without a trace of his cynicism and dilettantism. Like all dramatists of the first rank, the Norwegian has in him much of the seer, yet he always avoided the pontifical tone; he may be a sphinx, but he never plays the oracle. His categorical imperative, however, "All or nothing," does not bear the strain of experience. Life is simpler, is not to be lived at such an intolerable tension. The very illusions he seeks to destroy would be supplanted by others. Man exists because of his illusions. Without the "life lie" he would perish in the mire. His illusions are his heritage from æons of ancestors. The classic view considered man as the centre of the universe; that position has been ruthlessly altered by science—we are now only tiny points of consciousness in unthinkable space. Isolated then, true children of our inconsiderable planet, we have in us traces

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of our predecessors. True, one may be disheartened by the pictures of unheroic meanness and petty corruption, the ill-disguised instincts of ape and tiger, in the prose plays, even to the extent of calling them—as did M. Melchior de Vogüé, "Bonvard et Pécuchet"—a grotesque Iliad of Nihilism. But we need not despair. If Ibsen seemed to say for a period, "Evil, be thou my good," his final words in the Epilogue are those of pity and peace, *Pax vobiscum!*

II

This old man with the head and hair of an electrified Schopenhauer and the torso of a giant, his temperament coinciding with his curt, imperious name, left behind him twenty-six plays, one or more in manuscript. A volume of very subjective poems concludes this long list; among the dramas are at least three of heroic proportion and length. Ibsen was born at Skien, Norway, 1828. His forbears were Danish, German, Scotch, and Norwegian. His father, a man of means, failed in business, and at the age of eight the little Henrik had to face poverty. His schooling was of the slightest. He was not much of a classical scholar and soon he was apprenticed to an apothecary at Grimstad, the very name of which evokes a vision of gloominess. He did not prove a success as a druggist, as he spent his spare time reading and caricaturing his neighbors. His verse-making was desultory, his accustomed mien an unhappy combination of Hamlet and Byron; his misanthropy at this period recalls that of the young Schopenhauer. His favorite reading was poetry and history, and he had a predilection for sketching and conjuring tricks. It might be pointed out that here in the raw were the aptitudes of a future dramatist: poetry, pictures, illusion. In the year 1850 Ibsen published his first drama, derived from poring over Sallust and Cicero. It was a creditable effort of youth, and to the discerning it promised well for his literary future. He was gifted, without doubt, and from the first he sounded the tocsin of revolt. Pessimistic and rebellious his poems were; he had tasted misery, his home was an unhappy one—there was little love in it for him—and his earliest memories were clustered about the town jail, the hospital, and the lunatic asylum. These images were no doubt the cause of his bitter and desperate frame of mind; grinding poverty, the poverty of a third-rate provincial town in Norway, was the climax of his misery. And then, too, the scenery, rugged and noble, and the climate, depressing for months, all had their effect upon his sensitive imagination. From the start, certain conceptions of woman took root in his mind and reappear in nearly all his dramas. Catalina's wife, Aurelia, and the vestal Furia, who are reincarnated in the Dagny and Hjordis of his "Vikings," reappear in "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," and at the last in "When We Dead Awake." One is the eternal womanly, the others the destructive feminine principle, woman the conqueror. As Catalina is a rebel against circumstances, so is Maja the sculptor in the Epilogue of 1899. There is almost a half century of uninterrupted composition during which this group of men and women disport themselves. "Brand," a poetic rather than an acting drama, is no exception; Brand and the Sheriff, Agnes and Gerda. These types are cunningly varied, their traits so concealed as to be recognized only after careful study. But the characteristics of each are alike. The monotony of this procedure is redeemed by the unity of conception—Ibsen is the reflective poet, the poet who conceives the idea and then clothes it, therein differing from Shakespeare and Goethe, to whom form and idea are simultaneously born.

In March, 1850, he went to Christiania and entered Heltberg's school as a preparation for the university. His studies were brief. He became involved in a boyish revolutionary outburst—in company with his life-long friend, the great-hearted Björnstjerne Björnson, who helped him many times—and while nothing serious occurred, it caused the young man to effervesce with literary plans and the new ideas of his times. "The Warrior's Tomb," his second play, was accepted and actually performed at the Christiania theatre. The author gave up his university dreams and began to earn a rude living by his pen. He embarked in newspaper enterprises which failed. An extremist politically, he soon made a crop of enemies, the wisest crop a strong character can raise; but he often worked on an empty stomach in consequence. The metal of the man showed from the first: accept

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defeat willingly, but no compromise! He went to Bergen in 1851 and was appointed theatre poet at a small salary; this comprised a travelling stipend. Ibsen saw the Copenhagen and Dresden theatres with excellent results. His eyes were opened to the possibilities of his craft and, on his return, he proved a zealous stage manager. He composed, in 1853, "St. John's Night," which was played at his theatre, and in 1857 "Fru Inger of Oestrött" was written. It is old-fashioned in form, but singularly life-like in characterization and fruitful in situations. The story is semi-historical. In the Lady Inger we see a foreshadowing of his strong, vengeful women. "Olaf Liljekrans" need not detain us. "The Vikings" (1858) is a sterling specimen of drama, in which legend and history are artfully blended. "The Feast of Solhaug" (1857) was very successful in its treatment of the saga, and is comparatively cheerful.

Ibsen left Bergen to take the position of director at the Norwegian Theatre, Christiania. He remained there until 1862, staging all manner of plays, from Shakespeare to Scribe. The value of these years was incalculable in his technical development. A poet born and by self-discipline developed, he was now master of a difficult art, an art that later he never lost, even when weary of the conventional comedy of manners, he sought to spiritualize the form and give us the psychology of commonplace souls. It may be noted that, despite the violinist Ole Bull's generous support the new theatre endured only five years. More than passing stress should be laid upon this formative period. His experience of these silent years was bitter, but rich in spiritual recompense. After some difficulty in securing a paltry pension from his government, Ibsen was enabled to leave Norway, which had become a charnel-house to him since the Danish war with Germany, and with his young wife he went to Rome. Thenceforth his was a gypsy career. He lived in Rome, in Dresden, in Munich, and again in Rome. He spent his summers in the Austrian Tyrol, at Sorrento, and occasionally in his own land. His was a self-imposed exile, and he did not return to Christiania to reside permanently until an old, but famous man. Silent, unsociable, a man of harsh moods, he was to those who knew him an upright character, an ideal husband and father. His letters show him in a more agreeable and human light. His married life had no history, a sure sign of happiness, for he was absolutely mated. Yet one feels that, despite his wealth, his renown, existence was for him a *via dolorosa*. Ever the solitary dreamer, he wrote a play about every two or three years, and from the very first of his exile the effect in Norway was like unto the explosion of a bombshell. Not wasting time in answering his critics, it was nevertheless remarked that each new piece was a veiled reply to slanderous criticism. "Ghosts" was absolutely intended as an answer to the attacks upon "A Doll's House"; here is what Nora would have become if she had been a dutiful wife, declares Ibsen, in effect; and we see Mrs. Alving in her motherly agonies. The counterblast to the criticism of "Ghosts" was "An Enemy of the People"; Dr. Stockman is easily detected as a partial portrait of Ibsen.

Georg Brandes, to whom the poet owes many ideas as well as criticism, said that early in his life a lyric Pegasus had been killed under Ibsen. This striking hint of his sacrifice is supplemented by a letter in which he compared the education of a poet to that of a dancing bear. The bear is tied in a brewer's vat and a slow fire is built under the vat; the wretched animal is then forced to dance. Life forces the poet to dance by means quite as painful; he dances and the tears roll down his cheeks all the while. Ibsen forsook poetry for prose and —the dividing line never to be recrossed is clearly indicated between "Emperor and Galilean" and "The Pillars of Society"— he bestowed upon his country three specimens of his poetic genius. As Italy fructified the genius of Goethe, so it touched as with a glowing coal the lips of the young Northman. "Brand," a noble epic, startled and horrified Norway. In Rome Ibsen regained his equilibrium. He saw his country and countrymen more sanely, more steadily, though there is a terrible fund of bitterness in this dramatic poem. The local politics of Christiania no longer irritated him, and in the hot, beautiful South he dreamed of the North, of his beloved fiords and mountains, of ice and avalanche, of troll and saga. Luckily for those who have not mastered Norwegian, C. H. Herford's translation of "Brand" exists, and, while the translator deplores his sins of omission,

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it is a work—as are the English versions of the prose plays by William Archer—that gives one an excellent idea of the original. In "Brand" (1866) Ibsen is at his furthest extremity from compromise. This clergyman sacrifices his mother, his wife, his child, his own life, to a frosty ideal: "All or nothing." He is implacable in his ire against worldliness, in his contempt of churchmen that believe in half-way measures. He perishes on the heights as a voice proclaims, "He is the God of Love." Greatly imaginative, charged with spiritual spleen and wisdom, "Brand" at once placed Ibsen among the mighty.

He followed it with a new Odyssey of his soul, the amazing "Peer Gynt" (1867), in which his humor, hitherto a latent quality, his fantasy, bold invention, and the poetic evocation of the faithful, exquisite Solveig, are further testimony to his breadth of resource. "Peer Gynt" is all that "Brand" was not: whimsical, worldly, fantastic, weak-willed, not so vicious as perverse; he is very selfish, one who was to himself sufficient, therefore a failure. The will, if it frees, may also kill. It killed the soul of Peer. There are pages of unflagging humor, poetry, and observation; scene dissolves into scene; Peer travels over half the earth, is rich, is successful, is poor; and at the end meets the Button-Moulder, that ironical shadow who tells him what he has become. We hear the Boyg, the spirit of compromise, with its huge, deadly, coiling lengths, gruffly bid Peer to "go around." Facts of life are to be slunk about, never to be faced. Peer comes to harbor in the arms of his deserted Solveig. The resounding sarcasm, the ferociousness of the attack on all the idols of the national cavern, raised a storm in Norway that did not abate for years. Ibsen was again a target for the bolts of critical and public hatred. "Peer Gynt" is the Scandinavian "Faust."

Having purged his soul of this perilous stuff, the poet, in 1873, finished his double drama "Emperor and Galilean," not a success dramatically, but a strong, interesting work for the library, though it saw the footlights at Berlin, Leipsic, and Christiania. The apostate Emperor Julian is the protagonist, the writing very satisfying. We discern Ibsen the mystic philosopher longing for his Third Kingdom.

After a silence of four years "The Pillars of Society" appeared. Like its predecessor in the same *genre*, "The Young Men's League," it is a prose drama, a study of manners and a scathing arraignment of civic dishonesty. All the rancor of its author against the bourgeois hypocrisy of his countrymen comes to the surface; as in "The Young Men's League" the vacillating nature of the shallow politician is laid bare. It seems a trifle banal now, though the canvas is large, the figures animated. One recalls Augier without his Gallic *esprit*, rather than the later Ibsen. "A Doll's House" was once a household word, as was "Ghosts" (1881). There is no need now to retell the story of either play. "Ghosts," in particular, has an antique quality, the *dénouement* leaves us shivering. It may be set down as the strongest play of the nineteenth century, and also the most harrowing. Its intensity borders on the hallucinatory. We involuntarily recall the last act of "Tristan and Isolde" or the final movement of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony. It is the shrill discord between the mediocre creatures involved and the ghastly punishment meted out to the innocent that agitates and depresses us. Here are human souls illuminated as if by a lightning flash; we long for the anticipated thunder. It does not sound. The drama ends in silence—one of those pauses (Ibsen employs the pause as does a musical composer) which leaves the spectator unstrung. The helpless sense of hovering about the edge of a bottomless gulf is engendered by this play. No man could have written it but Ibsen, and we hope that no man will ever attempt a parallel performance—Eugène Brieux has attempted the feat—for such art may modulate across the borderland of the pathologic.

"The Wild Duck" (1884) followed "An Enemy of the People" (1882). It is the most puzzling of the prose dramas except "The Master-Builder," for in it Ibsen deliberately mocks himself and his ideals. It is, nevertheless, a profoundly human and moving work. Gina Ekdal, the wholesome, sensible wife of Ekdal, the charlatan photographer—a *revenant* of Peer Gynt—has been called a feminine Sancho Panza. Gregers Werle, the meddlesome truth-teller; Relling—a sardonic incarnation of the author—who believes in feeding humanity on the "life lie" to maintain its courage; the

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tiny Hedwig, sweetest and freshest of Ibsen's girls—these form a memorable *ensemble*. And how the piece plays! Humor and pathos alternate, while the symbol is not so remote that an average audience need miss its meaning. The *end* is cruel. Ibsen is often cruel, with the passionless indifference of the serene Buddha. But he is ever logical. Nora must leave her husband's house—a "happy ending" would be ridiculous—and Hedwig must be sacrificed instead of the wild duck. There is a whole battalion of minor characters in the Ibsen plays who recall Dickens by their grotesque, sympathetic physiognomies. To deny this dramatist humor is to miss a third of his qualities. His is not the ventripotent humor of Rabelais or Cervantes. It seldom leaves us without the feeling that the poet is slyly laughing at us, not with us, though in the early comedies there are many broad and telling strokes.

"Rosmersholm" (1886) is a study of two temperaments. Rebekka West is another malevolent portrait in his gallery of dangerous and antipathetic women. She ruins Rosmersholm, ruins herself, because she does not discover this true self until too late. The play illustrates the extraordinary technique of the master. It seems to have been written backward; until the third act we are not aware that the peaceful home of the Rosmersholms is the battle-field of a malignant soul. "The Lady from the Sea"(1888) illustrates the thesis that love must be free. The allegory is rather strained and in performance the play lacks poetic glamor. "Hedda Gabler" (1890) is a masterpiece. A more selfish, vicious, cold nature than Hedda's never stepped from the page of a Russian novel—Becky Sharp and Madame Marneffe are lovable persons in comparison. She is not in the slightest degree like the stage "adventuress," but is a magnificent example of egoism magnificently delineated and is the true sister in fiction of Julien Sorel. That she is dramatically worth the while is beside the question. Her ending by a pistol shot is justice itself; alive she fascinates as does some exotic reptile. She is representative of her species, the loveless woman. Ibsen has studied her with the same care and curiosity he bestowed upon the homely Gina Ekdal.

His "Master-Builder" (1892) is the beginning of the last cycle. A true interior drama, we enter here into the region of the symbolical. With Ibsen the symbol is always an image, never an abstraction, a state of sensibility, not a formula, and the student may winnow many examples from "The Pretenders" (1864), with its "kingship" idea, to the Epilogue. Solness stands on the heights only to perish, but in the full possession of his soul. Hilda Wangel is one of the most perplexing characters to realize in the modern theatre. The rare subtlety of a Duse is needed, combined with a youthful charm that Duse no longer possesses. It is the work of a sorcerer who holds us spellbound while the souls he has created by his black art slowly betray themselves. It may be said that all this is not the art of the normal theatre. Very true. It more nearly resembles a dramatic confessional with a hidden auditory bewitched into listening to secrets never suspected of the humanity that hedges us about in street or home. Edgar Poe's poem, "The Conqueror Worm," might serve as an allegory of these dramas. Ibsen is clairvoyant. He takes the most familiar material and holds it in the light of his imagination; straightway we see a new world, a northern dance of death, like the ferocious and truthful pictures of his fellow-countryman, Edvard Munch, the painter.

"Little Eyolf" (1894) is fairly plain reading, with some fine overtones of suffering and self-abnegation. Its lesson is wholly moral and satisfying. "John Gabriel Borkman" (1896), written at an age when most poets show declining power, is another monument to the vigor and genius of Ibsen. The story winds about the shattered career of a financier. There is a secondary plot, in which the parental curses come home to roost—the son, carefully reared to wipe away the stain from his father's name, prefers Paris and a rollicking life. The desolation under this roof-tree is almost epical: two sisters in deadly antagonism, a blasted man, the old wolf, whose footfalls in the chamber above, become absolutely sinister as the play progresses, are made to face the hard logic of their misspent lives. (The doctrine of compensation has never had such an exponent as Ibsen.) The conclusion touches the imagination like cadenced music heard at midnight.

In the last of his published plays, "When We Dead Awake" (1899), we find earlier and familiar themes developed with unerr-

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ing contrapuntal mastery. Rubek, the sculptor, has aroused a love that he never dared to face. He married the wrong woman. His early dream, the inspiration of his master work, he has lost. His art withers. And when he meets his Irene, her mind is full of wandering ghosts. To the heights, to the same peaks that Brand climbed, they both must mount, and there they are destroyed, as was Brand, by an avalanche. Eros is the triumphant god of the aged magician.

It must be apparent to those who have not read or seen the Ibsen plays that, despite this huddled and foreshortened account, they are in essence quite different from what has been reported of them. Ibsen himself was *different*—using the word in Stendhal's sense. Idealistic, symbolistic, moral, and ennobling, the Ibsen drama was so vilified by malice and ignorance that its very name was a portent of evil. Mad or wicked Ibsen is not. Nor is he an immoralist. His scheme of life and morals is often oblique and paradoxical, his interpretation of truths so elliptical that we are confused. But he is essentially sound. He believes in the moral continuity of the universe. His astounding energy is a moral energy, though he is often the dupe of his fear of being duped. Salvation by good works is his burden. The chief thing is to be strong in your faith. He despises the weak, not the strong sinner. His supermen are the bankrupts of romantic heroism. His strong man is frequently wrongheaded; but the weakling works the real mischief. Never admit you are beaten. Begin at the bottom twenty times, and when the top is achieved die, or else look for loftier peaks to climb. Ibsen exalts strength. His "ice-church" is chilly; the lungs drink in with difficulty the buffeting breezes on his heights; yet how bracing, how inspiring, is this austere place of worship. Bad as is mankind, Ibsen, who was ever in advance of his contemporaries, believed in its possibility for betterment. Here the optimist speaks. Brand's spiritual pride is his downfall; nevertheless, Ibsen, an aristocratic thinker, declared that of pride one cannot have too much. He recognized the selfish and hollow foundation of all "humanitarian" movements. He is a sign-post for the twentieth century when the aristocratic of spirit must enter into combat with the herd instinct of a depressing socialism. His influence has been tremendous. His plays teem with the general ideas of his century. His chief value lies in the beauty of his art; his the rare case of the master singer rounding a long life with his master works. He brought to the theatre new ideas; he changed forever the dramatic map of Europe; he originated a new method of surprising life, capturing it and forcing it to give up a moiety of its mystery for the uses of a difficult and recondite art. He fashioned character anew. And he pushed resolutely into the mist that surrounded the human soul, his Diogenes lantern glimmering, his brave, lonely heart undaunted by the silence and the solitude. His message? Who shall say? He asks questions, and, patterning after nature, he seldom answers them. When his ideas sicken and die—he asserted that the greatest truth outlives its usefulness in time—his art will endure. Henrik Ibsen was a man of heroic fortitude. His plays are a bold and stimulating spectacle for the spirit. Should we ask more of a dramatic poet?

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THE SOUL'S INHERITANCE

[POEM DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, CAMBRIDGE, 1906]

By George Cabot Lodge

I

MAGNIFICENT presence of the living Truth! . . .
We know not when thy swift, serene, strong flame
Shall violate our sanctuaries of sleep!
We know not when, from carnal lethargies
And trivial pastimes and derisive dreams
Of ineffectual felicities,
Irresolutions and timidities
And temperate ambitions, we shall wake
To find our safe exclusions overborne,
The pale of our defence invaded, all
Our precincts of secure retreat destroyed;
To feel the dark enchantments yield; to hear
Thy trumpets blowing in our citadels,
The shouting of thy liege-men on the hillsides,
And in our skies thy far and forward call;
To lift at last unconquerable eyes
Suddenly to the challenge of the sunrise,
And feel thereafter always by thy light
Delivered from the mean distrust of death,
The tyranny of time, the brief content
Of all achievement and prosperity
Less than perfection, and at last resolved
To illustrate in thought and word and deed,
In life and death, the utmost that we are!—
We know not when or where or in what wise
Thou shalt appear, imperishable Truth,
Spirit of Liberty!—but well we know
That life and death are only thine adventure.
And well we know the time of revelation
Is always now—eternity is now!
The place of miracles is always here—
Infinity is here! Then here and now,
And in thy name, O latent Truth within us!
In thought and word and deed, in life and death,
Let us report and celebrate the soul!

II

Let us report and celebrate the soul,
In thought and word and deed, in life and death!
Then may we feel, perchance, the God within us,
Whose worship waits and who has slept so long,

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Revive at last, athletic and superb,
Stand forth from custom, creed, and circumstance,
Reclaim his high inherent liberties,
And stem the rush of the resistless hours,
Till, for a spacious interval, we see
The veils of darkness and deception fall
And leave us, eager of our enterprise,
Transparent to our own reality,
Against the stilled, tremendous heart of time!
Then shall it come to pass, as we report
The soul and celebrate the soul in life
And death, that hardly and mysteriously
The stubborn prison-walls of ignorance
Shall yield beneath our blind, insistent hands,
And, bruised with misadventures in the dark,
We shall achieve the soul's advance, and stand
Bathed in the light remedial, and behold
The broad, released, bright waters of the soul,
Sun-dazzled and resistless, rush away
Forever and forever to the sea!

III

O to report, to celebrate the soul!
O to proclaim ourselves and all we are
In thought and word and deed, in life and death!
O to depart, avid of explorations,
Winged and resolved, curious, in time and space—
There to retrieve the soul's inheritance,
There to report and celebrate the soul!
O to confess at last who is the Lord!
To find at last, beyond to-day, in all
The innumerable yesterdays of time,
The onward, latent, long millenniums,
A rumour of us and a recollection!
To learn at last that always for the soul,
In the dark earth and the deep sea, throughout
Chill ethers and the pale star multitudes,
The path leads homeward and the place is home!
To know at last that never and nowhere
The soul is stranger, never and nowhere
Without recognizance and habitation!—
To learn, to know, to realize utterly
That time and space are phases of the soul!—
O let us perfectly report the soul
And celebrate the soul, until at last
No time, no place, no state is vacant of us!—
Until at last the sense revives within us
Of indissoluble identity
With sun and earth and beast, with man and God!—
Until at last, from granite, schist and shard,
From senseless jellies and brute envelopes,
We mark our stages of deliverance,
The age-long, upward levels of our flight,
And feel the restless, resolute, firm soul,

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Conscious and lord of life after so long,—
Still by the insatiable impulse driven—
Transgress the forms and infidelities,
The calculations and economies
That prove our insufficiency!—until
At last we share the ancient and divine
Companionship of peril and perfection
With all who once bore witness to the truth,
And were compounded of the celestial fire,—
Then shall we stand, central and self-assured,
To labour in the austere fraternity
Of Gods and Saviours, till our lives record,
As theirs—our deaths, as theirs, declare the soul!
Then may we learn at last that here and now
The very light is parcelled in our vision,
Wherewith Father Prometheus disclosed
The kindled soul's transcendent regency;
That here and now, in free communion,
We break the bread of life and speak the word
Of life, as when the veiled respondents sang
Clear, at Eleusis, in the sacred gloom;
That here and now, no less for each of us,
That inward voice, cogent as revelation,
That trance of Truth's sublime discovery,
Which in the soul of Socrates wrought out
Gold from the gross ore of humanity,
Still speak, still hold, still work their alchemy;
That here and now, and in the soul's advance,
And by the soul's perfection, we may feel
The thought of Buddha in our mortal brain,
The human heart of Jesus in our breast,
And in our will the strength of Herakles!

IV

O to report, to celebrate the soul,
Equal at last and forward with the Captains,
On the long frontiers where the twilight dies!—
There, with uplifted voices that shall sound,
Sound and resound amid the loud and long
Vociferations of the embattled souls,
There to report the soul, in the broad dusk
Of hesitation, in the immeasurable
Unknown—O there to celebrate the soul!
There to resume the retrospect, to find,
Up the bright courses of the stairs of thought,
The traces of our perilous ambition!
There to endure the prospect, and, at last,
In the proud might of the soul's will, to bear
The peril as of intense emergencies,
The storm and strength as of gigantic wings,
The glare as of deep-driven lightnings, all
The multitudinous menace of the night!
Importunate and undissuadable,
There, for the sole sake of the endless voyage,

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There to stand out over the utmost verge
Where the mist drives and the night overwhelms!
There in our skies the stars of revelation,
There in our hearts the burning lamp of love,
There in our sense the rhythm and amplitude
And startled splendour of the seas of song,
And there at last—our own infinity,
Our own eternity still unappeased—
There, for ourselves, for freedom, truth, perfection,
There to report and celebrate the soul!

THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF A GREAT INVENTION

By John Vaughn

"IT is the wonder of wonders!" exclaimed Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) after he had tested the first telephone—the first one ever shown to the public—at the Centennial Exhibition, held in Philadelphia in 1876.

The instrument which astounded the famous British electrician was, indeed, then a startling novelty. To scientists it was a bewilderment; to ignorant people, an amazing toy. The excitement it created among physicists was not lessened by knowledge of the extreme simplicity of the instrument's construction. Bell's materials had been at the command of every electrical experimenter since Faraday's time. Bell's employment of them was the transforming touch of genius. To-day the term *telephone* suggests dynamos, storage batteries, switchboards, and other complex and costly apparatus. Looking at the original telephone, you would see only a small coil of wire and two short ebonite tubes, closely resembling the receivers used now.

Considering how vital a factor is the telephone in to-day's business world, we find it hard to realize that but thirty years have passed since Bell obtained his first patent. It is only a quarter of a century since his great invention began to revolutionize commercial modes of communication. Thousands of visitors to the Centennial Exhibition saw what was then called the "talking toy." Few of them predicted its astonishing success. But there are many capitalists that regret their failure to invest in the Bell Company's stock when it was first placed on the market. Still, it should be said that the telephone had not then proved itself indispensable in business, and it was unparalleled as a practical application of electricity; hence only unusually keen foresight could have gauged the instrument's possibilities. Bell himself says, "Even after our company was formed, not one of us fully realized the overwhelming importance of the invention."

Bell is still alive, very much alive, indeed, a vigorous, big-brained man, many-sided in his intellectual and social sympathies, a regent of the Smithsonian Institution, and an ex-president of the National Geographic Society. Without publicity or ostentation he has for years devoted considerable time and means to bettering the condition of the poor in his home city, Washington. Several years of his young manhood were given to the training of deaf-mutes, and he still keeps in touch with that unique educational work.

Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847, Bell studied at Edinburgh and London Universities. His father's health failing, the family removed, in 1870, to Canada and settled on a farm. In 1873 the future inventor of the telephone became Professor of Vocal Physiology in Boston University. At that time he was trying to perfect an apparatus intended to make language sounds visible to deaf and dumb persons. The Boston School Committee invited him to test

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the apparatus in the Horace Mann School for Deaf-Mutes. Success did not crown his efforts, but his failure was quickly forgotten in his new-born conviction that articulate speech could be conveyed electrically—a conviction forced on him by some unexpected results in his experiments.

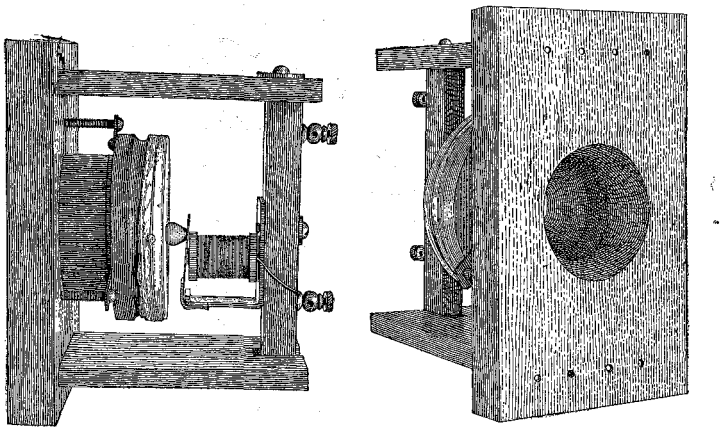
His visible-speech apparatus comprised two electro-magnets, connected by a wire, and two steel rods fastened to the poles of the magnets. These were the principal parts. It occurred to him that if membranes were drawn tightly across small-sized boxes, and the steel rods were arranged to beat against the membranes, in consonance with voice impulses, the result would be the reproduction at one membrane of the vocal sounds directed against the other membrane. But this theory could not be translated into steel and copper, and Bell turned his attention to multiplex telegraphy. The basement of his house in Boston was fitted up as a laboratory for experimental research.

One day a wire, snapping in two, sent a sound through another wire which had attached to each end a thin sheet-iron disk a few inches in circumference. Could that sound be repeated? Experiment gave an affirmative answer. Then arose the important query, "Could vocal sounds be transmitted thus?" A parchment diaphragm, with a sheet-iron button in the centre was stretched across the mouth of a thin metal cylinder about three inches in diameter. A glimpse inside that metal tube would have shown us features not unknown in to-day's perfected receiver—two magnets with poles wound with wire and, between the magnets, a small strip of soft iron. A precisely similar instrument, with a wire running from its coils, was left in charge of Bell's assistant, while Bell, with the wire connected with his tubular iron-cased telephone, ascended to the attic of his house. The assistant, a bright young man, was directed to remain in the laboratory and to keep the receiver at his ear. Bell, holding the diaphragm a few inches from his lips, said in ordinary conversational tones, "Can you hear me?"

In a moment the assistant came bounding up the stairs. "Mr. Bell," he excitedly called out, "I heard your question plainly!"

The telephone was born!

It required a year's hard work, however, to mould the invention into patentable form. Meanwhile the friends of the young inventor turned into Job's comforters and tried to discourage him. His talking toy would never bring him a dollar. Let him stick to his work in multiplex telegraphy. Therein he would be sure to meet with success. Fortunately for the world Bell had inherited a goodly share of Scotch stubbornness and acumen, and he persevered in his endeavors to make electricity convey articulate speech. His reward reached him in the shape of his famous patent of March 7, 1876. Probably no other private document has ever caused so much litigation. The highest courts, however, sustained Bell's claims; and the owners of the patent were at last permitted to enjoy in peace the fruits of their property.



Side and front views of Bell's first telephone.
The instrument shown at the Centennial Exposition.

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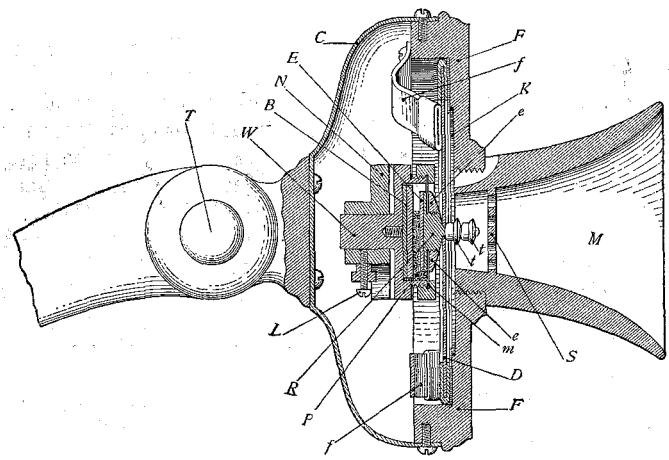
On May 10, 1876, Bell read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences a paper entitled "Researches in Telephony." The facts he cited established his right to be known as the earliest investigator into the transmission of vocal language by undulatory currents of electricity. Envy and rancor have since attacked him viciously but vainly, and his claim to the invention of the telephone stands unimpugned now.

Other investigators had succeeded in transmitting sound by means of various devices, but Bell went further when he made an instrument which would actually reproduce spoken words. The name "magic lyre" was given in 1819 to an apparatus designed by Sir Charles Wheatstone, the scientist to whom English historians assign the honor of the invention of telegraphy. A number of connected wooden rods, jointed, were so arranged as to convey from the sounding-boards of musical instruments the music produced. When first shown to the scientific world, the rods extended from the sounding-board of a piano through a wall into an adjoining room. There the other ends were attached to a board shaped like a painter's easel. When the piano was played the music was reproduced by the easel-like board in the other room.

A stronger hint of the coming telephone was given in 1837. In that year Prof. C. G. Page, of Salem, Mass., discovered that if a bolt of soft iron be rapidly magnetized and demagnetized, it will emit a musical note. The relations between sound and electricity were further investigated by various eminent physicists, including Farrar, De la Rive, and Matteucci. The Frenchman, Charles Bourseul, published, in 1854, a monograph which, but for a fatal misconception, is, in the light of what we now know, strongly suggestive of the speaking telephone. In 1860 Johann Philipp Reis, a school-teacher of Friedrichsdorf, Germany, constructed a sound-transmitting apparatus based on the discoveries of Page and Bourseul. Its appearance suggested a music-box; but, nevertheless, it conveyed sounds to a distance of several hundred feet. The word "sounds" is used advisedly, because, according to the best evidence, Reis's machine could not transmit spoken words. It operated by making and breaking a circuit. Electric impulses, thus created, can convey noises—mere sounds—but not articulate speech. Such speech demands a continuously varying harmonic wave and cannot be transmitted by the short separated wavelets produced by using a make-and-break current.



Parts of the present solid-back transmitter.

M. Mouthpiece. *FF.* Face, set in metallic outer bell *C.* *D.* Sound-receiving diaphragm. *K.* Resonating chamber in front of diaphragm. *S.* Perforated screen of wood; protects diaphragm from injury. *E.* Disk constituting front working electrode. *B.* Heavy back electrode, also disk-shaped. (Electrodes are made of carbon.) *P.* Finely divided carbon, placed between the electrodes, *E* and *B.* *W.* Metallic casing for *E* and *B.* The chamber in *W*, inclosing the eletrodes, is lined with gummed paper to prevent short-circuiting the instrument. *m.* Mica disk, one thousandth ($\frac{1}{1000}$) of an inch thick; supports front electrode, *E*, and aids it to follow the movements of the diaphragm *D*. *t* and *t*. Nuts attaching *E* to *D*. *ff.* Dampening springs. *ee.* Front nut for holding together electrode *E* and mica disk *m*. *R.* Brass block to which *F* is soldered. *N.* Metallic bridge, fastened at ends to face *F*. *L.* Set screw; locks casing of back electrode *B* to *N*. *T.* Thumb nut; enables transmitter to be moved up or down. The wires to the transmitter are connected with the front electrode *E*, and with the supporting bridge *N*. The electric current, therefore, flows through the granular carbon *P*, when battery power is applied to the wires.

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In June, 1876, Bell was engaged to be married to the daughter of Gardiner G. Hubbard, a wealthy Bostonian. At that time Mr. Hubbard was residing temporarily in Philadelphia, having been appointed one of the Massachusetts Commissioners to the Centennial Exhibition. Miss Hubbard and her mother decided to pay him a visit, and invited Bell to accompany them. He, however, felt obliged to remain in Boston, as he was then principal of a school there for deaf-mutes, and examination days were approaching. He had escorted the ladies to their train, and, standing near by, was waiting for it to steam out on its journey to Philadelphia. As the train started Miss Hubbard, overcome by disappointment, burst into tears. Without a moment's hesitation Bell leaped back on to the train, though he was utterly unprovided for the trip. His trunks were forwarded to him in Philadelphia by his future brother-in-law, William Hubbard. That young gentleman, wise beyond his age, was an enthusiastic believer in the telephone and took care to put the latest model of it in a corner of the strongest trunk.

By Mr. Gardiner Hubbard's advice Bell applied for permission to place the instrument among the electrical exhibits of the Centennial. It was toward the close of a fatiguing day when the judges reached the telephone. Their examination of it was hurried and perfunctory. One of them would not take the trouble of putting the receiver to his ear. Another judge dropped a disparaging remark as he took out his notebook. Bell's heart sank. At that moment Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, entered the room, followed by his suite. Himself a scientist of no mean ability, the Emperor had examined, with interest and admiration, the telephone in Bell's school in Boston. He remembered the young inventor, shook hands with him, and requested another trial of the instrument. Bell went to the other end of the wire and spoke into the transmitter Hamlet's famous soliloquy. Dom Pedro's commendation changed the minds of the judges. The "toy" was allowed to go on exhibition. Doubtless it would amuse visitors. That it was of no practical value was, after all, only a minor objection. So reasoned those learned personages. Nevertheless they were mistaken, although they were duly appointed officials and wore badges. The telephone turned out to be the Centennial's star exhibit, eliciting unmeasured praise from distinguished scientists and, indeed, from all other visitors capable of understanding the theory of its operation.

What was the basic principle of the telephone of 1876? The principle underlying the construction of the 1906 telephone—that electrical currents undulating in correspondence with the air motions produced by uttering the original sounds will transmit articulate speech. The word "speech" in this statement should be emphasized. Apparatus that will convey many sounds to a distance, and convey them clearly, will turn spoken words into a jumble of mere noises. Why? Because such apparatus does not convey the timbre of the human voice.

All sounds are produced by vibrations of the air. By a simple sound the gaseous particles of the atmosphere are regularly condensed and expanded. The rate of the vibrations constitutes the pitch of the sound. The faster the rate of vibration, the higher is the pitch. Loudness depends on amplitude of vibration. All sound is transmitted in waves, but sound waves take various forms. The increase or decrease in loudness of a sound will vary the amplitude of the wave, but the rate of the wave's vibrations will remain unchanged. Timbre, or quality of tone, is produced in a far different way. This peculiar feature of all sounds is caused by thousands of tiny wavelets of air—in other words, timbre adds minute extra vibrations to the main vibration. These numberless additional small vibrations, called overtones, give the human voice its articulation and quality. Timbre makes one voice agreeable; while a different timbre may make another voice so rasping as to suggest the value of a file to smooth down the roughness. The pitch and loudness of a musical note may be precisely the same on a piano as on a violin. Each instrument, however, has a different timbre, and that quality enables the ear to tell from which instrument a note comes. You recognize a voice by its timbre and not by its pitch or loudness.

Words, or, rather, the sounds composing words, are produced by the vibrations of vocal chords. The tension of these chords, and the form of the mouth, as well as the size of the larynx, decide the timbre of the

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voice uttering the words. The larynx in Adelina Patti's throat was a quarter of an inch larger than the larynx in your throat. Hence she received $4,000 an evening during several farewell tours. Timbre is, therefore, the most striking characteristic of the human voice. Clearness in speaking through a telephone, for example, depends more on timbre than on loudness or pitch. A whisper of an ideal voice, uttered into a White transmitter, can be heard through a bipolar receiver miles away.

Telephony's peculiar problem was to find means of sending electrical waves identical in form with the waves of vocal sound. As, however, the overtones in ordinary conversation are numerous enough to cause thousands of extra vibrations a second, it is plain that the waves of language sounds must be extremely complex. If the tiny sound wavelets are not reproduced, then the overtones cannot be heard, and only noises will echo through the receiver. Ignorance of this fact explains the failure of all telephonic experiments prior to Bell's memorable discovery of the need of undulatory currents of electricity to transmit articulate speech. Reis might have seen his error had he not, for some inexplicable reason, omitted to equip his instrument with a receiver.

The fifth clause of Bell's patent runs thus:

"The method of and apparatus for transmitting vocal sounds telegraphically, as herein described, by causing electric undulations, similar in form to the vibrations of the air accompanying the said vocal or other sounds substantially as set forth."

The "apparatus for transmitting vocal sounds telegraphically"—that is, by electric currents passing along wires—Bell found need not be elaborate. Indeed, the extraordinary simplicity of his first telephone was, as has been said, perhaps its most amazing feature. Never before in the history of the world's remarkable inventions have such great results been achieved with means so slight.

Put on a table a common straight-bar magnet with a small wire coil around one pole. Toward this pole move a piece of soft iron. When the iron is near enough an induced electric current will pass through the wire.

Enclose this magnet in an ebonite tube. Across the mouth of the tube fasten a sheet-iron diaphragm one hundredth of an inch thick. Run a wire from the coil to the coil of a precisely similar instrument. You now have a telephone like, in essentials, the one which Bell exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial. Spoken words, voice impulses, vibrate the diaphragm in front of the magnet's wire-wound pole and thereby cause undulatory currents in the coil. These, passing along the wire, affect the receiver magnet and coils and vibrate the receiver diaphragm correspondingly. Thus the vocal sounds, the words, spoken into the transmitter are reproduced by the receiver.

In 1877 the telephone appeared as a public utility. At first its progress was slow. Experience soon demonstrated that, while the receiver operated by the magneto-transmitter reproduced words clearly, it was not efficient enough for business needs. But it had been proved that electric currents could be utilized to convey articulate speech, and, when the need of more powerful transmitters and receivers became apparent, the Bell Company turned to battery power. Edison, the wizard of the electrical world, was first in the field, and his carbon transmitter was the only one used for some time. He utilized the discovery of the French physicist, Count du Moncel, that, when two ends of a severed circuit are brought into contact, the resistance of the contact is variable with and proportionate to the pressure between them. This battery transmitter permitted the current to be varied by the resistance changes in the transmitter, these changes being caused by voice vibrations. This invention was a long stride in advance in telephony. Edison and Berliner, practically at the same time, made a contribution of still greater value, however, when it occurred separately to them to combine the induction coil with the transmitter.

The true nature of the carbon transmitter's mode of operation was made known in 1878 by Professor Hughes, of London. His "microphone" proved that, to obtain the best results with resistance changes, due to changes in pressure, it is necessary to have a light contact. Since then all transmitters have been constructed on the light-contact plan.

In 1877 the first long-distance line was built. It connected Boston and Salem and

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was sixteen miles long. In these days, when lines run from Portland, Me., to Omaha, Neb.—cities 1,700 miles apart—it sounds like cheap sarcasm to style sixteen miles of wire a long-distance line. Yet the Boston-Salem telephone line was so denominated in sober earnest—in 1877. It is interesting to learn that it was the only line erected under Bell's personal superintendence. Two years passed away before a longer line was demanded by increasing use of the telephone, Boston and Lowell being brought into communication with each other then.

In the light of to-day's marvellous telephonic achievements, the following excerpt from the Bell Company's first prospectus reads like a jest:

"The proprietors [of the Bell patents] are now prepared to furnish telephones for the transmission of articulate speech between instruments not more than twenty miles apart."

Twenty miles? Verily, the days of small things have passed! The proprietors of the same patents are now prepared to furnish telephones for the transmission of articulate speech half-way across the continent. We should remember, however, that telephony was a new art when our republic was only a hundred and one years old. The United States was a year older before the first telephone exchange was started. "Hello, Central!" was first heard in 1878. To-day the exchanges are numbered by the thousand, the telephones by the million. Various industries, unknown thirty years ago, but now sources of employment to many thousands of workers, depend entirely on the telephone for support. Numerous factories making lead sheathing, dynamos, motors, generators, batteries, office equipments, cables, and many other appliances, would have to close down and thus throw their operatives into idleness and misery if the telephone bell should cease to ring. The Bell Companies employ over 87,000 persons and, it may be added, pay them well. Many of these employees have families to maintain; others support their parents, or aid younger brothers and sisters. It is safe to say that 200,000 people look to the telephone for their daily bread. These figures may be supplemented by the number of telephones in use,(5,698,000), by the number of miles of wire (6,043,000), in the Bell lines, and by the number of conversations (4,479,500,000), electrically conveyed in 1905. The network of wire connects more than 33,000 cities, towns, villages, and hamlets.

Such tremendous growth as these statistics show would imply not only a steadily increasing appreciation of the telephone, but would also suggest improved instruments, more skilled operators, and better service. There would be no flattery in such suggestion. Electrical science has undergone radical reformation since 1876. Telephony has raised the utilization of electricity to the height of a profession. Of course such advances have not been won without cost. Fortunes were spent in experiment and investigation before a dollar came back. Communication by the first telephone was limited to a few thousand feet. Now, conversation can be carried on by persons 1,600 miles apart. To-morrow long-distance lines will span the continent; and the day after oceanic telephony will be a commonplace of mercantile routine. But science and money had to collaborate for years before they could work the miracle of enabling Boston and Omaha to talk together.

In the early eighties the limit of long-distance talking was about one hundred miles. Pacific coast enterprise, spurred by imperative need, had constructed a line longer than any one in the East. A line between Boston and New York, built in 1884 for experimental purposes, was opened to the public in 1887. A little earlier the New York-Albany-Buffalo circuit, four hundred miles in length, had been established. For some time it was the longest one east of the Rocky Mountains. Then the lines began to extend until engineering skill made direct communication between New York and Chicago a reality. A line between the two cities was completed only after innumerable obstacles had been overcome. On October 18, 1892, Bell, having been called (by telephone) from his Washington home, sent the first message from New York to Chicago. The wonder of such a feat is concealed by its familiarity now. A man, seated at ease in his New York office, carries on a conversation with a friend in Chicago, nearly a thousand miles away! What greater marvel is recorded in "The Arabian Nights"? The New York-Chicago line was not declared ready for business till 1893, the year of the Chicago World's Fair. Sev-

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enteen years before, at the Centennial, the telephone seemed to most people to be a mere plaything. In less than a generation it had become an indispensable public utility. The believers in the telephone might well have felt proud of their faith. In their case Wisdom was most certainly justified of her children.

In 1905 there were sent by telephone in the United States forty-one times more messages than were sent by telegraph, although the latter mode of communication antedates the former by nearly forty years. To pass so swift a rival as the telegraph, however, the telephone had to prove its superior merit by trial. When there was but one way of conveying information quickly—telegraphy—business was its slave. But the greater speed, accuracy, and directness of telephony appealed irresistibly to the American mind. In Europe only ten times more communications go by telephone than by telegraph. To the European merchant the telephone is a convenience; to the American, it is a necessity. Its wires are the motor nerves of our intenser commercial life. Not only has the instrument adapted itself to our needs, but our world's vast round of daily work has adjusted itself to the "'phone." Business men preassume the telephone's existence just as they preassume regular mail deliveries or the fulfilment of written contracts.

Twenty years ago the city telephone systems having each over 25,000 subscribers could be counted on the fingers of one hand. To day that number would not be accounted large even in a city of the third class. New York had, on July 1, 1905, nearly 170,000 listed patrons of the telephone. Yet any two of that large number can, in five seconds, be placed in communication with each other, so well has engineering science kept pace with public needs. No dream of old romance is stranger than this prosaic fact of the twentieth century. Nature had, however, to be paid her price. Her secrets are never to be obtained free. Difficulties pronounced insuperable by high authorities in the theory of electricity are now but milestones in the path of progress cut by skilled electricians. These unknown, unassuming workers turned the hopes of one day into the accomplished facts of the next. More remarkable still, they performed their tasks while the apparatus to be improved was bearing the burden of constantly growing service.

Up to December 31, 1905, the United States Patent Office had issued 7,154 patents relating to the telephone and telephone appaiatus. Of these over eight hundred were for transmitters and about five hundred for receivers. The essential parts of to-day's receiver consist of magnet, air-chamber, diaphragm, ear-piece, and case. The air-chamber is introduced to give increased distinctness to sounds, or, if you prefer the phrase, to the words reproduced by the diaphragm. You have noticed the difference in tonal quality between a sermon preached in church, in August, to an audience made up of yourself and the sexton, and a sermon from the same source, delivered in the same church, on the Sunday preceding Christmas. Perhaps you thought that the difference in tones could be explained by referring to the contribution plate. Acoustics, however, insists that an empty church is a large resonator and, therefore, strengthens the voice. Early receivers had larger air-chambers than are to be found in receivers used at present. Distortion of vocal sounds resulted. Speak into an empty dry-goods case and note the distortion of tone.

At first the diaphragms of transmitters and receivers were made of parchment. A thin disk of iron occupied the central portion of each diaphragm. Experiment showed that much better results could be obtained by making the diaphragm of soft iron. The diameter is about two inches, and the metal is one hundredth of an inch thick. Thinner iron would render the reproduced words unpleasantly shrill, while, if diaphragms were made thicker, they would absorb some of the overtones, and would thereby render conversation indistinct.

With the increase in power furnished by batteries, there arose an imperative public demand for longer-distance talking. Edison's transmitter was not sensitive enough. The Blake transmitter came into use. It was made on the light-contact principle, illustrated by Professor Hughes's microphone. The Blake instrument shows great sensitiveness when employed for short circuits. It, however, gets out of order easily and becomes useless when high battery power is applied. Scores of skilled electrical workers, experienced mechanicians, strove

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to win the fortune awaiting the inventor of a more efficient transmitter. It was reserved for a man that had never spent a day in the telephone business, a minister, to wrest away the prize. The Rev. Henry Hunnings produced the transmitter which is known by his name. Its distinctive feature was the use of granulated carbon. This instrument gave clear talking on long-distance lines and could stand high battery power. Practical use, however, developed in the Hunnings invention a singular defect. The carbon granules would "pack" —that is, would cohere, forming a solid mass, which blocked the passage of sound. Experts advanced various theories in explanation, but none seemed quite satisfactory. Finally the Bell Company instituted a thorough investigation into the causes of packing in the various granular-carbon transmitters then in the market. It was conclusively proved that the carbon grains packed or massed together because the transmitter became heated by the electric current. More space for them remedied that defect.

Then the solid-back transmitter, designed by Anthony C. White, took the place of the Hunnings and the various other carbon-granulated transmitters. In the White the packing has been avoided by inserting a mica disk, the carbon grains occupying but a part of the space between the electrodes.

As the granules of carbon are of so much importance, great care is taken to make them as hard as possible. In fact, they might easily be mistaken for particles of black glass or flint. The preparation of this granulated carbon is one of the numerous industries dependent on the telephone for their existence.

One of the earliest signals adopted was a bell attached to a spring. Later on, when private batteries were installed at subscribers' stations, buzzer bells were introduced. When you called "Central" in those days, you turned a crank three or four times.

A danger that telephone engineers have always had to combat is attenuation of the electric current. Few people realize how very slight are the electric streams which carry so many million messages a day. The energy required to keep a single electric lamp alight for one hour is five million times as great as the energy needed to send a message from New York to Chicago. Electric power enough to lift a weight of one ounce one foot high could operate a telephone for fifteen thousand years. Remarkably sensitive as are our present transmitters and receivers, it is plain that they cannot afford to lose much of a current so small. Resistance, leakage, defective insulation—these are some of the causes of attenuation. Any diminution of the current means diminished loudness, a serious defect, for we all like to hear without straining our auditory nerves. Were attenuation unknown, there would be, theoretically, no limit to telephoning. Washington and Manila could talk together then as readily as Washington and Baltimore talk together now.

Heavier wires were found useful in checking attenuation. When it became commercially impossible to increase further the size of the wires, science was asked to supply other safeguards. An English electrician named Heaviside, and Vaschy, a French physicist, appear to have been the first investigators to submit mathematical proof that inductance could be employed to arrest attenuation. Some years after the appearance of their monographs Prof. Silvanus Thompson read before the International Electrical Congress, held in Paris, in 1893, a paper in which he advocated, as an attenuation remedy, the use of inductance shunts across the circuit. Final proofs of the value of inductance were presented by Professor Pupin, of Columbia University. He demonstrated, both mathematically and mechanically, that inductances distributed at certain intervals along a telephone wire would strengthen the current greatly.

The means used are simple enough. Slight coils of wire, ten inches in diameter, are fastened, four miles apart, to the line. These coils receive the electric current and send it on undiminished. Thus we are enabled to telephone to points that could not be reached directly before the Pupin coils were known. These also make talking much more loud and distinct, and allow the employment of longer cables. To the unscientific mind it seems absurd to assert that a series of wire rings should treble the carrying capacity of a telephone line. Nevertheless, the rings, or coils, do re-enforce lines to that extent, and as much as a tenfold increase has been obtained in Germany on underground cables. The talking over

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thirty miles of loaded cable is as clear as it is over ten miles of unloaded. Although loaded aërial lines do not exhibit results so favorable, yet at the terminus of 1,400 miles of wire equipped with Pupin induction coils, conversation is heard just as distinctly as it is heard at the end of an unloaded wire seven hundred miles long. During business hours in New York City sixty miles of loaded cable furnish service superior to the service rendered by unloaded wires only one-sixth of that length.

These wonder-working coils are made of copper wire having an iron core. Perhaps the help they give in long-distance telephony can be fully appreciated only by experts in line working. For example, thirty-mile cables, unloaded, to be used in connection with long-distance aërial lines, could not be installed, except at a prohibitive cost. Cables of that length, however, are necessary to-day and are made commercially possible by the Pupin coils. These coils represent, in material form, the most striking advance in telephony since batteries were substituted for magnets as sources of energy. Professor Pupin's patents were acquired in 1901 by the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, which thereby secured control of the sole means of rendering long-distance telephoning commercially practicable in this country.

Twenty years ago interference, or induction, was the telephone engineer's worst enemy. Interference arises from the action of foreign currents. These may pass from the wires of trolley-car systems, or from electric-light wires, or from telegraph wires, or, of course, from other telephone wires. To avoid this evil of induction, both sides of a circuit must be kept equal in capacity, insulation, and resisting power. Professor Bell was the first to prove that if the two wires of a circuit be wound about each other induction (interference) cannot occur. Outside currents, passing into the twisted wires, are neutralized. Hence interference, or cross-talking, is then impossible. This simple and ingenious device was at once adopted everywhere. With parallel circuits, not wound together, cross-talking cannot be prevented, if the wires are carried on the same supports. In Europe the twist system is used. In America transposing of the wires is preferred. Each wire changes its position regularly at each pole in the twisted circuits. The transposition method shifts the circuits at different intervals, the number of the transpositions being decided by the line's length.

Iron wire was employed for early telephone lines. Its disadvantages soon became apparent. Its conductivity is low—that is, a given electric current through it requires a larger electric pressure than through wire made of certain other metals, silver and copper, for examples. Iron wire has therefore fallen into almost total disuse. Copper wire was commercially possible, but it was too soft. When drawn taut between poles it snapped. Strung loosely enough to nullify danger of breaking it sagged down so wearily as to suggest chronic invalidism, and then it also invited attack from small boys and junk thieves. Incidentally its drooping, untidy appearance reacted injuriously on the new art of telephony. Hereupon the truth of the law of supply and demand was vindicated by Thomas B. Doolittle's invention of hard-drawn copper wire. By his process of manufacture copper loses none of its conductive power and is rendered strong enough to bear nearly as much strain as iron wire of the same diameter. This toughened copper wire makes an ideal conductor for telephone purposes. Indeed, long-distance circuits might still be unknown if Doolittle, who as an agent of the Bell Company, established a telephone exchange at Bridgeport, Conn., had not turned his attention to the problem of hardening copper wire.

The first telephone poles were absurdly high. A pole, eighty feet in height, with six cross-arms, represented perfection in its class in 1877. Of course, such supports promptly threw themselves and their burdens down when attacked by a full-grown storm. Nowadays telephone poles range from thirty feet to thirty-five feet in height. They are set usually 132 feet apart, forty poles to the mile. Chestnut, cedar, juniper and yellow pine are the favorite woods. About a million poles a year are used by the Bell Companies.

Telephone poles are carefully selected, as the weight they bear is likely to grow heavier. We have seen that, in order to check attenuation of the current, telephone engineers have been compelled to increase the size of the wire used. Aërial lines often employ wire weighing 435 pounds to the mile,

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or 870 pounds for each circuit. Hence the man who talks by telephone from Boston to Chicago, a distance of about a thousand miles, has the exclusive use of over four hundred tons of copper. In Europe, the practice is to use somewhat lighter wire. Thus the line between London and Glasgow contains eight hundred pounds of copper per circuit for every mile it passes over. In the United States there is a decided tendency to employ heavier wire in all new lines. In a line now being run through some of the Western States the two wires in each circuit weigh a thousand pounds per mile. This line will, however, be used for telegraphy as well as for telephone purposes.

In the construction of aërial lines experience had to be bought, but its lessons were well conned, and for many years past such lines have been so carefully and thoroughly built that breakdowns seldom occur. As far back as 1888 the care and honesty of telephone-line building was shown in the most striking manner. The terrible blizzard of that year prostrated miles of the telegraph line between New York and Boston. But not an inch of telephone wire gave way. A telegraphic despatch between the two cities had to go *via* Atlantic cable to Ireland and be forwarded from there to its address on this side of the ocean. Telephonic communication continued without interruption.

It is not unusual for a central exchange to control 25,000 wires. These enter the building in cables. Clearly no roof could support a superstructure bearing so great a weight of copper. With the expansion of telephony, underground cables became necessary. The first ones were insulated by a rubber covering. That was soon discarded as useless. Then wires were wrapped in cotton and enclosed in pipes. These were filled with oil. The oil leaked out. Later cotton-covered wires were placed in lead pipes into which melted paraffine, heavily charged with globules of carbonic-acid gas, was forced. The first true cable—one composed of twisting wires—was thus formed. It contained fifty pairs of wires, laid in a pipe two inches in diameter. Accident exposed the weakness of this mode of insulation. Some underground steam-supply pipes next to a cable beneath a New York street let steam enough escape to melt the paraffine. The cable went out of business.

After that accident—it happened in 1887—dry-core cables were tried. Wires were covered with paper, the air between paper and wire acting as an insulator, and were sheathed with lead. The experiment was a complete success. More cables being then demanded, the manufacturers began to turn out better ones. In the early nineties two-hundred-pair cables, two and one-half inches in diameter, appeared in the market. By that time the electrostatic capacity of the conductor had been lowered to six hundredths of a microfarad a mile. The first cable, the rubber-covered one, had to work under the heavy burden of thirty-three hundredths of a microfarad.

As, to-day, twelve hundred wires may be placed in a cable only two and one-half inches in diameter, it is plain that the cable manufacturers are entitled to no small share of credit for the perfection of telephony in this year of 1906, the thirtieth one since the art came into being. Had they not been able to make twenty wires work where only one worked before, it is evident that telephone service could never have been brought down to its present low rate.

One of the early forms of conduit would look pathetically funny to-day. It was simply a series of wooden troughs, half filled with pitch in which a cable was buried. Of course, the pitch soon solidified, the cable could not be reached to make needed repairs, and the conduit was emphatically voted a failure. Then followed experiments with various other conduits, some made of creosoted wood, others of earthenware pipes, still others of hollowed blocks of cement. American usage seems to have settled on terra-cotta or earthenware as the best material for underground-wire conduits.

Great care is needed in joining underground wires, for each and every pair of the hundreds of wires in a cable must be joined in right order. The telephone-wire plumber must attend strictly to business, unlike his more fortunate fellow-craftsman of the comic papers.

Telephony, in its infant days, imitated telegraphy's practice of using overhead iron wires, with earth returns and single-line conductors. Such wiring could not, of course, prove satisfactory when the new art started on its swift race to its vast proportions of to-day. Part-metallic circuits marked a

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decided advance. Lastly came the underground cable and the wholly metallic circuit (no earth returns). Naturally, in thinly populated districts, where conduits would be too expensive, aërial cables are still used. Distribution of wires to subscribers is accomplished by employing ring supports or by open wiring.

Before any attempt could be made to introduce the telephone as a public utility, it was necessary that an exchange should be provided. Electrical engineers remodelled for telephonic use the existing telegraph switchboard. By means of the new apparatus any two wires out of a group could be connected, and the subscribers could then talk together. Of course, the unexpected happened. Defects appeared. Telephony is much more complex than telegraphy. Various improvements had to be made. As early as 1878, however, the "exchange" (the switchboard) worked fairly well. But its power of accommodation was very limited, and to operate the board's connecting mechanism entailed much labor. Signalling was especially troublesome. A New York concern, the Law Telegraphy Company, had in use a calling system employing two wires—one for transmitting orders from the subscribers to the operator, and the other, leading from the subscribers' station to the switchboard, for connection with the wires of other subscribers. This system was tried by some of the Bell Companies and was found wanting.

Then electric indicators and magnetic generators were adopted for signalling. The early switchboard connected subscribers' lines by bringing each wire to a metal strip which grounded the wires; but, by inserting a metal plug, the operator cut off the ground connection and completed the circuit for the subscribers to converse together. In many cases two operators were necessary to answer each call, as it was not possible to connect any two lines by a single operation, and two or more switchboards had to be used. An operator at one switchboard, receiving a call, would notify another operator at another switchboard where the line of the call number ended. This transference of calls required two or three seconds, but seconds may be precious to the telephone user. The Bell Company urged its engineers to improve the method of calling. The result was the advent of the wonder-working multiple switchboard. It provides a connecting point, known as a jack, for every line before each operator. Hence any two lines may now be connected by one operation. A multiple switchboard is made up of sections, each one being, as the name of the apparatus suggests, a duplicate of every other section.

For a long time a New York City switchboard controlling five thousand wires was the largest in the United States. Now there are numerous switchboards accommodating, each, ten thousand lines. New York's latest switchboard cost over $300,000. It comprises nearly two million parts and four thousand miles of wire and has about fifteen thousand electric signal-lamps. Of course, all switchboards nowadays presuppose metallic circuits, as these have been shown by experience to be necessary, if leakage or induction is to be prevented. Those evils often interrupted communication in the days of single-wire circuits connected with the earth.

Batteries at subscribers' stations steadily became more burdensome. They needed repairs often; they cost too much for inspection; the expense of changing them was heavy, and they frequently failed to work. It was long ago perceived that a central exchange battery would form the best source of power for the operation of all the exchange's lines. To make all signals automatic was another desideratum. Capital and skill finally evolved the wonderful apparatus of to-day. A common-battery system, charged by storage batteries and located in a central exchange building, operates all the telephones and signals used in the exchange's district. This improved method was first tried by the Bell Company in 1894. Experience perfected the various parts of the apparatus, and each distinct part is now standardized and is manufactured in large quantities.

To-day, instead of working a crank to get "Central's" attention, you simply put the receiver to your ear. Lifting the receiver off the hook lights a tiny electric lamp in the exchange. The light goes out when the switchboard operator thrusts into your line's answering jack a metal plug, the tip of the answering cord, one of a pair of thread-covered wire cords associated with your line. The calling cord's tip, plugged into the multiple jack of the number you give to "Cen-

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tral," lights another small lamp, termed a supervisory lamp. Pressing a key rings the bell of the given number—that is, of the subscriber with whom you desire to talk. When he takes up his receiver, his supervisory lamp goes out. Hence there is no lamp alight while the conversation is in progress. The return of your receiver to its hook lights your supervisory lamp. When the other subscriber hangs up his receiver, his supervisory lamp lights again. Both lamps aglow apprise the operator that the conversation is closed. She pulls the cords out of the jacks, thus extinguishing the lamps and disconnecting the lines. Not a word of your conversation has been overheard, not a second of time has been wasted. What a change from the telephoning of pioneer days—the days of Edison's battery, crank ringing, helloing for "Central," bad language, and the twenty-mile limit!

American hurry and nervousness have influenced the telephone's line of advance. In the old days people would forget to ring off, and then "Central" had no means of determining when conversation was closed and the line was released, except by sending questions along the wires of the telephone users. Now, if, after you have put down your receiver, the other subscriber still holds his own wire, his little supervisory lamp tells that fact to "Central." Comparison of the complicated and expensive apparatus in use now with the apparatus of twenty years ago would prove that telephone engineers have spared no pains to minimize the work required of the subscriber. Today he does absolutely nothing, unless lifting the receiver to his ear is accounted something. It is not assumed that machinery can take the place of human intelligence. Automatism has, however, been applied in all cases where it would save time and secure accuracy. For example, an operator receives a call for a certain number. Is the called line engaged? Into its jack is thrust lightly, by way of query, the metal plug, or tip, of the proper calling cord. *Click-click*, is the response. The line wanted is busy. No words are needed. Other special signals are employed for various questions between different exchanges, and there are signals for operators in even the same exchange.

Some future philosophic historian of the nineteenth century may aver that the telephone appeared in response to mankind's demand for a quick-communication medium, usable by all persons. Bell was merely the unconscious agent of the Power which guides progress. Certainly the telephone has within one generation achieved a bewildering success. The instrument has not only conquered all civilized countries, but it has also invaded lands that we, in our conceit, stigamatize as heathen, or barbarous, because their ideals are not ours. Perhaps it may excite no surprise to learn that "Central"—under another name—flourishes in various Japanese cities. The Japs have recently vindicated their claim to be classed among the world powers. There seems nothing strange in the information that the telephone is used in the great cities of China. Commerce has drawn many white merchants into those centres of trade. But not every American is aware that Bangkok, the populous capital of Siam, the Land of the White Elephant, maintains a busy exchange. In Burmah, Siam's neighbor, you may telephone "from Rangoon to Mandalay." Every large city in Hindustan uses the "'phone." Many of the poorer Hindus are given to fashioning jewelry out of copper, but an unusually high voltage helps them to keep the eighth commandment. Omar Khayyam might have felt inspired to add a few optimistic quatrains to his Rubaiyat were he living in this century, for he could hear the telephone bell ringing in the despised bazaars of Ispahan, Persia's largest city. Abyssinia has about two hundred miles of telephone wire already working, and will soon have eight hundred miles more. Life in that African kingdom must be a burden to the telephone company's trouble force. Elephants treat the poles as scratching posts—with results disastrous to both poles and wires. Monkeys regard the aërial cables as swings put up for the special benefit of monkeykind; hence cable repairers in King Menelik's realm seldom die of inaction. The telephone bell's ring mingles with the roar of Victoria Falls, the African rival of Niagara; for the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad has already crossed the Zambesi, and in the little depot, close to the great cataract, an exchange station has been established. The Turk's hatred of Christian innovations could not bar out the telephone from Constantinople; though it is interesting to note that no typewriters are

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allowed to enter Turkey. They would render letter-writing unidentifiable, the Sultan's spies assert. Of Europe's family of nations Germany has the most telephones, France comes second, and England third. But the ratio of telephone calls to the population is highest in Sweden.

The United States, however, is pre-eminently the land of the "'phone." In Berlin there is one telephone to every seventeen families; in Paris, one to every twenty-two families; in London, one to every fifty-eight families. American figures show a much higher ratio of intelligence and business enterprise. New York has one telephone to every twelve families; Boston, one to every six families; San Francisco had, on January 1, 1906, one telephone to every four families. Since 1880 the Bell Companies alone have increased their mileage of wire about five hundred per cent. Yet the population of the country has, during the same time, increased at only one-tenth of that rate. The rural districts should not be left unnoticed. They had 260,000 miles of single wire and 267,000 telephones in use during 1905. All Europe had last year only 2,044,200 miles of wire. Yet that grand division contains about five times as many inhabitants as the United States.

But Europe is unprogressive compared with us. Outside its cities, the telephone is little used. Here its imperious call is heard everywhere—in the huge department store, thronged with city crowds; in lonely lumber camps, buried in the depths of primeval forests; in the rice swamps of our Gulf States; on the vast wheat ranches of the West; in the mines of Pennsylvania or Colorado—in short, wherever American energy is turning raw material into wealth. The most urgent need of trade or commerce—of wealth production or wealth distribution—is quick communication. Hence it is a truism nowadays that expansion of business means increased telephonage. But, if business aids the telephone, it is also true that the telephone aids business—creates it, indeed, under certain circumstances. Spread a network of telephone wires over a backward rural community and note the surprising improvement visible in a few years. The people have been awakened, stirred into activity, educated up to higher standards.

If public demand has made the Bell Companies supreme in the field of telephony, be it remembered that the telephone has made itself indispensable in business. This benefit is a direct benefit. Incidentally the companies, by employing labor and paying good wages, help every city wherein they maintain an exchange. Telephony is a new art and has opened new avenues of employment, especially to women. The manager of the New York exchange, in 1878, found himself hurriedly compelled to augment his force of employees, owing to rapid increase in the use of the telephone. It was impossible to obtain competent men enough. By accident he learned that a young woman had charge of the switchboard in the exchange in Bridgeport, Conn. Her success gave him a hint; and in a few days young women were installed in all his switchboard operator chairs. The Bridgeport young lady was the first telephone operator of her sex in the United States. To-day the Companies have more than twenty thousand women operators in their employ. Telephony enables them all to earn larger wages than they would receive in any other occupation.

Thirty years ago every noted physicist in the world would have scoffed and scorned a proposition to convey speech by wire. Bell says of himself, "Had I known more about electricity and less about sound, I should never have invented the telephone." So simple was its mechanism that the first telephone was characterized as the very hardihood of invention. It bears no resemblance to the complicated apparatus to be seen in any central exchange in this year of grace, 1906. Marvellous, indeed, is the progress which has been made since the war-stirring patent of 1876 was issued. Hundreds of keen minds have co-operated to produce the perfected telephone of to-day. Nevertheless, in science, as in reform, it is the first step that costs. The world cannot forget its obligation to the inventor of the original telephone. Two countries have the right to be especially proud of him—Scotland, the land of his birth, and the United States, the land of his adoption. Each country has a splendid bead-roll of names illustrious in applied science. Yet it is safe to say that posterity will honor none of them more highly than the name of Alexander Graham Bell.

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A NOON SONG

By Henry van Dyke

THERE are songs for the morning and songs for the night,
For sunrise and sunset, the stars and the moon;
But who will give praise to the fulness of light,
And sing us a song of the glory of noon?
Oh, the high noon, and the clear noon,
The noon with golden crest;
When the sky burns, and the sun turns
His face to the path of the west!

How swiftly he rose when the dawning was past;
How slowly he crept as the morning wore by;
Ah, steep was the climbing that led him at last
To the height of his throne in the blue summer sky.
Oh, the long toil, and the slow toil,
The toil that may not rest,
Till the sun looks down, from his journey's crown,
To the sloping way of the west!

Then a quietness falls over meadow and hill,
And the wings of the wind in the forest are furled;
The river flows softly, the bird-songs are still,
And the workers are resting all over the world.
Oh, the good hour, and the kind hour,
The hour that calms the breast!
Little inn half-way on the road of the day,
Where it takes the turn to the west!

There's a plentiful feast in the green tree's shade,
There's a pleasant song to an old-time tune,
And the talk of a friend, or the kiss of a maid,
To sweeten the cup that we drink to the noon.
Oh, the deep noon, and the full noon,
Of all the day the best!
When the sky burns, and the sun turns,
And looks to his home in the west!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

A WELL-KNOWN publisher's entire advertising space in a recent issue of a London weekly is given to the name and author of a certain novel, with the announcement, in script type and double leads, that it "tells an original and pathetic story of deepest human interest, but with a happy ending." The final word is what fixes the attention. Is the taste of the novel-reading public returning to the once popular but outgrown view? Is the "happy ending" again to be emphasized in an advertisement in order to promote the success of a given tale as a "seller"? For it is many years, and things have changed, since Mr. James described the point of view of some of the "many people who read novels as an exercise in skipping. . . . They would say that a novel depends for a 'happy ending' on a distribution at the last of prizes, pensions, husbands, wives, babies, millions, appended paragraphs and cheerful remarks."

The "Happy Ending"

It would be a matter of small surprise, indeed, of small significance, should there be return of public liking to the story whose "pathos" and "deepest human interest" ended happily, even with conventional accompaniments. It has taken generations for the novel to develop through Mr. Brander Matthews' stages of the novel of the Impossible, of the Improbable and of the Probable, to the novel of the Inevitable—the novel of which we say, in modern phrase, that it is "convincing"; and also, as many add, that it is "unpleasant." For not a few who clearly recognize in a certain story that, given the characters, the circumstances, and the environment, the ending must be what it is, wretched or indifferent, yet protest inwardly at such acknowledgment of the necessity. They feel that the artist ought to have been ingenious, if not truthful; that he should have found a way out by which, without doing too great violence to our knowledge of the actualities, he might dispose in more pleasing fashion of his characters and good possibilities. Persons of this attitude sometimes frankly, sometimes half-consciously and apologetically, seek in fiction what will not serve in life—a blinking or an avoidance of the disagreeable side of the inevitable. "The history of literature has taught us," says Mr. Bliss Perry, "that men have always craved what I may call the fiction of compensation, the fiction that yields them what life cannot yield them." If this be true of any of the comparatively few who take their fiction seriously, to what an overwhelming extent must it apply to the great reading public, to whom a story is simply a story, to be classed either as interesting or as uninteresting.

The apparent paradox is that to the unformed and uninformed heterogeneity which we call the "popular taste," appeal may so often be made with confidence, in spite of, and even against all these general tendencies, not only by mere story-tellers, but by artists, provided they have the courage of their convictions and deal with something really vital. And this public verdict against momentary conditions has a co-ordinate value in determining the status of great work in fiction. The story which appeals only to the crowd is even by it recognized for what it is, whether the story passes its eightieth or its one hundred and eightieth thousand. But on the other hand, the novel which appeals only to the few is as finally recognized for its lack of the "deepest human interest," as our publisher says, which in an art that deals with life is a vital lack.

A popular vogue, like that for the "happy ending," or for its reverse, is chiefly of consequence for its hidden dangers. The sincere artist recognizes his *métier* and, consciously at least, follows it stoutly. But the temptation to be easily and pleasingly conventional is none the less alluring. It was Stevenson first, among moderns, in the infinite painstaking of devotion to his art, who wrote of this temptation: "The old stock incidents and accessories, tricks of workmanship and schemes of composition (all being admirably good, or they would long have been forgotten), haunt and tempt our fancy, offer as ready-made but not perfectly appropriate solutions for any problem that arises, and wean us from the study of nature and the uncompromising practice of art."

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS

I REMEMBER being startled in 1899 by a remark of Dr. A. B. Meyer, the well-known museum director of Dresden, that "the American public collections of modern pictures far surpassed any European collections with which he was acquainted." We were walking through the galleries of the Art Institute of Chicago, and Dr. Meyer had been inspecting the eastern American museums in behalf of the Saxon Government, which was contemplating the rebuilding or replacing of the famous Zwinger. For the first time my attention was called to what reflection showed to be true, that these recently formed American collections were among the most important and comprehensive collections in the world. Most of the foreign collections are confined to a single school.

The paintings of the Chicago museum are much the most important part of the collections. Oil paintings are always the most popular part of any museum, and the management of the Art Institute is eminently popular.

The collection of sculpture is extensive and representative, and especially strong in contemporary works and in architecture, but it is in large part composed of the familiar reproductions of standard subjects. The collections of original antique objects, classical and Egyptian, of textiles, jades, and Japanese and other Oriental objects, are more than respectable in quality, but are not extensive. It is upon the paintings that such title as the museum has to distinction must rest.

The Art Institute picture collection is not exempt from the influence of accident, to which all art museums are subject in their early days. Gifts and opportunities of acquisition have often fixed the character of accessions rather than selection upon a definite plan. Certain great advantages the institute has enjoyed from the beginning. It has had no bad inheritance; the gifts have in general been fortunate and they have often been guided by the management; no picture in the collection is so conditioned that it cannot be withdrawn whenever it is discredited.

The paintings number about two hundred and twenty, and fall under the following heads. The old masters, chiefly Dutch; the Field collection of paintings, of the Barbizon school; the Munger collection, of diverse schools; the Nickerson collection, in which the paintings accompany a valuable collection of Oriental objects; the miscellaneous collection. There may be fifty pictures among these that can well be spared as the institution expands, but the most of the collection would be pronounced by any competent critic worthy of a public art gallery. The galleries themselves are well adapted to exhibition and the paintings are hung with plenty of space.

As we enter the gallery of old masters certain reflections may well occur to us. This little group of pictures, numbering about thirty examples, including loans, is the only representation of the golden age of the art of painting accessible to millions and millions of people. Let the amateur recall his own excitement the first time he saw a real old master! It is like one's first cathedral, so laden with associations and romance as strangely to affect the sensibilities. It must be remembered that the people of the Middle West look to Chicago and not to New York as their capital. Here, then, they are to gain their first impressions of the art of the past, and here also we may see what kind of acquisitions the Art Institute will seek when it is untrammelled. The most important of these pictures were selected from the well-known collection of Prince Demidoff, of Florence, in 1890, and have been presented on the suggestion of the Art Institute by individual citizens, whose names are inscribed upon them. Most of them are by Dutch masters. In several cases, such as Hobbema and Van Ostade, they are among the most important works produced by the artist, and in every case they are good and adequate examples of the painter. Among the artists thus represented are Rembrandt, Hobbema, Van Ostade, Frans Hals, Rubens, Van Dyck, Ruysdael, Terburg, Teniers, Jan Steen, A. van de Velde, and Van Mieris.

Perhaps the most important picture (and I am inclined to think it the most important in the whole museum) is the "Portrait of

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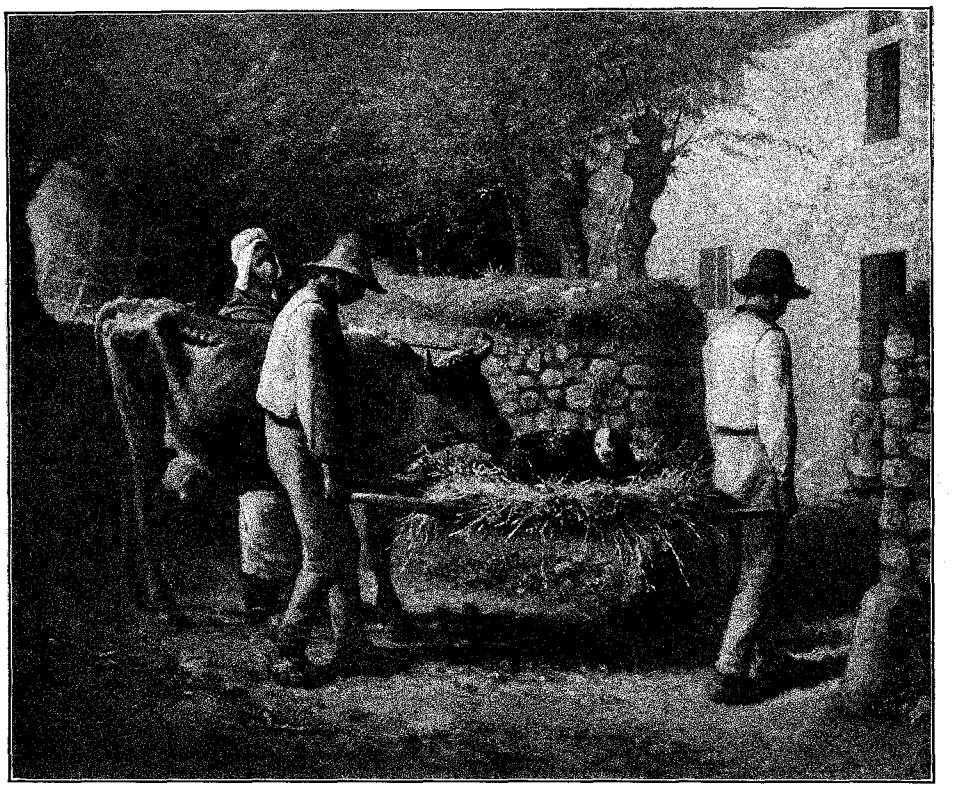

Bringing Home the New-born Calf
From the painting by Jean François Millet

a Girl" by Rembrandt, a picture formerly called "The Child of the State," because the picturesque costume is that of the orphans of North Holland. The young woman, not exactly beautiful, but prepossessing, two-thirds length, and nearly full-front, rests her hands upon the cross-bar of a door and looks sidelong to the left. A coral necklace, deep red sleeves, and red lacings give color to the dress. It is of the middle period of Rembrandt and impresses the beholder not so much with the compelling and brilliant execution of "The Gilder" or of Mr. Ellsworth's "Portrait of a Man," as by a certain general suavity and richness. Its charm is one that will not tire.

The "Water Mill" of Hobbema is one of his largest pictures and is of the first class—a tile-roofed mill, water running from a sluice, much foliage, and sky. It has not the extreme and striking simplicity of composition of the picture in the National Gallery in London, "The Avenue, Middelharnis," but it has the atmosphere, the rural beauty, the full color, and especially the consistency and the pearly-gray envelopment which have caused modern critics to place Hobbema in the very front rank of landscape-painters.

While Van Ostade was not of the class of Rembrandt and Hobbema, the little picture by him, "A Golden Wedding," less than twenty inches square, is probably the most costly picture in the museum. It is one of the artist's most elaborate and important works and is of the class of pictures sought by foreign museums. It represents peasants dancing and feasting. The jollity and naturalness of the scene will strike all observers, while the artist will stop to study the manner in which the numerous little rustic figures are put together and the whole immersed in air.

"The Guitar Lesson" of Gerard ter Borch (or Terburg) is an entirely characteristic picture, not quite like that in the National Gallery, but so similar that it has been said to be a replica. The white satin and red velvet of the sitting lady, the dark clothes of the

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standing teacher, the table-cloth, the sleeping spaniel, are all painted with the usual perfection of the master.

The picture by Frans Hals, the portrait of his son, a young man with abundant brown hair, light mustache, black soft hat, and broad white collar, has the freedom and frankness of the artist both in painting and characterization. Close by it, as if to show that there is more than one way to do things (though not all equally good), is a picture by Van Mieris, of a mother and child and the interior of a room, in which everything is finished to the last degree, every strand of the wicker-work cradle, and even the fuzz upon the blanket, yet without destroying the large relations or the atmosphere of the painting.

Jan Steen's "Family Concert," Rubens's "Portrait of the Marquis of Spinola," Ruysdael's "Castle," (see page 383) and Van Dyck's "Helena Du Bois" are all good and sufficient pictures.

Similar in importance to the old masters is the Henry Field Memorial Collection, containing forty-one pictures, mostly of the so-called Barbizon school. Mr. Henry Field, the younger brother of the late Marshall Field, was a trustee of the Art Institute, and died in 1890. After his death Mrs. Field (now Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page) placed his picture collection in the Art Institute and caused it to be beautifully installed in a room richly and quietly decorated for the purpose. Some of the pictures are small, but each is a good representation of the artist. The most conspicuous work, perhaps, is "The Song of the Lark," by Jules Breton, which has been made familiar by many reproductions. A French peasant girl, barefoot and bareheaded, stands erect, her head thrown back, her lips parted, her sickle hanging in her hand, listening intently to the lark, with the sun just rising behind her. The composition is simplicity itself. The expression of listening is so definite that a little child upon seeing it, after regarding it attentively, said gravely, "It is Joan of Arc!" He did not notice the little bird in the sky, but thought she was "hearing the voices." Some critics think it the most successful picture of the artist. In the miscellaneous collection of the institute there is another picture by Breton, "The Shepherd's Star," of very similar makeup and quality, but with less appeal to the sensibilities. The Field collection contains two other Bretons, one a fine little picture of girls at a well, "The Fountain," the other a snow picture.

By the side of the "Song of the Lark" hangs one of the important works of Jean François Millet, "Bringing Home the Newborn Calf" (see the illustration, page 381), representing two peasants carrying on a hand-barrow a little calf, the mother cow following along, licking the calf. The accustomed pair of little children look on from the doorway and a peasant woman accompanies the cow. The composition is rather rectilinear, with upright and horizontal lines. It has the Millet atmosphere and it is easy to invest it with the Millet pathos, but perhaps what actually interested the artist was the action of the men bearing their burden. Nor does it possess eminently that grandiose quality which is likely to constitute one of Millet's chief titles to permanent fame, and which is better exemplified by the little "Woman Feeding Chickens" hanging near by, and by "The Bather," a loan picture in the next room.

There are three Corots (and two more in other parts of the collection): one a large, rather brown, landscape with water; one somewhat unusual, a half-nude woman preparing for an outdoor bath; and the third, a small and altogether characteristic and charming landscape full of silvery lights, and accented in precisely the right degree by little figures of women.

The sources of the inspiration of these artists are illustrated by two pictures each of the brilliant Delacroix and Decamps, and more remotely by a somewhat singular picture by the English Constable, representing a wooden dam with a waste-gate, in the midst of dense foliage.

There are fine pictures by the artists who may be called the regulars of the Fontainebleau group—Diaz, Dupré, Daubigny, Troyon, and Rousseau—and no less than four works by Cazin, their successor. Troyon's "Returning from Market" is a very noticeable picture, an upright canvas occupied by a flock of sheep pushing forward on a road, a woman on a mule advancing in the midst of the flock, a boy on foot, a man on a horse in the rear, the whole strongly lighted from behind by a low sun and embowered in trees. The brilliant light, the sharp, gay color of the figures, and the happy and refined unity of the whole, make it one of Troyon's most agreeable works.

The Munger collection consists of only

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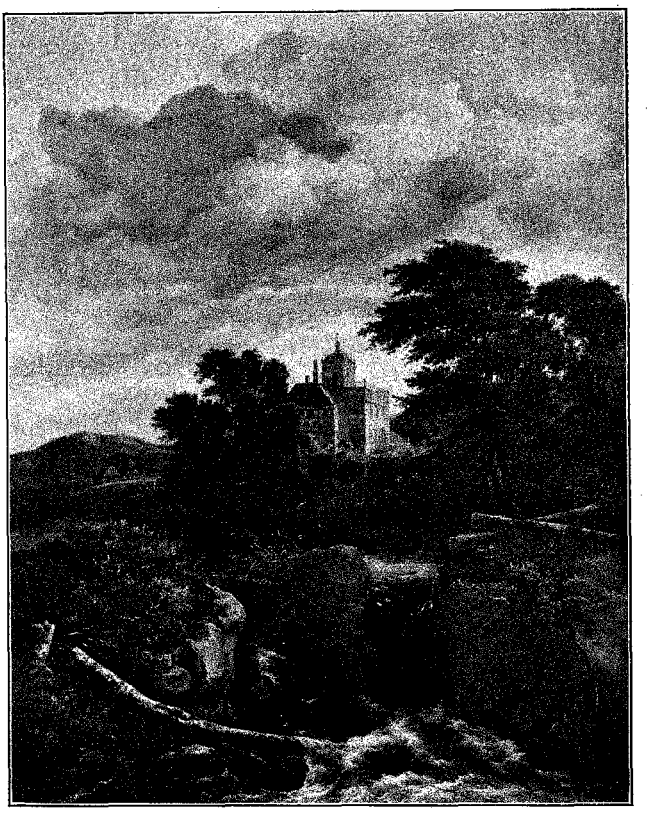
thirty-six pictures, which constituted the best part of the collection of Albert A. Munger, a life-long citizen of Chicago, who died in 1898 and bequeathed his pictures to the Art Institute, with no other condition than that they should constitute a separate collection under his name. There is only one example of each artist. One of the chief merits of the collection is its comprehensiveness and variety. It includes pictures by French, German, British, Belgian, Austrian American, Dutch, Italian, and Russian artists. The paintings are rather large and occupy a spacious, handsome gallery, finished with marble and mosaic. As usually happens in such mixed collections, some of the paintings are by masters whose fame has already begun to decline, such as Meissonier, Bouguereau, Rosa Bonheur, Koekkoek and Verboeckhoven. The picture by Meissonier, "The Vidette," is of unusual size, 42 × 36 inches, and represents a mounted French dragoon on outpost or sentry duty, in a simple landscape under a tender blue sky mottled with clouds, the whole painted with the plain, unromantic truth of Meissonier.

The Bouguereau is a large upright picture of two life-size nude female figures upon the seaside, called "The Bathers." It is irreproachable in execution and sentiment, and has great beauty both of line and color. The liberal-minded, middle-aged artist, knowing the difficulties of art, will find much in it to admire, but the up-to-date young critic will affect to despise its cold and academic qualities. "Does your master," said Bouguereau to a pupil of Carolus Duran, "does your master ever require you to *draw?*"

The Rosa Bonheur and Verboeckhoven are not important examples, but the Koekkoek is perhaps as good a picture as the artist ever painted. Trees, castle, and country are detailed and hard and finished, after the order of Chapman's old drawing-book, but one would like to admire the blue sky and clouds if the present fashion of art criticism permitted it.

It would be far from fair, however, to rest the claims of the Munger collection upon



Castle
From the painting by Ruysdael

pictures of this order. A large, bright-blue picture by Michetti, called "Springtime and Love," is sure to catch the attention of layman and artist alike, and here we find plenty of fantasy and modernity. Upon a high, grassy shore of the blue Mediterranean, under a fair, blue sky, a crowd of half-nude children, big and little, disport themselves, climbing trees, wrestling, dozing on the ground. Plainly it is affected by the Japanese, and plainly it is affected by Fortuny. The draperies, such as they are, and the trees are Japanese. The color is of the gayest and the small figures are touched in with delicious ease. A touch of grotesque is introduced in the quaintest way in a little sit-

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ting spaniel dog in the foreground, who apparently has a glass eye. The picture has no appearance of probability, but whoever looks at it will smile, and always with a smile of pleasure. It is at the same time a triumph of gayety and a triumph of technique.

A refined and agreeable picture is "The Anxious Mother," by the German Ernst Zimmermann, in which an old physician in black small-clothes in upright gravity feels the pulse of a rather robust child, who throws himself back in the lap of his mother. The mother wears a yellow dress and the picture would serve very well as "an arrangement in black and yellow," if it had not a subject.

There are excellent pictures by Corot, Troyon, Van Marcke, Clays, Gérôme, Detaille, and F. de Neuville.

The reckless Courbet is well represented by a rather grim Alpine landscape, the affluent Makart by a horizontal decorative panel very rich in color, and Munkacsy by an important picture, "The Wrestler's Challenge," a scene in a European tap-room, in which the figures are characterized in the artist's wonderful manner, but in which the asphaltum color threatens to carry the picture into irretrievable blackness.

The Nickerson collection of pictures accompanies a remarkable collection of jades, crystals, and Japanese porcelains, bronzes, and lacquers, and is installed with these objects in two rooms finely fitted for their reception. "The Old Castle," by George Michel, "Golden Autumn Day," by Van Marcke, and "The Music Lesson," by Ribot, may be mentioned among important pictures, and there are works by Cabanel, Delacroix, Dupré, Fromentin, Alma-Tadema, and Couture among Europeans; and by Church, Davis, Inness, Neal, Vedder, Wyant, and Weeks among Americans.

The miscellaneous collection, of paintings purchased by the Art Institute or given singly by donors, includes some important pictures. One of Whistler's nocturnes, called "Southampton Water," illustrates well one phase of Whistler's art, a few blue-gray, silvery tones with dim suggestions of vessels and docks, a quiet musical effect, forever incomprehensible to the ordinary visitor and to all prosaic and academic critics. No man at present, however, may lightly express himself adversely to Whistler's fantasies. This picture has travelled to the loan exhibitions of Whistler in Boston, London, and Paris. I have heard it said that the moon in it is Whistler's only moon.

In the main hall of the second floor, occupied otherwise only by bronze sculpture, are four very large architectural paintings by Hubert Robert, a French painter of about a hundred years ago. They represent classical ruins upon a large scale, wholly imaginary, or at least freely idealized, and are perhaps the best works of the artist. In their present position they exemplify the advantages of appropriate installation, occupying a position similar to that for which they were intended in a French chateau. The heightening of the dignity of the room and of the pictures is reciprocal. The pictures themselves represent immense Roman arches, columns, stairways, and fountains set under transparent skies and enlivened by gay little groups of figures.

There are a few modern French pictures, such as a seacoast of Monet, "Bad Weather at Pourville," eminently impressionistic; a congregation in a country church, "Mass in Brittany," Lucien Simon; excellent landscapes, "Solitude," by Cazin, and "Marshes in the North of Holland," by Jettel; the fine "Shepherd's Star," mentioned above, of Jules Breton; and the portrait of Manet by Fantin-Latour. This last is a picture which arrests attention and perhaps excites a smile. It was painted by Fantin-Latour for his friend Manet and is so inscribed. It is a two-thirds standing figure, nearly full front. A brown-whiskered, keen-eyed, fresh-looking man, in a dark sack coat and a tall hat of ancient French vintage, holding his cane crosswise in both hands, looks frankly out at the spectator. The costume, to us slightly grotesque, and the simplicity and vivacity of arrangement and expression, make it a striking and satisfactory piece of portraiture.

The recent American pictures most worthy of attention are Dannat's "Sacristy in Aragon," Chase's "Alice," Alexander Harrison's "Les Amateurs," Hitchcock's "Flower Girl in Holland," and Miss Shaw's "Russet Year." Miss Annie Shaw was a Chicago girl who never travelled farther than Boston, and who died in 1887. Her remarkable conception of the broader aspects of nature asserts itself in this picture, which holds its own with the important works with which it is surrounded and might easily be mistaken for an early work of one of the Barbizon painters.

W. M. R. FRENCH.

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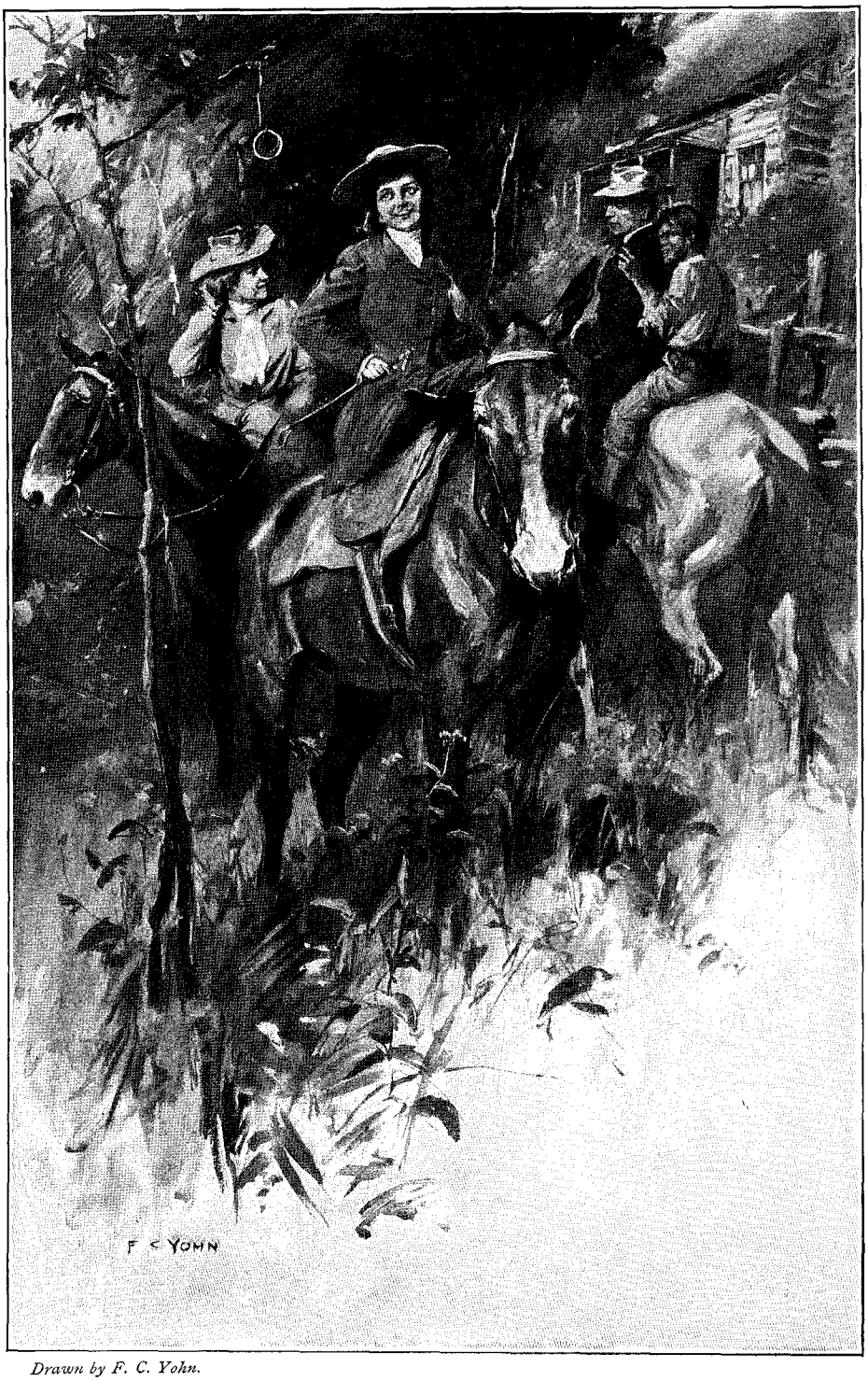

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"MART'S A-GITTIN' READY FER A TOURNEYMENT."

—"A Knight of the Cumberland," page 455.

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